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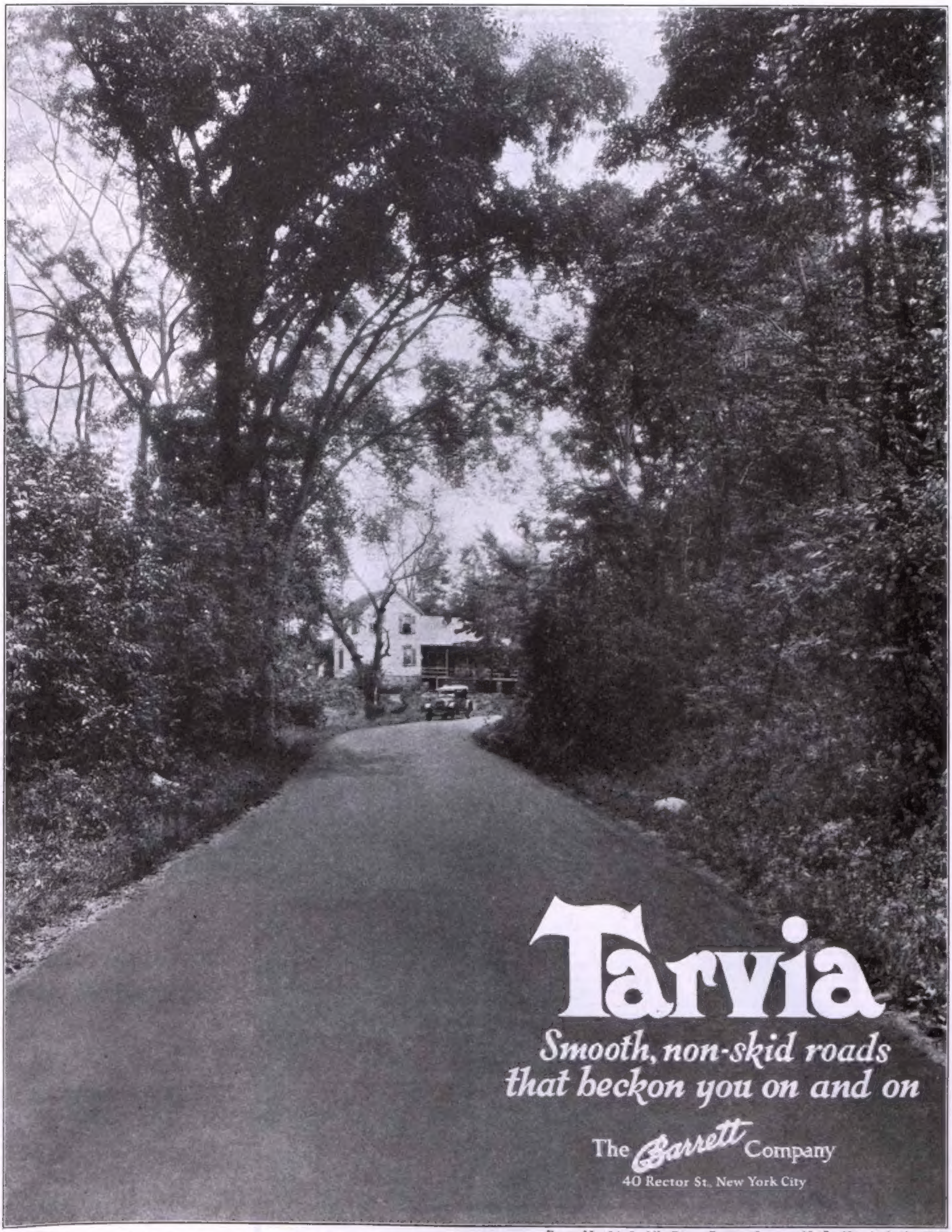
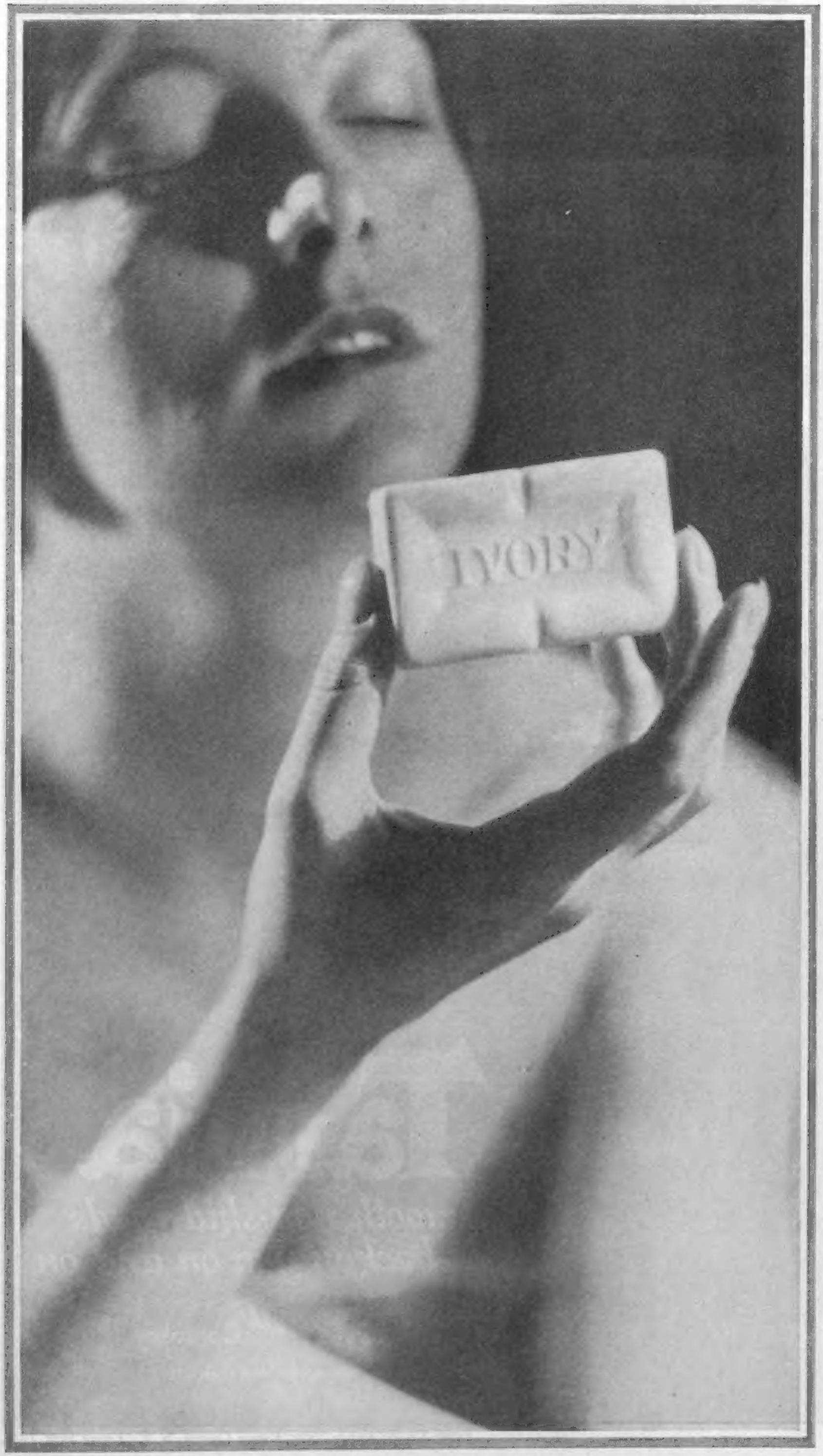


Route No. 24, Saddle-River, Bergen County, N. J. Tarvia-built, 1919.



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OUR BEST CUSTOMER

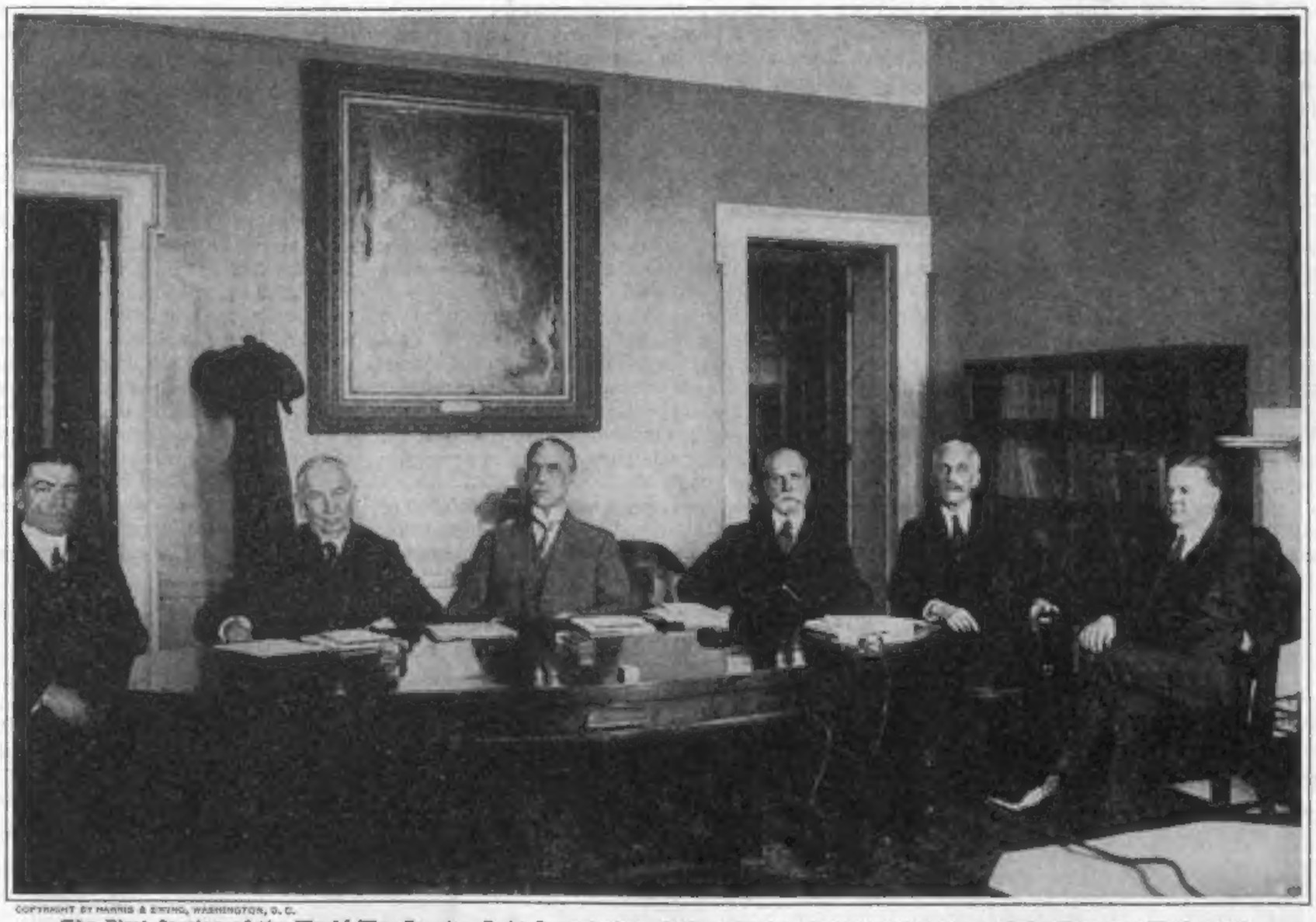
By Andrew W. Mellon

Secretary of the Treasury

FISCAL reconstruction in Europe is somewhat analogous to the reorganization of a large industrial corporation, heavily involved after a severe crisis. In each case it is necessary to balance the budget, to fund the floating indebtedness, and to obtain new capital in order both to pay obligations which cannot be funded and to make internal improvements which will increase productive capacity.

Europe is finding it necessary to secure outside capital with which to reorganize her industries. While such capital is available in this country, the United States Government has insisted that loans shall not be made to those governments which have failed to fund or seriously to enter into negotiations for the funding of the debts owed by them to the United States.

Early in the year 1925, after much consideration, it was decided that it was contrary to the best interest of this country to permit foreign governments which refused to adjust or make a reasonable effort to adjust their debts to the United States, to finance any portion of their requirements within our borders. States, municipalities and private enterprises within the foreign country concerned were included in the prohibition, and bankers consulting the State Department were notified that this Government objected to such financing.



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The First Session of the World War Foreign Debt Commission. Left to Right: Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Wadsworth, Representative Burton, Senator Smoot, Secretary Hughes, Secretary Mellon and Secretary Hoover

While the United States is reluctant to exert pressure by this means on any foreign government to settle its indebtedness, and while this country has every desire to see its surplus resources at work in the economic reconstruction and development of foreign nations, our national interest demands that our resources be not permitted to flow into countries which do not honor their obligations to the United States and to its citizens.

The Real Owners of the Money That Went to Europe

IT IS sometimes forgotten that the so-called foreign debts are in reality owed to the holders of Liberty Bonds. The money which was loaned by this Government to the Allies during the war was raised by means of taxes and from the proceeds of Liberty Loans. The United States Government acted merely as a banker in borrowing money from private individuals for the purpose of lending it abroad. Just as the bank is responsible for funds obtained in this way, and must repay them to the depositors, so is the Government responsible for money borrowed, which is represented now by outstanding Liberty Loans and comprises more than half the public debt of the United States. That debt must be repaid to the bondholders; and so far as payments of interest and principal are not covered by remittances from the foreign debtor nations, they must be met by the United States Government, which means, of course, by the American taxpayers.

Suggestions have been made, in this country and abroad, that there should be a clearing-house arrangement for a mutual cancellation or scaling down of the debts owed by the various countries to one another. But such a proposal ignores the fact that in each country the individual bondholders must be paid; and certainly there has been no indication, either here or in Europe, that the bondholders are willing to release their respective governments from the obligation to pay the bonds when due.

Trustees

EVEN Congress has not the power to cancel the debts so far as the bondholders are concerned. It can go no further than to release the European nations, in part or in whole, of their obligation to repay their indebtedness to the United States. But if Europe were so released, the United States Government would still find itself obliged to pay the last dollar of the debts to the bondholders; and this, as was pointed out above, would mean that the debts must be paid by the American taxpayers.

In so far as questions of policy are involved regarding the debts, it must be remembered that those in charge of a government are responsible for the present safety and future welfare of their own nation and its assets, and that, in the words of Alexander Hamilton, they "are only trustees for the happiness and interest of their nation, and cannot, consistently with their trust, follow the suggestions of kindness or humanity toward others, to the prejudice of their constituents."

We must consider, first of all, the interests of America and of the American taxpayer. Such concessions as are allowed in scaling down interest and adjusting payments over long periods of time are made primarily because the interests of this country can best be served by accepting half a loaf rather than none; and while we earnestly desire the prosperity of our friends and former Allies, we cannot be expected to determine questions of American governmental policy, seriously affecting the American taxpayer, on any other grounds than those which seem to be in line with his best interests. Governments cannot—and do not—prejudice the interests of their taxpayers from motives of generosity or altruism, any more than a trustee can give away his trust funds, regardless of how worthy the cause may be.

As Hamilton said: "An individual may, on numerous occasions, meritoriously indulge the emotions of generosity and benevolence, not only without an eye to but even at the expense of his own interest. But a government can rarely, if at all, be justifiable in pursuing a similar course; and if it does so, ought to confine itself within much stricter bounds. Good offices which are indifferent to the interest of a nation performing them, or which are compensated by the existence or expectation of some reasonable equivalent, or which produce an essential good to the nation to which they are rendered, without real detriment to the affairs of the benefactors, prescribe perhaps the limits of national generosity or benevolence. It is not here meant to recommend a policy absolutely selfish or interested in nations, but to show that a policy regulated by their own interest, as far as justice and good faith permit, is, and ought to be, their prevailing one; and that either to ascribe to them a different principle of action, or to deduce, from the supposition of it,

arguments for a self-denying and self-sacrificing gratitude on the part of a nation which may have received from another good offices, is to misrepresent or misconceive what usually are, and ought to be, the springs of national conduct."

For convenience, the foreign debts may be divided roughly into two classes—those representing advances made to carry on the war and those representing loans after the war for food and other relief and for the stabilization of Europe. Among the nations owing debts in the first class are Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Russia and Serbia. In the second class are debts owed by Finland, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Greece, and the former enemy countries of Austria and Hungary.

The total principal amount of foreign obligations held by the United States at the end of the war period was $10,338,058,352.20. These obligations were in general promissory notes, payable on demand and bearing interest at 5 per cent per annum. It was necessary that these notes be refunded by converting them into long-term obligations with fixed dates of maturity. Congress accordingly established the World War Foreign Debt Commission and authorized it to make settlement with various governments upon such terms as the commission believed to be just, subject to the approval of Congress.

Debt-funding agreements have been arrived at with Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Finland, France, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and Rumania, bringing the total which has been funded to date to $11,521,850,000. The amounts remaining unfunded aggregate $244,000,000 consisting of obligations of Russia, Austria, Greece and Armenia.

Terms Made to Fit the Debtor

THE commission has urged prompt settlement of the debts, because it is convinced that there can be no permanent recovery in Europe until the interallied debts have been honestly and fairly adjusted. So long as the debts remain unsettled, they constitute a constant source of friction between governments. They represent an unknown quantity in the balance sheet of the governments concerned and have a retarding influence on the stabilization of currencies and on commercial relations between the various countries. They involve the integrity of international obligations, and of more importance perhaps than the money itself is the preservation by the debtor nations of the sanctity of their respective obligations.

At the same time, no nation can be required to pay another sums in excess of its capacity to pay. It was on the basis of capacity to pay that the settlement with Great Britain was negotiated in 1923; and in subsequent settlements the adjustments made with each government have been measured by the ability of the particular government to make the payments called for under the funding agreements reached. Adjustment to capacity to pay in each instance has been made in the amount of interest to be paid over the period of the agreement. In other words, flexibility in debt settlements is found in the interest rate to be charged; and the commission has felt that the integrity of international obligations will be maintained if funding agreements provide always for repayment in full of the principal of the indebtedness.

In all the settlements which have been negotiated, the World War Foreign Debt Commission has taken into consideration the disorganization of economic life which was wrought in Europe by the war. While recognizing that many of the debtor nations cannot make heavy payments in the immediate future, the commission believes that the agreements reached are sound, because they are based upon present and future capacity to pay and take into account the vast recuperative powers of the nations concerned.

Budget equilibrium has been reached by most of the European nations, with some very important exceptions. Most of the foreign debts owed to America have been funded and the flotation of foreign loans by private bankers has become a common occurrence in our money market. In most of the larger countries of Europe, including Germany, substantial progress has been made in the stabilization of the currency, so that fiscal reconstruction is at last in sight.

We are finding that such reconstruction has a direct bearing on our own prosperity and that the average American has a material interest in seeing that stabilization in Europe is promptly effected. Though the settlement of the foreign debts opens the American money markets to those countries seeking loans here, the American Debt Commission has not recommended settlement of the debts to profit those who wish to loan money abroad. It is possible, since any payment necessarily involves a strain on the debtor country, that the insistence on impossible terms which would justify a refusal of the debtor to fund might be more acceptable to the international bankers. The settlements, however, are made in the real interests of American producers, who must have a foreign market to absorb their products. The American producer needs these debt settlements. The entire foreign debt of $10,000,000,000 is not worth so much in dollars and cents to the American people as a prosperous Europe as a customer.

Modern industrial development is tending more and more toward specialization of production, with distribution and consumption over a wide area. In America this has resulted in placing the necessities and comforts of life within reach of an increasingly large number of people. By manufacturing in quantity and in the locality where conditions are most favorable with regard to labor and raw material and by the extensive use of labor-saving machinery, industry here has been able to manufacture cheaply and thus to increase consumption and so raise the standard of living in this country.

With a population of more than 110,000,000 people, the United States furnishes a domestic market of great consuming capacity. But so great has become our production, both in industry and agriculture, that even our great home market cannot absorb our entire output. Each year there is a surplus which must be disposed of abroad; and this means that foreign countries must be in a position to buy and pay for our goods.

Last year we exported to Europe over $2,500,000,000 of commodities, of which the five largest were foodstuffs, cotton, mineral oils, copper and automobiles. The margin between cost and prices is not very great; and if there is a material falling off in exports it has an immediate effect on our prosperity. We soon find that we all need our best customer.

It is obvious that European countries cannot continue to be great consumers of our goods unless they be restored to financial health. If, however, we can create a demand for our goods in Europe and at the same time help our friends abroad to get on a sound financial footing, so that they can produce more wealth and buy more goods, we shall share in their prosperity. This is a legitimate field for future development and offers unlimited possibilities to the American farmer and manufacturer.

Compare, for instance, the standard of living in this country, with its warmly clad and well-fed population, its comfortably heated houses and its amusements, with what life offers to the average man in some of the European countries, and it is clear that the American system, plus our great natural resources and the energy of our people, has produced in this country a material civilization that has never been equaled anywhere else in the world.

Living Standards Here and Elsewhere

NOWHERE else does the average man live so comfortably. The American consumer spends annually as much for meat alone—beef, mutton and pork, and not including poultry—as the average Italian spends annually on all food; and the per capita expenditure in Italy for all clothes and personal and household linen is less than the per capita expenditure in America for silk textiles alone. In the United States in 1925 there was one automobile for every five inhabitants; in England the proportion was 1 to 56; in France 1 to 68; in Germany 1 to 272; in Italy 1 to 409; and in Poland 1 to 2126. The average man in America no longer considers the automobile a luxury. He looks upon it as a necessity, both for business and for recreation.

In the case of some of the smaller and less prosperous countries the contrast with the United States is even greater. In the course of negotiating a debt settlement with one of the smaller European nations it was shown that most of the inhabitants were living on a scale which permitted only a small quantity of wheat, beans and dairy products as food, one suit of clothes and one pair of sandals a year. The population of that country is largely agricultural. The people are mostly peasants, who weave their own clothes, wear sheepskins in the winter, and use wooden plows instead of steel ones. Think what it would mean in its effect on the trade not only of the United States but of Great Britain, France, Germany and the other manufacturing nations of Europe, if the country described above, and others where similar conditions prevail, could increase their standard of living to include a few comforts such as we consider essential in America. It is necessary only to look around the United States to realize how much our general prosperity is due to the increase in our own capacity to buy. Without such increase, the automobile, the telephone, the electric light, the radio, would be but insignificant industries here as they are in many other countries.

We are developing markets in South America, Canada and Asia which as time goes on will absorb more and more of our products. But Europe is by far the greatest consumer of our raw materials, and if Europe cannot absorb and pay for the surplus of our cotton, wheat, tobacco and pork, it must inevitably have a disastrous effect on the prosperity of the American farmer.

Take the cases of two of our largest customers with which debt settlements have been

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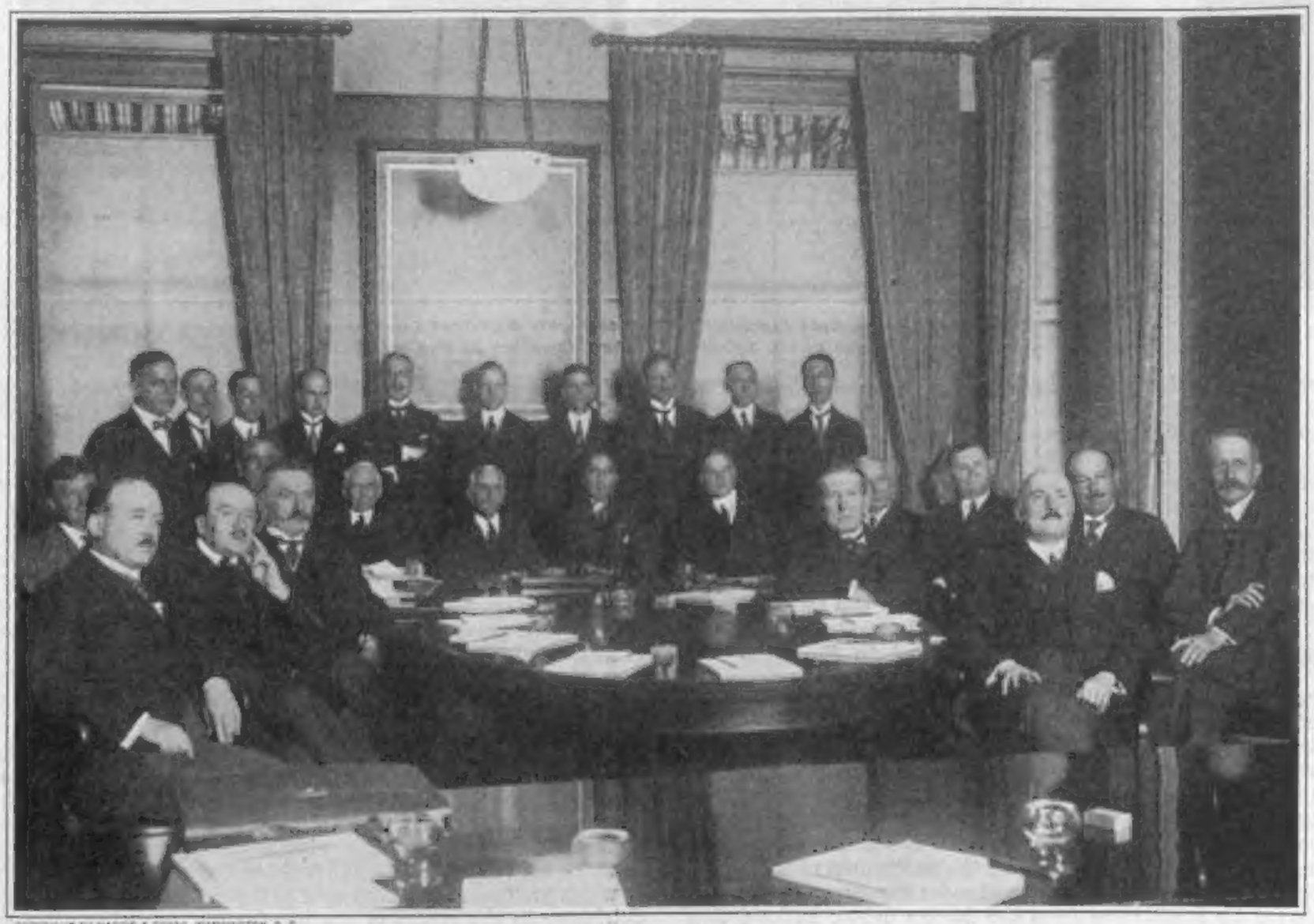

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The French Debt Funding Commission. Seated at the Left Foreground—Deputy Lamoureux, Senator Dausset and Senator Chapsal. Seated at the Right Foreground Left to Right—Ambassador Bérenger, Minister Caillaux, Deputy Bokanowski and Ambassador Daeschner. Members of the American Commission: Seated in the Rear Left to Right—Senator Smoot, Secretary Kellogg, Secretary Mellon, Under Secretary Winston, Secretary Hoover, Representative Burton and Edward Nash Hurley

DONNA ROMOLA

By MAUDE PARKER CHILD

In the Park of the Villa Borghese, Rome

THE cobblestones of the old courtyard were covered with straw; no vehicles were allowed within to break the stillness; even the tall menservants, in their blue-and-yellow liveries, who stood on guard at the great entrance gate, spoke to one another in whispers.

From time to time these *portièri* glanced up toward the windows of the third floor of the palazzo, where was the apartment of the young prince and princess. As dusk came on, lights appeared at these windows, although those on the two lower floors, where the old duchess lived, were dark.

Just as a last ray of coral-colored light fell upon the clouds in the western sky the silence around the palace became intense; the first chime of the Ave Maria of St. Peter's struck, and at that very instant a housemaid appeared, her face scarlet from running down the stairs so that she might be the very first to bring the news. Her voice expressed disappointment which almost reached contempt.

"A girl! A girl!" she announced in a hoarse whisper.

Upstairs, in the high-ceilinged frescoed room of the young princess, the same sentiment was being expressed by the group which surrounded the bed. Beginning with the new infant's grandmother, the dowager duchess, and including the baby's father, the frock-coated doctor, the *levatrice*, or midwife, Ada, the personal maid of the princess, and the plump peasant wet nurse—all of them were saying in the same tone, "A girl!"

In the meantime the baby was proceeding to fill her healthy lungs with air and expel it again with as much gusto as if she had been indeed the son and heir so devoutly desired by everyone—everyone, that is, except the princess herself. She lay motionless in the center of the carved oak bed, her face very pale against the red damask hangings, but her dark eyes luminous with happiness.

Before she fell asleep she, too, said "A girl!" But her intonations were quite different from those of the others.

"She doesn't seem to mind," the prince whispered to his mother as they moved toward the door.

A Girl That Should Have Been a Boy

THE duchess shrugged her shoulders as she had often before shrugged them during some discussion of her daughter-in-law. Her son knew well enough that if she had uttered her thoughts she would have said, "Of course she cannot understand how we feel. She is American."

In this particular case, that which the young princess failed to appreciate was to the rest of them a matter of vital concern. It was not that they loved the baby less because she was a girl—no people could feel more affection for children than they—but at this moment they were not concerned with their own personal emotions. When they had hoped and prayed for a son who could carry on a name illustrious for four centuries, they were thinking of him not as a child but as a symbol. The American mother had persistently regarded her baby as a baby. When they had discussed before its birth the awful possibility that it might not be a boy, she had even declared, "But girls are so nice for mothers. My sister in Chicago has three girls, and she says she wouldn't change for anything."

A shocked silence followed this remark; for although they might try to argue with her about many things, both the prince and his mother were abashed by this disclosure of a viewpoint so completely alien to theirs.

At the time of the courtship, five years before, when the pretty young American had come to Rome to visit a cousin connected with her embassy, she had seemed enthusiastically susceptible to the picturesque and romantic atmosphere produced by her suitor's estates, by the portraits and busts of his great ancestors, and, in fact, by the aureole of distinction which attached to his name.

The first sign of a changed attitude had occurred in Chicago, where the wedding took place. The prince had taken with him not only the magnificent family jewels, which were to belong to his wife—since his elder brother, the duke, was dying of tuberculosis and would never marry—but also the lace veil which had been worn by countless ancestresses of his on their wedding days.

The bride, who had altered in subtle ways since she had left the mellow atmosphere of Rome and returned to her native habitat, declared that the jewels would be lovely if put into modern settings; about the veil she was obdurate.

"I'm going to wear my mother's veil," she had said.

Moreover, she had done so. Under his own blue skies, surrounded by his own relatives and friends, speaking his own language, the bridegroom might have been able to have his own way. But although he had gone to an English university and read and spoke the language perfectly, the prince often found himself at a loss in understanding his Chicago acquaintances. Moreover, many of his wife's friends—especially the young men—treated him with little respect, and, in fact, acted as if he were no better than any other fortune hunter. He resolved that they would never return there, even for the briefest of visits.

In Rome it was just the opposite. Here he was the person around whom the interest centered. He was the one who was conferring the distinction upon his wife by giving her not only a historic name but also a social position of preëminence.

His relatives—and he was related to everyone of consequence—pointed out to his bride, at every reception which they attended during her first season, some new person who had hoped, they said, to marry him.

Finally the young princess, who had inherited from her successful father not only a colossal fortune but something of his common sense, found a formula with which to check this form of adulation:

"Of course Antonio needed a much bigger dot than she had."

She did not mean that she doubted his love for her, but simply that she had come to realize that, even had he loved her a hundred times more, he would not have considered marrying her if it had not been for her money.

In the same way she had become insensitive to the beauties of his country place, with its medieval castles and thousands of acres of wild-boar shooting.

"Do you realize how fortunate you are to have all these wonderful properties?" was a question which was asked her repeatedly by Antonio's friends.

At last she said, "They will be very nice, I think, after we have restored them."

Her simplicity puzzled them, because they always looked for a meaning different from the words. She had once said to her husband, "I believe you were born sophisticated."

He had answered quickly, "And I am sure you will die innocent."

So now in regard to the daughter which should have been a son, even her husband was not certain whether she was disappointed, for she insisted upon talking about the child in terms of an American mother.

A Roman Start in Life

SHE was not well enough to be present at the christening, which took place in the private chapel of the palace a few days after the baby's birth. A cardinal performed the splendid ceremony, and the wax tapers which shone upon his scarlet robes were held by the same silver-gilt candlesticks which had witnessed the christenings, weddings and burials of countless generations of the same name.

The baby was called Romola, after a famous ancestress who had been christened in this very place three hundred years before. One of her godfathers was the head of a great Sicilian family; another was a cousin of the King.

If the young princess had been able to attend the christening she might have relinquished more quickly than she did the idea that her daughter would be brought up somewhat as she herself had been brought up, or as her little nieces in America were being brought up.

She had rebelled, for instance, against the wet nurse; but a healthy young peasant woman had been procured without consulting her. As the baby grew old enough to be taken out, this nurse, in her costume of scarlet and green, with a black bodice laced outside her white blouse, and a huge headdress, took her young charge out proudly to the Villa Borghese to join the other nurses in picturesque costumes, which varied according to the province from which they came. Later an English nurse was engaged according to the custom among the Roman aristocracy, and she then accompanied the other nurse, dressed in dark blue, with a veil around her head, falling almost to the hem of her uniform.

The princess, who had seen countless children in charge of pairs like this during her years in Rome, had always

(Continued on Page 20)

TO COAL

By R. G. KIRK

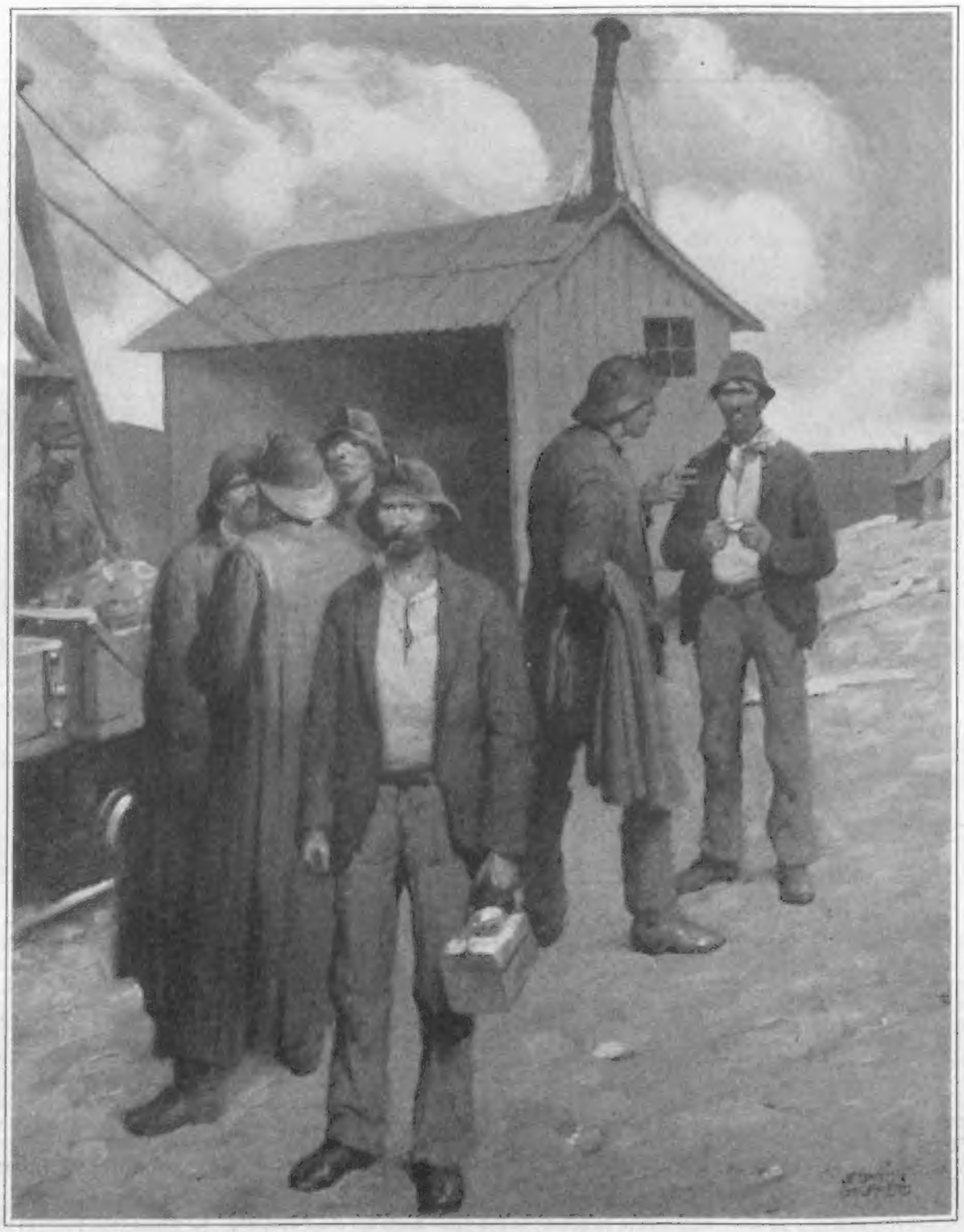
ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

BILDAD is the homeliest town. Not only in West Virginia but in the world—as it well deserves to be with a name like that. Bildad? Yes, Bildad! As your train lurches up the steep curves of the Western Cumberland, climbing the Great Backbone, you will swear your eyes deceive you more than once. Abner, Rebecca, Micah! Mehetabel, Jacob! They spell themselves to your incredulous eyes off the passing nameboards of decrepit freight sheds. Even Dapple. No! Yes, sir! Dapple, West Virginia! Naming those wretched little mountain stations after the children and dependents of the coal and lumber baron who had financed the line, the board of directors of the railroad had not even dared neglect the family buggy horse!

And to crown it all—Bildad! Right at the very crest of the Great Backbone. There it sits, perched on the tiptop vertebra of that mighty mountain which could in truth well be the spinal column of the sprawled, fallen Appalachian giant.

Were it not for its surroundings, Weston would tie Bildad. The towns themselves run a dead heat for ugliness, intrinsically. But Weston has Lake Erie; and in the night, at least, the lowering mills are beautiful. Bildad has only desolation roundabout. Where utter majesty should be, is utter havoc. The lumberman has passed.

The Appalachians, unlike younger mountains, may not depend on outline merely for their beauty. Ancient erosion levels, cuts down the pinnacle to fill the chasm. The brown and treeless slopes of California's arid ranges are made a symphony by purple canyon shadows and their crests are repand, sinuate, beautiful as the outline of a leaf. Millenniums will smooth them out, cut flat the dentate points, fill in the canyons; millenniums such as have formed the far-stretching, even, billow crests and the long, straight wave troughs of the Alleghanies. Then they will feel the need of gracious trees, those California hills.



"'Bout One-a Month, Bohunk, I Get-a My Steel Through to Yellow." George Would Come Back, His White Teeth Shining in His Dark Face

Bildad now knew that need. Bildad was treeless. A reaper had been through Bildad, and his careless, ruthless scythe had cut the Great Backbone bare. Then back of him, inevitably, had come that other horrid mower, fire. And so, now, far as eye can see on every side of Bildad, over those mighty ramparts black stumps squat, the tombstones of a slaughtered forest host; with here and there a tall stark sentinel that had somehow survived the first devastation only to perish when the horde in red swept following through—the charred skeletons, they, of brave lone trees that would not down. The very undergrowth, however, seems to be beaten—seems to lack courage to spring up again; and so the stupendous Appalachian giant, upon whose highest vertebra perches Bildad, lies sprawled and dead, black blotched as though the plague had cut him down—a picture waiting for some new Doré.

That anybody could stay human long in Bildad is one of human nature's many mysteries, and another source of hope for an ofttime dubitably human race. Bildad is all right as an experience. Bildad is all right for Lumber Jack, who passes through; all right for shaft men, such as we, who came to rifle the mountains of their hidden wealth following Jack's despoliation. A year there and our drillers would be coming up out of the mountain's bowels with faces splashed with black instead of gray, their steels punched through the living rock, at last, to coal. One more shot then. Another trick or two at mucking and we would be gone, to blow the wad, to paint Brownsville and Uniontown in our national colors, whatever they might be; to blow our last pay day, to find the next shaft job. Shaft men will not dig coal. Rock—rock is a man's job, and is not too everlasting steady.

Bildad will work no harm on lumberjacks or shaft men. It will not spoil with its drab ugliness their gentle souls. But Giorgio Tafagliaristi lived there. George, with his wife and five small kids, and Mrs. Mongibello, who was an ancient and discarded mine mule of seismal disposition, whom George had rescued from the bone yard's brink, renamed with the Sicilian name for Etna, and wrested back into what promised to be another decade of service to mankind. George was a Bildadite—sold to the town. George, who had lived in Sicily! And yet George was one beautiful little wop. Which we thump keys to demonstrate.

We had scarcely started jacking the first boiler up over a gondola's side on Bildad's rusty siding when Giorgio Tafagliaristi made his bid for space on the Boyle Contracting Company's pay-roll sheets. He watched our operations for a moment with a critic's eye. Looking us over carefully, he spied the book that stuck out of my pocket.

"Hello, time-a-keep'!" he said with a smile.

"Come sta', Tony," answered I, airing my entire Italian vocabulary in a single greeting—airing at least all of it that could pass a censor. I spoke only construction Italian.

"No Tony—George," corrected my new friend, his grin ingratiating. "Which-a felloh be boss?"

I pointed out Rufe Morris. George clambered to the end-sill of the gondola in which Morris stood. "You giv-a me job, eh, boss?" he asked Rufe.

Rufe sized him up. There wasn't much to George but eyes and teeth, but what there was looked put together to stay put. Besides, those little South Italians, Calabrians, Sicilians, and the like—they fool you. They are not broad, so they do not show their strength of body. They are thick. Heavy from front to back. Thick-waisted, without trace of fat. See them pull down their shirts, letting them dangle from the belt to sluice off at the whistle, and the loin muscles that run down either side of the spine will make you gasp. Heritage of a peasant race that has stooped at work for centuries. Little men, but thick; tough as rawhide. Each race to its trade. Any man long in steel likes Slavs. But for dirt jobs, Latins. Manuel or Tony—either can wear out two or three picks to every one of Stanko's. Rufe Morris could size up a man. In George's five feet four he evidently saw one.

"What can you do, Spaghett?" asked Rufe.

"No Spaghett—George," corrected Giorgio, his smile still glistening. "Giorgio Tafagliaristi. I capish unload-a da boil'."

"Well," said Rufe, "if you understand how to unload boilers you're the wop for me. These native buckwheats I put on are too ding-whanged careful of their health. They think this boiler's going to leap up off its blocks and bite 'em. Hop down in under there, Spaghett, and take a twist on that jack handle. Hey, Prince Alert, come to! Come on up outa there. Holden, make out this cider squeezer's time. He can't be more than twenty-two, but he's been carryin' an old man on his back ever since we hired him."

So George was hired. He was a good man, George. A peach. What you call handy. Invaluable on a job, one handy man like that. Put George at any odd job and you could gamble on him getting away with it somehow. Never broke a bit when you set him to ratcheting holes through steel. Only had to give him one hack-saw blade to go through a rail. Most guineas would have broken half a dozen. Could knock together a safe scaffold, run a rough pipe line—even fix up Sal Bets, our prancing steed, when she got sick.

Sal Bets was the only means of rapid transit, more or less, between our camp out at the shafts and Bildad station. And since the time-a-keep' on most big jobs is generally both the Mercury and general-utilities man, Sal was my charge. What I knew about horses at that time was the absolute zero, which, as I recall hazy physics, is about two hundred and seventy-three and one-tenth degrees less than nothing. And you may be sure that Sal was aware of this,

and despised me accordingly. Whether it was the humiliation of having to associate with me, or a state of melancholia arising from the fact that she had to live in Bildad, that brought on suicidal intent, I cannot say; but at her first opportunity she tried to eat herself to death. One night, rushing off after supper to a mountain hoedown at Isaac, I forgot to feed and water Sal. And when I went into the stable to get her the next morning she certainly had lost her girlish figure. She looked like a blimp. She had broken her halter and, visiting every empty stall in the long stable, had found all the mangers nicely stocked and had stuffed herself to within six inches of the pearly gates. I called Rufe Morris.

"Look at her, Mr. Morris," I said. "It's all my fault, and I ought to be sacked if she dies; but I'm asking you, ain't she a hell of a looking horse?"

Rufe looked at her swaying there, puffing and wheezing, each gasp threatening the detonation that would scatter her remains over the countryside.

"Good heaven!" said Rufe. "She's under the influence of food! Call George!"

And sure enough, after a half hour or so of mysterious activities, out of the stable came the pair of them, George perspiring profusely, Bets staggering weakly, but practically a well woman.

"What in the name of Lydia Pinkshoulder did you do to her, George?" Rufe wanted to know.

"I geeve-a her a littl-a shot in da arm," said George.

George was a honey. But it wasn't until we had a derrick up, and the first gang of shaft men came in, and we were ready to start sinking, that George really came into his own.

"Where's old Jack Jones?" was the first question Morris asked of the shaft men that unloaded from the train at Bildad's palatial station one pleasant early-summer evening.

Big Frank Danyo, who was the shift boss of the gang that had just disembarked, explained Jack's absence.

"Jack she's got coupla more shift muck mus' haul op for dot Black Tom shaft; 'n' after dot, she mus' get drunk. Boss Kink say tell'm Jack be here awright one, two, t'ree weeks sure mebbe."

"May Gillun fly away with Kink!" prayed Rufe devoutly. "Why in the name of Ellen Blazes couldn't he send another runner along?"

"No Can," He Stated. "T'ink Owstry Man Gon' Work Under Wop?"

Kink was Grant King, the young E. M.—not equitum magister; I was that—who handled most of Doyle's shaft jobs; and Gillun, we had found out from the natives hereabout, was the mountain name for a certain two-horned gentleman with a long barbed tail who flew overhead by night, showering down tough luck upon the just and unjust indiscriminately as he flew.

"One, two, three weeks sure mebbe!" Rufe exploded, ending his devotions to said Gillun. "And meantime I'm elected to wiggle a throttle in order to give you and your guineas something to do, eh, Frank? As though it didn't keep me busy setting up the plant! Can any of them keg heads of yours run a hoist engine, Frank?"

"Hah!" exploded Frank. "Look dot gang! You see somebody I'm gonna left hist muck bucket up over my head? Me? I got frau, t'ree beby, Peesboorgh. No mus' die dis time."

But George, who, with the entire camp, came in from the jungles to the station every evening to see the train come in from the United States, had heard the conversation. So he stepped up to Morris. "Me," stated George, "I plenty capish-a hoist eng'."

Rufe looked down at him. "Say, George," he said, "I got a lot of sinus trouble, and the doc says I ought to get a submucous resection. How's your technic on that?"

George grinned. Try to get any badinage past an Italian, even in language he can't comprehend.

"Pretty good, I t'ink-a mebbe," said George. "I dinno sure. I never try. But dees-a hoist-a eng'—I plenty capish-a dot felloh, a'right!"

"Well," said Rufe, turning to big Frank, dismissing difficulty with a wave of the hand, "that's that. Now we got a hoisting engineer." Frank's heavy features took on a forbidding scowl. "No can," he stated. "T'ink Owstry man gon' work under wop?"

Frank weighed two hundred pounds—no blubber. Tall, broad, pale-eyed, straw-haired, he turned a contemptuous glare on Giorgio Tafagliaristi, small and dark. Austria's old animosity for Italy shone in Frank's eye.

"Capish-a da hoist-a da eng'?" His heavy Slavish tongue attempting to imitate George's musical dialect was ridiculous. He moved his right hand in a circle, turning an imaginary crank. He showed his lower teeth and scratched his ribs simian fashion with his left hand. "Capish-a da grind-a da org', tin cup, monk'!"

Rufe Morris made a grab at George as he went by. His swift hand was not swift enough to stop George, but it struck his shoulder, swerving George's leap. That saved big Frank an ugly wound—death, maybe. As it was, his arm got up in time to take the knife blade. Blood sprayed the station platform as Frank's broad paw cuffed the Italian off it to the railroad tracks, where he lay stunned.

An ugly gleam lighted Big Frank's pale eye as he made an unhurried step down off the platform toward the prostrate George. And back of Frank eight or ten other Slavic men took an instinctive following step and then stood stolid, watching. Frank would need no help. Big Frank had a sinister reputation with the shaft-sinking brotherhood. His fellow countrymen had a nickname for him which they used among themselves—not in addressing him. They called him Krsi-ledja.

The two Boyle brothers, Frank and Rudolph, a pair of tough, square, cold-nosed graduates of Valley Tech, the only university in the world which graduates her young men so hard-boiled that they stick at engineering even after they see what the stuff is like, knew what Krsi-ledja meant. They thought it referred to the way Big Frank drove the muckers in his shift, and, being an elegant pair of man riders themselves, were delighted to have Big Frank on the Boyle pay-roll sheets.

But Grant King, the Boyles' best mining engineer, and Rufe Morris both knew that Big Frank was a very devil, roused; and that he had had to leave more than one shaft before his drillers came up with black faces, to disappear down another miles away, leaving the law's hounds sniffing at an empty earth. Grant King and Rufe both knew that the epithet Krsi-ledja meant The Back-breaker, and that applied to Frank it bore a more than figurative meaning. Which

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George Cuts and Trims in Summer and Sleds it Out Over the Stumps With a Cast-Off Mine Mule in the Winter

THE LONE VOYAGER

They Came as Near to Him as They Dared and Asked Him if He Wanted to be Taken Off. "No, Thank You," Answered Howard

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

HOWARD BLACKBURN thought he had done with the sea. With all his fingers and toes and half of one foot gone, he did not see where he could be of any help aboard a vessel even if he did go to sea; and so he tended patiently to business in his place in Gloucester.

All kinds of people were coming and going in his place, hearty seafaring people mostly, with great talk of outdoor things. He was not the kind who could listen to such talk and not be stirred by it. One day there came into his place a group of men who talked of going gold hunting in Alaska. The next thing Howard knew he found himself one of a company of adventurers who bought an old fishing schooner, fitted her out and sailed for San Francisco.

They met with no great adventures along the road. There was much wind and high seas at times, but nothing truly stirring. They arrived safely in San Francisco, where those of the company who were still for it went on to Alaska. Blackburn was for Alaska, but before he could be on his way he had his knee smashed in an accident and had to come back home. For eight months he hobbled around on crutches in Gloucester.

People who did not know him said, "Surely he'll stay home now and nurse himself."

He did stay home for a while. Then his mind took to wandering again; and when a born adventurer's mind takes to wandering, his body is soon likely to be on the way. With a few dollars he had saved he built himself a thirty-foot sloop, not certain just where he was going to sail her to, but feeling sure that he was going to sail her somewhere.

Somebody told him that to sail the little boat from Gloucester in New England to Gloucester in Old England would be a pretty good stunt. The man who sold him the idea thought that, of course, two or three men would be taken along to help out; but Blackburn was not strong for taking anybody along. There had been some dissension among the company with whom he had sailed to San Francisco and he wanted no more of that wasting of whole watches arguing about nothing at all. So putting a man in charge of his place of business he set out all alone in his thirty-footer for England.

The water front of Gloucester was jammed to hail him godspeed.

He made Gloucester, England, without accident, and was given a bewildering reception there. Officials passed him through the customs free of cost, abrogated all dock dues, gave him free towage for his boat; people stood on drawbridges and cheered him as he passed under, he sitting at the wheel of his little sloop. It was summertime; women showered him with roses. He was received by the lord mayor, the high sheriff, and escorted through the streets, the town crier at the head of the procession, he ringing a bell and proclaiming sonorously the arrival in Gloucester, Old England, of the lone voyager from Gloucester in New England.

"Some change, this, from hauling a halibut trawl on the winter Grand Banks," thought Howard; and decided to sail on to London.

He had stayed awake for nineteen hours a day for more than two months while crossing the Atlantic; so now he shipped an old fellow to stand the night watches and give himself a chance to catch up on sleep.

Away they sailed up the English Channel, and all was well until one night when Howard being asleep and the fat lad on watch, he was awakened by the shout that the boat was hove down in the breakers of Goodwin Sands.

"We're lost! We're lost!" shouted the stout one.

Howard hurried on deck, to find the boat on her beam ends and with her stern almost in the breakers. His man, who weighed 270 pounds, was helpless. Getting him below out of the way so he could do no more harm was equal to the job of working the sloop out of the breakers.

"Goin' it alone is the only way," said Howard to himself again. Next morning he put the fat one ashore. He sold his boat in London and returned to the United States like a gentleman—that is, as a passenger on a regular steamer. He came back home with a feeling of refreshment after his vacation.

He was showered with praises for his daring venture, as it was generally termed, praises which he did not take too seriously. He had sailed her leisurely across, taking sixty-eight days for the passage—where was the great daring? Loafing, pure loafing, all the way it was. To a bank fisherman who has been accustomed throughout all his fishing days to seeing a vessel driven, that sixty-eight days across the ocean was ridiculous. He made up his mind that his next passage across the Atlantic would be a racing passage.

He had sold his first little sloop in London. He wasn't back home long before he wished he had her back. However, good oak timbers and pine plank were still to be had.

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SILENT STEVE

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE robbery of the First National Bank at Millport, Connecticut, on the afternoon of July 1, 1925, was one of the best-planned and most spectacular crimes in the history of the state. And the most remarkable feature of the affair was the part taken in it by Steve Nichols, an insignificant, timid-looking runt who was employed by the city street department to operate an old army ten-ton tractor used in grading the dirt roads on the outskirts of the town.

About noon on the day of the robbery Steve was walking through the green, which is a small park in the center of the business district of Millport, a busy manufacturing town of fifty thousand people. Steve had just left his tractor in the City Garage, a few blocks distant, and was on his way to open a savings account with ten dollars which he had saved out of his month's pay.

Entering the green at the eastern end, he walked slowly toward the big white stone building of the First National Bank at the farther or western end. He first passed the old Civil War monument, then the fountain in the center, and finally came abreast of a large British war tank which had been placed in the green as a memorial to the men of Millport who had served in the Great War. Steve stopped and looked at the old war machine. As a mechanic, he greatly admired its clever design and massive construction. It was twenty or thirty feet long and eight or ten feet high, but it was compact and simple; and all its working parts except the endless steel tracks were protected by the heavy armor.

A small crowd of people, both children and grown-ups, were looking at the tank and he noticed that there were four men in overalls working on it. A policeman with a pleasant freckled face seemed to be explaining something to the spectators, and Steve drew near and listened.

"Them guys are fixing her up for the War Department," said the policeman. "I was in the City Hall last week when they arrived in town. They had a letter to the mayor from the Secretary of War himself, and it said they was to be allowed to repair the machine and get it ready so it could be used for training purposes."

"How long will it take them?" asked one of the men.

"I guess they're pretty near done now," replied the policeman. "You ought to have been here yesterday when they were trying it out. They ran it all around the square. It's a clumsy old thing and it runs awful slow and makes a terrible noise, but it's a marvelous machine."

Steve wished he had been there to see the tryout, and hoped he would get a chance to see it later. He noticed the muzzle of a machine gun sticking out of a hole in the front. Certainly they were doing a complete job of putting the tank in shape.

All at once Steve saw a man in a neat blue suit climbing out of the tank, with a small satchel and a half dozen packages in his arms. These packages were all the same size, about as big as cigar boxes, and they were neatly wrapped in brown paper. The man with the satchel and the packages walked away and the four men in overalls climbed inside and shut the steel door with a clang. Steve wondered idly why the War Department should pick out an ancient relic such as this to fix up for training purposes. It seemed as if the Army should have new and up-to-date machines. But no suspicion crossed his mind that these men at work on the tank might be anything but what they pretended, and apparently no suspicion had crossed the mind of anyone else in town.

Steve yawned and continued his way to the bank. As he crossed the street he happened to glance at the clock on the courthouse—a quarter past twelve. The door of the bank was open and Steve stepped in on the beautiful tiled floor. There were eight grated windows—Paying, Receiving, Loans and Discounts, and so on. It was a large and prosperous bank.

Steve noticed the man in the blue suit talking to one of the tellers. "Please put this on Mr. Henry's desk," he was saying, "so he can get it when he returns from lunch."

The teller took one of the little brown paper packages and carried it back to the rear of the bank. Steve walked down to the last window, which was labeled Savings Department, and presented his ten dollars.

"You want to open a savings account?" asked the man at the window.

Steve nodded, wrote his name and address on two little cards and received a bank book. As he turned away from the window his attention was again attracted to the man in the blue suit. The man still carried his little satchel, but he now had only two of the six packages. One of these he carelessly dropped into a wastebasket and another he laid on a chair near the wall. Steve was puzzled. The man seemed to be distributing these packages all over the bank. But as he seemed harmless enough, and as nobody else seemed to be taking any notice of him, Steve decided it was none of his business.

It was hot, sleepy weather, and Steve moved slowly to the front of the bank. As he reached the door he turned back and looked at the wastebasket into which the little package had been dropped a minute before. And as he looked he was amazed to see the basket explode with a sharp report. It was not a violent explosion, but it was sufficient to tear the basket apart and send the waste papers flying in all directions. From all over the bank came a series of similar explosions, and Steve felt a sudden

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Steve Caught Occasional Glimpses of Men Running Along and Hiding Behind Every House or Tree or Bush That Would Give Cover

NOTHING BUT BLUE CHIPS

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

The Town Was Busy, In All its Length and Breadth, Constructing Its Case Against That Perilous Man

RIGHT in front of Michael Cobb's house, Marjorie Kent lagged and stopped in spite of everything she could do. Michael was home at last; but it was the feldspar that had brought him, and not Marjorie herself. Bert Pearson, with his black violin case held close against him, went on a step or two and looked back impatiently.

"What's the hitch?" he said sharply.

"I was looking to see if they had begun drilling in the feldspar ledge," she said.

"The drills haven't come."

"Shall you put money into it?"

"I don't know. Wish I could see my way to. They say everything Cobb touches turns to gold."

"Yes, I hear he's rich," the girl said very low.

"I apprehend, though," Pearson went on, "I've got another use for my money, this winter at least."

He screwed his neck round inside his high stiff collar and smiled enigmatically.

"Perhaps that constitutes a proposal," Marjorie thought. He would, she felt sure, want the awkward moment of mutual consent over with as soon as possible in case he did propose. She had been fearing lately that he might even put a proposal into writing. His vein was faintly ironical; and if he stepped out of himself to play the lover, he would be likely to leave a note tacked to the door of his old self to say that he would be back in half an hour—out to luncheon.

She looked away through the blue dark at those bare islands set in a black sea beyond the saw-toothed headland. The wind was getting up again. The weather signal tower on the hill displayed a white light over a red one; but it wouldn't be necessary to look at that to know the touch of the northwest wind, hurling people along willy-nilly into situations against which they might have set their best resolves.

It was this wind that had blown Michael away seven years ago—puffed him out of her life, as if he had been nothing but a water devil in the shape of man. It had the force and cunning of hate now; it was spiteful, passing its sword through her heart and blinding her eyes with snow particles. Seven years ago she could not have got enough of it, because then it had measured the force of her love for Michael Cobb; the terrifying, abandoned force of it, blowing like the wind out of one infinity into another with never-dying energy—or so she thought.

It was Aunt Hittie, in her last sickness, who had first thrown the two of them together. Marjorie had been sent from the hospital to special her here in this little house cowering under the great feldspar ledge and seeming to plead for its life. That queer little old lady had left the house to Michael when she died—everything that was inside the four walls, the furniture, the china, those rare Venetian goblets her husband had brought her back from Italy; and those crayon libels of her menfolks hanging on the walls. Horse-faced gentry who had followed the sea, they had been great gamblers, all of them, skilled in games and occupations of chance. It had been everything or nothing with them in their day, and Michael had inherited their creed.

"Nothing but blue chips," had always been his war cry, it was said by those who had played poker with him in Bloody Ben's water-side kitchen.

Some gang or other had lain in wait for him there and knifed him in the arm three or four nights after she began her vigils with Aunt Hittie. She had just come out into the kitchen after hot water for the water bag, when the door into the woodshed opened. The flame flattened in the lamp; she turned about to rescue it, and there was Michael, coming out of weird obscurity, dragging his heels across the sill. He had something of that awful look about him of a hen with its head cut off. He fell down into a chair.

Marjorie was forced to drop to her knees and hold his whole weight away from her with her two hands on his shoulders. His stocking cap was drawn down over one eye and he was breathing in sharp gusts, the whole heave of his chest visible inside the double-breasted blue watch coat.

She did think, for just one second, that he might be drunk, since some people, and notably Aunt Hittie herself, wouldn't put it past him; the old lady liked a nip herself with the reading of the Scriptures; but then the startled girl saw the fish knife sticking through the cloth of his sleeve and heard the hasty patter of blood on the green oilcloth. A drop appeared on the nickel binding of the stove, another on the zinc stove board under it. A long cometlike smear was trailed across the white ground of a sheet hanging from the clotheshorse at his back.

"They were all but one too many for me," he whispered. His eyes looked very black and deep in his head. It was a crowd of lobster men at Pull an' Be Damned, he muttered, who had waylaid him because he insisted on dropping out his lobster pots over what those people took for consecrated ground. It was his contention that even so, six to one, he might have got the best of them—"When a man lays a hand on me, I lash out without thinking"—but it so happened that a dark-whiskered devil who had been imported young from Italy, and never learned manners, had slipped this knife into him before taking to his heels.

"It's wonderful what a grip the flesh takes of cold steel," he muttered, squirming on that chair with testing little tugs. "There—there she starts."

His only answer was a horrified moan high in Marjorie's throat. It was because she could not stand the sight of blood that she had given up her training in the hospital that next spring.

"It looks like murder had been done here," he said. The knife was out; it fell to the floor with a clatter of its bone handle; and Marjorie, dizzy as a coot, cut the sleeve away with the bloody knife and took a twist with a piece of window cord above the elbow to stop the ugly flow of arterial blood.

Gertie Sanderson, coming in with medicine that had been sent for, found the two of them in a heap on the floor. They had fainted in each other's arms.

"Visiting in paradise," Michael laughed, when he was in shape to laugh at anything. Dangerous Michael. He had a fatal light deft touch; he was a conjurer. He took her with him in the woods when he was after rabbits; he taught her to use snowshoes, to sight a gun, to row a dory. They were in a play together where they had to kiss; and they rehearsed the kiss behind the big dusty drop, waiting to come on. It was young love, unconsidering, exultant; it brought her to the threshold of her dream—and there it left her. Michael went away to sea.

"We'll keep in touch," he had whispered to her, in among the spruces. Snow dropped down her neck like fire from the agitated branches overhead; the northwest wind plucked at her as if to shake the nonsense out of her.

He was out of her arms—and that had been the last of him, except for a short fervor of correspondence, a lapse, and then, much later, a picture post card of geisha girls in Japan which he signed with initials.

If only the fire of her heart had been all that had been needed to temper the steel of his devotion! That evaporation of the living man out of her world had been cruel, but perhaps inevitable. She knew her Michael now. He put all of himself into every least adventure. He had no reserves, he held back nothing. Already, in seven years, he had led a dozen lives, no doubt; but the northwest wind hadn't changed in that time. If only it hadn't quite so often howled its glee at her for the lost felicities. It was enough to make love shiver into hate, as water freezes, as milk sours in a thunderclap.

All that was strange and ecstatic, everything that made up that loosened and unbound feeling at her breast, as if now the heart could beat at last and fill the world with its abandon—all that had gone down the wind with Michael; and Marjorie had stayed behind to cater to the inexorable needs of her inevitable familiars, drab souls who let the days slip through lax fingers without ever once thinking what richness they might have.

They were lucky. They did not have to think, when they came round the head of the harbor, that some phantom in the shape of Michael might be there to wrap up the living in its shadow. There, just there, in the shadow of that old wreck of a schooner—she had to look under Bert Pearson's arm to see it—Michael had whispered to her, "How are the trembles of your heart tonight?"

The trembles of her heart! The tendrils, she would have said; but trembles, Michael had thought so much more expressive.

"You're shaking all over."

"Am I? It's just—it's dropped thirty degrees since morning; do you realize that? It's just this bitter cold that strikes right to your marrow."

What had he said to that? She was always hunting in odd corners of her brain for words of his that might be sleeping there—haphazard phrases—visiting in paradise. Perhaps they had, in that brief instant when they had lain so still in each other's arms. . . . "You and I are the only two people with a sense of humor in the world." He had said that because they had laughed at the same things. "We'll keep in touch—we'll keep in touch."

That devil's dance of phrases was back again tonight, milling in her head; but here in place of Michael was Herbert Pearson, impatiently and suspiciously staring at her, with his violin, his collar of Persian lamb, his fur-lined coat, his light, facetious vein. She had been at choir rehearsal with him; but if she could have been wrecked with Michael on a cannibal island, she would have chosen that in preference.

What hopeless nonsense! The dark lover had been gone these seven years. She had flown too high. His own judgment had been better. In his shoes, she might have done the same; finding herself a man like Michael, wary as a cat, strong as six men, with nobody dependent on him, the wide ocean brimming there and the northwest wind making its cut and thrust at him.

What a fool, after all, he would have been to stay here in her arms! He might have dwindled there—yes, dwindled, even while getting fat, growing sluggish, losing his fine temper.

In these seven years, she had seen other men—men as good as Michael to begin with—grow fixed in their places, lose heart, move in ruts, pass women by on the street without looking at them, come down to teamsters' work or chopping wood on other people's woodlots.

Michael, on the contrary, had gone master of steamships; he had been an explorer. He had made the fortunes of a lot of men, his own as well. Yes, but he had lost them. Well, he had made them again. He was rich now. It was whispered that he had won the Cuban lottery. Some who had decried him in the past for his poker-playing habits shook their heads now over flying news that he had grown rich by running rum out of Nassau. This was too perfectly in character to be doubted for an instant. He had drunk rum, and no doubt still did; why then should he not traffic in it? Running rum differed from drinking it only in the added picturesqueness of the undertaking. Michael's boat, Shadd said, was fitted with an iron pilot house and pistol-proof ports, the glass half a foot thick. He had shown a fellow townsman, south in a mackerelman in April, a check book with more than a quarter of a million balance written into it.

"Waiting—for Me?" "For You. Who Else? Who Else Could I Sell My Kisses to for Ten Thousand Dollars Each?" She Flung at Him

Was he so bad? Then there must be some corresponding badness in her own soul. Certainly nothing had moved ahead for her in seven years. Well, no help for that. As the dice fell, so they must have fallen, was a phrase of Michael's. Chance was just another name for human ignorance. Luck had recognizable habits; it had its tides, but the influence that drew these tides was not yet known.

"Well, how much longer are we going to stand here like bumps on a log?" Pearson inquired, rapping his knuckles on the violin case.

And then, all in one gust of wind, the impossible had happened. After seven years, there was Michael in the flesh, touched with snow on the shoulders, his watch coat half open at the throat, his hand held out.

He shouted delightedly, "Marjorie, by the powers!"

Here he was, the man, the very man, and without a shade of embarrassment in his manner. There was even something proprietary in the way his fingers crushed hers; something allusive, warm, in the grip so much stronger than was necessary between a man and a woman. She felt a weakness in her breast, a rush of fierce winds there tearing everything apart.

The wind forced them to stand close together; there was the conquering line of that nose and chin above her, black against the stars. She couldn't think what to say to him; she couldn't remember ten minutes later what he had said to her.

Something about visiting in paradise again one of these days.

It was so that he disposed of seven years. Possibly time didn't exist for him. He was an immortal. She drew clear of him, took Pearson's arm, turned away with some little formal word of parting.

Had he seen that shameful storm of emotion in her breast? What folly it would be, after seven years, to fall into the same trap, and still, how fatally easy! Once bit, twice shy, certainly ought to be her slogan. Yet in the face of possible attack, what powers of defense had she? The very touch of his fingers had sent a wave of unsettlement through her, swirling into her very throat.

Pearson himself could hardly have failed to see it. She felt she must conciliate him, bring him out of his sulky silence. When they came to that gray nest of buildings, up a little from the street, where the Kents lived, she said faintly that he had better come in for a minute out of the cold.

"I'll mix you up an eggnog," she said on inspiration.

That was what Michael used to clamor for after dances or snowshoe parties. She and Bert went in through the back entry together. Jim Kent, her father, was sitting up for her in the kitchen, with his yellow mustache teased out and his feet in the oven.

People strike early a certain pitch of affluence or the reverse; they inherit the pitch, and for the most part, sing the same tune. Jim Kent, out of a job again, looked upon himself as a glorified transient in poverty and upon his low

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It Was Young Love, Unconsidering, Exultant; It Brought Her to the Threshold of Her Dream—and There It Left Her. Michael Went Away to Sea

SUDS

By ROBERT S. WINSMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

AT THE height of the skylarking Suds collapsed, and the manner of the collapse was vehement. Wall Street slowed down its capering long enough to bellow indignantly, "Who did that? Clark? Who's he? What Clark? Where does he come in?"

The gossips, who explain all things immediately, panted, "He was it—the whole of it. There wasn't a pool in Suds after all. It was Clark who put it up so beautifully. Now he's broke and twenty-five firms are stung. His name is Braxton Clark. Ever hear of him?"

Some had, but not many, which is not so remarkable as it seems. In Wall Street you may labor and rise and fall, season in and season out, and only a few will know your name unless you splash it somehow before all their eyes. It was that way with Braxton Clark. He had been climbing there and slipping and climbing again for years, but so unobtrusively that when at last he jarred them with his fall they did not know him for one of those who had been aloft. Then, too, Suds was Braxton Clark's first big play.

Suds is the vernacular for Sorden Soap Common, which the tickers label SDS and which the bankers created out of nothing much when they rejuvenated the old Sorden Soap Company not so long ago. It was a sober little stock in the beginning, with a modest two-dollar dividend and no greater promise. It would sell in the upper 40's when the market was high and in the lower 30's when all prices were down, and nothing more was expected of it. But that was before the boom came and Wall Street took to anticking along the primrose path. It also was before Braxton Clark pyramided profits so skillfully in successive plunges that he found himself with far more real money than he had ever owned.

"This much money is not a trading stake," reasoned Braxton Clark. "It is capital. Now I can stop being a fool. Hereafter I will not guess these ups and downs. I will make my own."

Accordingly he fashioned a dignified setting for himself on the topmost floor of the towering Syndicate Building, with walnut and leather and tickers and telephones and bright windows from which he could watch pygmy ships disappear into the purple haze beyond the Narrows. There he sat down to consider certain seeming possibilities. The outcome was that which happened in Suds.

It was a woman who started the Suds affair. She sat primly on the edge of the golf-club veranda and chirped, "Tell me, Mr. Clark—you're in Wall Street—aren't stocks going up?"

Her husband scowled upon her, and Clark laughed, saying, "Now, Tindall, how should I answer that?"

"They go up every day, don't they?" demanded little Mrs. Tindall, seeking dispute.

"I've noticed it," Clark agreed.

"Everything but our Sorden Soap," she amended pointedly. "That hasn't gone up at all. Why doesn't Sorden Soap stock go up, Mr. Clark?"

"But that's a queer question to put to me," he protested. "You have an able-bodied Sorden company vice president for a husband. Ask him what's the matter with the stock."

"As if I hadn't!" Mrs. Tindall said, bristling. "Do you know what the man says? That it isn't his department!"

Tindall grumbled, "There's nothing the matter with Sorden. You downtown gamblers don't like it, that's all. It's too decently behaved for you to notice."

Braxton Clark looked at him curiously. "Why don't you make us notice it?" he asked.

"Ah, why?" echoed Mrs. Tindall. "I'd like to know that."

"I've Told You Why I'm Coming Home, John," Said Perry Importantly. "I've Been Through All This Before"

"Get it a nurse," Clark advised. "You can't expect it to do anything without help. Your people should get together and give it a lift. It could be done."

"We don't pay much attention to the stock market in our shop," said Tindall thoughtfully. "We're too busy selling soap. But thanks for the suggestion. I may pass it along. I don't believe any of them would mind seeing Sorden stock selling higher."

"I certainly would not mind it," declared the lady very positively. "I've told Horace they should do something. They go about talking of soap and sales and such things, and they let the stock stay down when every other stock is going up. Isn't it silly? I think it shows lack of intelligence in the management. Horace, I know Mr. Clark is right. Aren't you, Mr. Clark?"

"Always," said Braxton.

"Of course you are. Horace, you must go to Mr. Jarvie. The president of the company should know what Mr. Clark says. I'd like to tell Mr. Sorden, the old dear, but he's in Europe. I'm a stockholder, Mr. Clark. I have two hundred shares."

"The family jewels," Tindall explained.

"Even if I am a vice president's wife, I have some rights, haven't I? Do you hear, Horace? Mr. Clark has told you exactly what to do and I don't see why you shouldn't do it."

Which gave Braxton Clark the idea. Somewhat idly at first, he collected what facts he could concerning Sorden Soap and sifted them, and found the net result surprisingly interesting. He followed with experimental trades in Sorden shares and found their responsiveness impressive. He made other soundings and wrote a letter or two, and at length he sought Horace Tindall.

"Tell me something of Sorden's current business," he demanded.

"Business?" said Horace. "We're doing more business than we've ever done. Do you want figures? But what we're doing now is nothing to what we will be doing a little later on. We're on our way with a whaling big sales campaign, you know. Noticed our advertising, haven't you? We're covering the country with it. It's costing a lot of money and it will cost a lot more, but it will mean big things for us. A year from now we'll be showing you Wall Street sharks plenty of earnings. If you're seriously interested ——"

"But I am," Clark interrupted, "and I want to get in touch with your people. I mean with the larger stockholders, through someone like Jarvie or John Sorden himself. I believe I can make them an attractive proposition. If they will play with me, Horace, I'll undertake to have that stock of yours above 70 in less than three months."

"But I don't sit in with the powers in the Sorden company," said Tindall doubtfully.

"Then I'll see what Mrs. Horace will do for me," grinned Clark; and Tindall said, "All right. I'll speak to Mr. Jarvie."

So Braxton Clark laid a proposal before those who together represented ownership of more than 75,000 shares of Sorden Soap Common, which is Suds. It was not easy to break through their prejudices, and he had to convince them that he was big enough for the project. But he was a convincing man, this Clark; deep-voiced, poised, calmly sure of himself. He made them see his plan as a logical matter of business rather than a plot for stock-market juggling. They haggled somewhat from habit, but in the end they gave him about what he asked—gave him chiefly the right to buy from them, if he would, 15,000 shares of Sorden in varying amounts at prices scaling from $48 to $62 a share; also an agreement that they would not sell more of their holdings to anyone else through a period of ninety days. With that the bull campaign in Suds began. Wall Street then was quoting the stock somewhat below 50. Two months later its market price was 75 and Braxton Clark could count for himself a profit well beyond a quarter of a million. He had given Suds its needed lift.

He had gone on lifting, using some skill but more vigor, and meeting no great difficulty. Optimism was in the Wall Street air; money was abundant and cheap and easily borrowed; that stock for which the tickers were recording liveliness was attracting eager buying. Braxton Clark made Suds lively, and the rising tide of speculation did most of what more was necessary to raise its price.

At 75 he could count a quarter million of profit, but that was yet a matter of paper and ink. He might have reaped it, turned it into cash readily enough, by selling at these high prices, as originally he had planned to do. But now he had other plans. The situation that had developed in Sorden under his hand called for other plans, and called loudly. The whole stock market was becoming a performance of leaping dervishes who today cried, "Devil catch the hindmost," and tomorrow, "World without end." In Suds, as in most stocks of its kidney, glittered new opportunity that would have been unthinkable only a little while before. Clark poured out persuasive argument before Nelson Jarvie, the grave-eyed president of the Sorden company, and before the others, one by one. At last there was a conference.

"You know what I have to say," Clark told them. "I am going on with this move in Sorden. I would be a fool to drop it here. I ask you to stand by me—to extend your agreement to keep your stock off the market. I might invite you to do more if you are so disposed. You can see plainly how things are developi g downtown. The whole country is speculating, and it is only beginning. The country is rich and reckless. You will see astonishing prices everywhere in the market before this rise is over."

"Artificial prices," said Nelson Jarvie soberly. "They won't last."

"But they will have to come before they can go," smiled Clark. "It's their coming that I'm talking about now. And I'm talking about Sorden. I have not only put its price up; I've done much more than that. I've popularized Sorden, gentlemen. I've made a real market in it here at the top. But I can do more—very much more. If you will go along with me I'll put Sorden well above $100 a share, and I'll give you a market there that you can sell on if you want to."

He paused, and the silence disappointed him.

"Look here!" he went on, reaching for paper. "This is simple arithmetic. The total issue of Sorden Common is only 120,000 shares. After I have taken up all my 15,000, you gentlemen will still hold 60,000 or more. Another 10,000, or perhaps 12,000, are so owned that they won't come on the market. I can place a considerable amount among my friends, where it won't be sold until I say so. I am carrying a great deal myself and I am prepared to buy a great deal more. You can see then that the supply of Sorden floating in the market will be so small that putting the price well above par will need no more than intelligent handling. I am laying my cards on the table, gentlemen. I want to know that your stock is tied up while I am at work in Sorden. If you will keep it off the market and out of my way, I will make it worth a great deal more than it is now."

Nelson Jarvie tossed aside the pencil with which he had been prodding his blotting pad and cleared his throat to say, in his precise way:

"You must understand, Mr. Clark, that we already have discussed this among ourselves. In fact, we've gone into it very thoroughly. And we feel, Mr. Clark, that you are too sanguine—too enthusiastic. I might say, too ambitious. Mr. John Sorden has cabled me from Europe that he is of the same opinion. The truth is, Mr. Clark, we who know the Sorden company's affairs intimately feel that the common stock already is selling even higher than its value."

Braxton Clark leaned forward and said earnestly, "You may think I shouldn't dispute that with you, but I do. I've learned from experience—and costly experience—that men in your positions are given to underestimating the values they have in their hands. I mean the potential values. Perhaps it's the familiarity. Or it may be that you have to deal with facts and your imagination doesn't get a chance to work. But you don't clearly see your property's possibilities. I've missed a great deal of money in my time by taking too literally what men have told me, and quite honestly, about their own companies. I believe in Sorden, Mr. Jarvie. If I didn't, I wouldn't risk myself farther in the stock."

Jarvie coughed again and spoke tolerantly. "That may be, Mr. Clark, but we are facing facts. For the next two or three years our earnings are not likely to let us increase our common-stock dividend or add greatly to our surplus."

"We are in a period of business expansion," Clark insisted. "We are going into a boom. The Sorden company has been making a special effort, spending a great deal of money, to push its business. I believe the results will come sooner and be much greater than you expect. You are not considering that."

"We have considered all things. But we are not disposed to join in any plan to boom our stock to unjustified prices that cannot be sustained. Frankly, Mr. Clark, we believe that the ultimate outcome will do harm to this company's reputation and credit. That is our reason for our decision."

Clark said, frowning, "But I hope it's not final."

"Yes," Jarvie declared, "it has been decided. As a group we will not continue the present arrangement beyond the ninety-day term. And I think you will make a mistake if you go farther yourself. Indeed, Mr. Clark, in the interest of this company, if I could control you, I would prevent you from pushing Sorden stock higher."

Clark flushed and said, "For one in your position, Mr. Jarvie, that's a peculiar attitude. I doubt that your shareholders would cheer very loudly for their president if they knew him to be opposed to a rise in their stock's price."

"That is a matter of opinion," said Jarvie stiffly.

"It is," Clark agreed, "and one of us is wrong. But I want to say this: Our arrangement expires in another two weeks. Of course I will take up all the stock I have under option. After that you gentlemen will be free to sell as much Sorden as you please. But Sorden is going to much higher prices and I expect to have powerful associates in further buying of it. So I want to remind you that there isn't very much of the stock, and if you sell too much of what you own you may wake up some morning and find that control of the Sorden company has passed out of your hands."

Jarvie smiled and said, "Now I hope that's not a threat, Mr. Clark."

Clark also smiled and said, "No; it's a hint. Wall Street might call it a tip."

But the easy confidence was feigned. Braxton Clark was disappointed sorely, and angry; and when he went away he cursed their conservatism and suspected the sincerity of it. You never could tell about a poker face like Jarvie's. They might be sly men, planning to drop him and go on for themselves. Or, he reflected, if they were not that, and if he pushed on with the play in Suds, how much harm could their selling do? They could pour some of their stock on the market, but not a great deal without weakening their hold upon the Sorden company. And if it was not to be a great deal, couldn't he find allies or stimulate enough new interest among speculators to provide offsetting buying?

He thought it out with the ticker's patter song of optimism sounding in his ears and the exhilarating atmosphere of Wall Street's bull market inflating his courage. And in the end Braxton Clark convinced himself that valor was the better part of discretion. He would carry on in Suds.

Perhaps Horace Tindall helped somewhat with the decision. Clark carried him to a downtown luncheon club, and across the table there said, "What are you hearing about Sorden around your office now?"

"Nothing much," Horace replied. "I'm in their confidence when the subject is soap, but I don't hear anything about stock. I have to depend on you for that."

"Some of them think it is too high," said Clark indifferently.

"Who? Who thinks so, and why?"

"Jarvie is one. He tells me your business isn't going to be good enough to excuse the stock's price."

"Piffle!" said Tindall positively. "Jarvie's a great executive and a clever business man, but he's nearsighted.

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"That is a Matter of Opinion," Said Jarvie Stiffly. "It is," Clark Agreed, "and One of Us is Wrong"

OUR COSTLY DEPENDENCE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN governments, through control of essential commodities, tinker with the law of demand and supply, they not only throw economic systems out of gear but wreak hardship upon the consuming public. We are so apt to accept these manipulated materials which sustain our lives and industries, as a matter of course, that we seldom stop to realize the extent of the official operations behind them. Restriction has reached such a pass that Congress has definitely taken up the issue and a fierce publicity now heats about the procedure.

In the popular mind, rubber, because of the crisis which developed last year and which was described in the preceding article, appears to be the most important of the offending products, or rather the one most sinned against. It has become the most spectacular, to be sure, because of the wide use of the automobile. As a matter of fact, rubber is only one of many materials subject to more or less inelastic control. Eight others—coffee, potash, nitrates, mercury, sisal, camphor, iodine and Egyptian long-staple cotton—are subject to similar treatment, while seventy more are, or could be, easily controlled in some way by the action of foreign governments. In practically every instance, the United States does not produce a sufficient quantity to satisfy its requirements.

This business of control is of far-reaching importance, because in some way it touches every American interest. Moreover it enters vitally into the question of national defense. Nitrates, for example, comprise an essential constituent in the manufacture of all military powders and explosives.

Tightening the Noose

IN VIEW of the terrific drubbing that these controls have received during the past months, and the consumer reaction in the shape of conservation which has resulted in the case of rubber tires, you would naturally think that some of the alien powers involved would sit up and take notice. The exact reverse has happened. England not only is continuing rubber restriction but has announced a tightening of it in case the price goes below forty-two cents a pound in the three months following May first.

All the old controls are operative and new ones have been inaugurated. The latest, which became effective on April first of this year, deals with kauri gum, an ingredient of varnishes. It is now subject to control by the government of New Zealand. Though there are happily some substitutes for this commodity, the action is symptomatic of a growing tendency everywhere. Before we go into a detailed analysis of controls in terms of the commodities affected, it may be well to point the moral, or rather the lack of it, involved in the whole performance. I know of no better way of stating it than to reproduce the following conclusion arrived at by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, which held extensive hearings following the sensational rise in the price of rubber.

Loading Bags of Coffee on a Liner at the Docks at Santos, the World's Greatest Coffee Port

Artificial Booms Becoming Boomerangs

"THESE controls violate economic law and produce disastrous economic results both to producer and consumer. The normal improvement in production by cheapening costs is suspended. The restriction of production prevents growth to meet future world demands which would ordinarily be the response to high prices. To the consumer, it means not only unfair charges but substitution of inferior alternatives. To the manufacturer and distributor, it means greatly enhanced hazards, the costs of which are passed on as a further charge to the consumer."

There is still another evil of which most observers fail to take cognizance. Anything that sets up an artificial shortage through legislative act destroys the impulse of production. Likewise, when you put a government control squarely behind a commodity, thus arbitrarily fixing what is in many instances an excessive price, a reckless disregard of production costs naturally follows. Furthermore, with market and price assured, the producer often fails to conserve or improve his property.

In studying government controls in foreign countries I have often been met by the statement that they were justified as a defense against the American tariff. In reply I can best quote a section of the congressional report to which I have already referred.

"The suggestion has been made in certain quarters that these governmental controls were instituted as a sort of

ON OTHER COUNTRIES

A Panorama of a São Paulo Coffee Plantation

reprisal against the protective policy of the United States as embodied in the Fordney-McCumber Act of 1922. Such is not the case. The Brazilian restriction of coffee had its origin in 1902; the Mexican sisal restriction in 1915; the Chilean nitrate control dates back to 1885; and the British control of crude rubber was in process of formulation before the Fordney-McCumber bill became a law.

"With the exception of crude rubber, the four leading governmental control commodities come from three Latin-American countries—Brazil, Mexico and Chile. The tariff relationships between these countries and the United States are decidedly in their favor.

"We find that over 90 per cent of our imports from Brazil come in free of duty, while 90 per cent of our exports to Brazil are subject to a tariff duty. About 85 per cent of our imports from Mexico come in without duty, whereas we find that about two-thirds of our exports to Mexico are subject to the payment of a tariff duty. About 98 per cent of our imports from Chile are admitted free of duty, whereas almost 90 per cent of our exports to Chile are subject to the payment of a duty. With reference to Great Britain—rubber being subject to governmental control by that government—we find that about 60 per cent of our imports from that country come in subject to duty and that about 10 per cent of our exports to Great Britain are subject to duty. Upon these imports from us in the year 1924, they collected in tariff duties over $100,000,000. Their average rate on the dutiable manufactured goods was approximately 29 per cent. It must also be borne in mind that of our total exports that go in, about 65 per cent are foodstuffs or raw materials."

The Prize Goat

ALL the major controls have a certain common characteristic in that they are confined to commodities of which the preponderating production is in the country establishing restriction. Chile produces all the world's natural nitrates and Brazil 65 per cent of the world's coffee. In Britain's Middle East possessions is grown 70 per cent of the entire rubber output, Japan is responsible for 90 per cent of the camphor and Egypt 92 per cent of the long-staple cotton.

Another feature is striking. The consumption within the country of origin is in small ratio to the absorption in other lands. To illustrate: Only 5 per cent of the entire world coffee crop is consumed in Brazil and 7 per cent of world rubber in the United Kingdom. The consumption of nitrates and iodine in Chile is trivial. The same thing applies to sisal in Mexico and long-staple cotton in Egypt. Great Britain and the Netherlands, or rather their colonies, produce nearly 60 per cent of world tin, but their consumption is small.

On the other hand, the United States consumes 70 per cent of all the rubber produced and more than *half* the nitrates, iodine, sisal, coffee and camphor. In the case of raw silk, which is often subject to manipulation by the Japanese Government, we are also by far the largest consumer. It means that Uncle Sam is the prize goat of every control.

The Man Holding This Cuban Sisal is Six Feet Tall

Gathering Sisal in Yucatan

Price Inflation

WE CAN now see how this works out in dollars and cents. We will take two groups of imports. The first comprises rigidly controlled products—that is, rubber, coffee, nitrates, potash, iodine, sisal, camphor, mercury, citric acid, citrate of lime, long-staple cotton and kauri gum. They totaled 19.6 per cent of our imports in 1925 and represented a cost to us of $830,166,000.

The second group embraces seventy materials which are subject to some kind of restriction or are easily amenable to it. Included in the list are cork, palm and olive oils, shellac, pepper, raw silk, tungsten, platinum, tin, quebracho—which is used in tanning—jute, jute burlaps, hides, asbestos, nickel, quinine, carpet wool, combing wool, tea, furs and China wood oil. They accounted for 29.9 per cent of our imports and stood us $1,264,274,000. The two groups represent a total cost to us of $2,094,440,000 and constituted 49.5 per cent of all our imports.

The significance of these figures does not lie so much in their impressive total as in the fact that in many instances controls expanded cost beyond the normal. The conspicuous illustration, of course, is in rubber, where the price in 1925 was more than twice the average spot price in 1924. Between July, 1925, and April 1, 1926, the excess in the market price over the so-called fair price set by the British was $224,220,119. This was almost entirely due to the inelasticity of the restriction law which created an artificial shortage.

We can now go into the specific controls, beginning with a product that touches millions of householders.

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HER HEART AND HEADLINES

"You're Completely Selfish and Unmoral, Olivia," He Said, on Principle. "If it Weren't for Your Beauty and Your Money the Police Would Arrest You"

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT WAS a warm night early in June when Tom Preston stepped over the hedge separating his mother's place from the old Diderot house, which had been rented for the summer by Olivia Winship. He would call and be done. If there was something startling, presumptuous about the coming of this woman, who had jilted him six years ago, to Rockton, where he now lived, he was the only one to recognize it. He had come back to Rockton three years ago to inherit and develop his father's law practice; he had covered well, even then, with coatings of reality the gaping wound Olivia had left in his heart. Olivia had not known, he was sure, that he was living here. She had only considered Rockton a splendid place in which to vegetate for the summer.

His mother had called, and had raved about the extraordinary charm of Mrs. Winship. Without referring to the big romance of 1918, when he had met Olivia upon a leave on the Riviera, he admitted knowing her slightly, and said casually that he supposed he'd go and call. Mrs. Preston, who knew that he had been playing golf that very afternoon with Freda Haven, sat down comfortably to read. She was a blithe old lady, whose happy life had never taught her to fear and suspect the whims of chance.

On Olivia's lawns the tall trees made patterns of black against the moonlight; honeysuckle and roses and syringas assailed his senses, and the grass lay transmuted into a sea of silver. He remembered the light carelessness with which Olivia, six years ago in Paris, had told him that all sorts of silly romances bloomed on the Riviera, and he hardened his senses against all allurement.

She was waiting for him. Indeed, Olivia was always in position, waiting for the excitement to begin. Where other women rushed about from duty to duty, she prepared herself for the next episode. The windows of the long white-paneled living room were opened to the night, and on a divan, under the one lighted lamp, she lay, reading a novel. His mother would have wondered about the strange lack of ceremony as he came in. Preston, although he wore the face which he found so useful in court, found his throat dry, his heart pounding. He stepped forward silently, and Olivia stared at him as if estimating his mood. Then she made a little face, as if to say that wonders never ceased, flicked her heels up and around and down to the floor, and stood up, straight as a boy, in a tea gown of some audacious painted chiffon. The women of Rockton did not wear tea gowns; some breath of Preston's gayer, more rapturous youth came back to him as he took Olivia's hand.

"I never thought to see you," she said. "Yesterday people began to talk about the Prestons. 'Preston—Preston,' I said to myself. 'Can it be?' I didn't ask a question. Then today your mother called, and she told me about you. I almost died. Honestly, Tom, I thought you were in Chicago."

"I left Chicago three years ago, when my father died," he said. "I didn't want to come back here then, but now I like it."

Each of them ignored the fact that the last time they had seen each other he had called her perfectly awful names. They sat down on the divan.

"I came because of the Duncans, you know," she said. "They have a place out at Cocksledge. They're old friends of mine. I wanted to be quiet—a thing I've never done since I was sixteen." Her dark, lustrous eyes slid over and held his for an instant. "I am sick and weary of my life," her eyes seemed to say. But Tom was adamant. He looked indifferently at the roses on the table.

"Why haven't you ever grown up?" he said, as if he had seen her yesterday. "What really struck you to come here when it's so much smarter to go to Paris? Are you getting a divorce?"

"Haven't I told you?" she asked snappily. "Now don't look so judgelike, and don't scold until you hear my side. Is it a crime in this country for a woman to think about a divorce? Do I want it emblazoned all over the country that I'm not spending the summer with Mart?"

"Is Mart your husband? Oh, yes, Martin Winship."

She glared at him. "Do you think I've had two? One can't move in Paris without getting into the papers. Here I'm taking a house for the summer and fall, and resting, while Mart bakes in the Arizona Desert. He hardly notices where I am. That's why I'm getting a divorce."

Looking at her, he found it hard to envisage her unnoticed. The room came alive around her as she sat there on the divan, her dark eyes, raven-black hair, her white face and arms and neck charged with expressive femininity. She had the gift of imparting drama to her own situation; and against his judgment he found himself discussing her decisions as if they were the most important things on earth.

"However," he said flatly, illogically, "I wish you hadn't come here. I'll do anything I can to help you, but you're too disturbing an influence for a small city. Some man, some husband, will fall in love with you."

She shook her head in disgust. "Never. I am a hermit. I will not get involved, not even with women. I came here to think."

He laughed delightedly. "If you ever thought, Olivia, you'd come down with a fever. If you break up a home I'll have to get you out of jail."

She rose and rang a bell by the door. "I think you'd better have a drink," she said. "Now sit down while I tell you the true story of my marriage."

The true story of any woman's marriage is a terrifying prospect. "I don't believe I can stand it," said Preston desperately. "After all, he's your husband, and you may go back to him."

"Never," she said firmly. "In the first place, let me say that I treated you very badly. I was a young and flirtatious fool. I never was in love—or never really thought I was—until Martin came along. There was something about his head, his chin, something rocklike ——"

Preston held up his hands. "Stop," he said. "What you mean is that he looked like an eagle, and he was going to Tibet."

"I didn't marry him for the trip. I genuinely fell in love with him. I saw him as a romantic, brilliant person; a truth finder, a great explorer and scientist. We had two wonderful years. Then, of course, you know what happened."

He hadn't the slightest idea. "Did you get sick of the truth?"

"No, I didn't know when I married him that he was really a chemist. This exploration was like a sudden drunk with him. He went back to research five years ago, as a nun might take the veil, and I've hardly seen him since. At least, I see him only when he comes from his laboratories, or when I go out there. But he's lost all touch with the world. He hardly speaks to me any more."

"What's his research about?"

"I couldn't tell you," she groaned. "He's looking for something—he and his assistants. I can't live his kind of life and he can't live mine. I need people, travel, houses, parties and contacts. He has a three-story building in the Arizona desert, where the light and the air waves are favorable for his experiments, and that's where he lives."

Preston thought he remembered reading about an experiment station in the Southwest—something to do with energy. "This may be awfully important, Olivia." He remembered the curious remoteness in Winship's eyes the one time he had seen him.

Yet the man's face had something written on it, something which could withstand the pleadings and the distractions of Olivia. She had taken him for an adventurer and he had turned out a zealot.

"Are you awfully unhappy?" he asked suddenly

"No," she said, with her usual frankness. "I suppose it would become me, but I'm not. I've got an immense capacity for living, and once I've decided what to do, I shan't repine. I'm not one to regret what I've lost. Martin says that he wants not to be bothered for several years, but that's a queer, hard thing to say to a woman like me."

She looked him full in the eye, and he could see, to his terror, how much more alluring the years had made her. There was a fullness and a finish about her beauty; the heady vivacities of girlhood had given way before the certain confidence of thirty-one. Despite her slender femininity, her fragile beauty, she was as sure of herself in the face of this matrimonial disaster as she was of a good time at a ball.

"You're completely selfish and unmoral, Olivia," he said, on principle. "If it weren't for your beauty and your money the police would arrest you. I can't believe in a moral system when I see a thing as worthless as you presenting such a flawless appearance."

"Oh, do shut up," she said good-naturedly, "and have another drink. You sound like a champion of pure womanhood."

He went away finally. "Come over soon and read me the riot act," she said. "You know, Tom, you are a perfect Galahad. I suppose, in this quiet old town, your romantic heart is pretty well ironed out."

She was standing against the door frame as he stepped out into the night. She was a confident capricious cat, selfish and vain. Yet she could not help the dynamo which charged her so, which made her slightest gesture so much more compelling than the tragedies of other people. The women, the girls, the good wives and mothers of Rockton became shadowy beside her, as if Venus or Helen of Troy were to walk down these streets and mock the travesty these lesser creatures had made of loving.

He walked home through the moonlight a trifle frightened. Yet the next morning his fright had been comfortably replaced by a feeling of irritation. He made a habit of walking down to his office—Rockton was small enough for that—yet when he first knew Olivia he had made a habit of nothing. In the nightmare of war, its horrors and its necessary discipline, life had seemed, when he met Olivia, too entrancing and precious a gift to be dulled by habits.

What had he done since he had come to Rockton but harness his wishes and desires to habit?

He was a responsible young man with a growing law practice and a possible political future. People who would have been pygmies in a larger world were pillars in Rockton. These pillars took him seriously, and he took himself seriously. He was asked to dinner parties, not because he added gayety, but because he was strategically important as a young man.

He was conscious as he walked downtown how deliberately he had bent his will to lead this ordered, moderate, self-sustained existence. Not in these six years had one word, one look of any man or woman penetrated to the remote caverns where his romantic memories and hungers slumbered. In his rare moments of unhappy bitterness he feared they could never survive awakening in this comfortable prosaic city. He did not want Olivia to reawaken them. He was afraid of her, of her throaty, humorous voice, of her wicked way of seeing a joke where other people saw a broken commandment. One thing to be thankful for was Olivia's resolution to live in retirement. He would not be seeing her around. If he went to call on her a few times, and perhaps gave her a dinner at his mother's house, he could get by. So he thought, walking down Washington Avenue underneath the maples and the elms; a young man who failed to hear the delicate footfalls of a pursuing goddess. *(Continued on Page 120)*

"Where Did You Spring From?" "I've Been Following You," She Said, Her Eyes Like Stars

BUZZARDS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

DON DIARIO," roared the general, "here she comes! And now for those lovely dollars! Shake your hoofs, little boys, and hang onto your pants, because here we go."

By goodness, we fell on that train like a thunderbolt. They were very much surprised and the guard did not fire a single shot, sir. We had to drag them out by the heels. What do you know about that!

But guess what the rascally Federals had done. They had treacherously dispatched the money another way; that's what they had done, and all we got was a few sacks of letters. The general was very disappointed indeed when he saw the booty.

He scratched his head and murmured, "What the hell! That big stiff has foxed me again. What good are checks to me?"

The Butcher had cut the mail and express car from the rest of the train in order to dynamite the safe, and now he set fire to it to hold up pursuit.

"So," said the general, walking up to the guards, who were shivering in their boots, "these are the brave fellows they send against me, huh? Listen to me, you sons of guns. My custom has been to hang my enemies, or maybe cut off their ears; but my army needs men. So what do you say? Do you wish to volunteer? . . . Get the ropes ready, colonel."

"Coming up, *mi general*," answered the Butcher.

But they all wanted to come with us. I think they were very wise, sir. What is your opinion?

"Fetch all the passengers out and line them up, Don Diario, and be quick about it," ordered the general.

You can bet I did not let the grass grow under my feet. When they were all out Pancho inspected them. A soldier accompanied him with a lantern, and whenever the general stopped, this *hombre* raised the lantern so he could get a good look. I felt sorry for those passengers, sir. By goodness, they thought their last hour had come.

"Aha!" said Pancho. "Who is this? Here is a tough guy. Hold the lantern closer, *muchacho*. I want to see this rooster."

That fellow was very plucky. He had eyes like a coyote, and he stood right up to the general, with his face twisted into a sort of sneer, and he blew smoke out of the corner of his mouth. What do you know about that!

Pancho looked at him. "So," he said. He said it very softly, sir, like a cat purring, and then he began to stare. Nobody said a word. Those two just stood there and stared at each other and, by goodness, that rascal was soon sneering on the other side of his mouth. He had to look away and the sweat trickled down his cheeks and around his ears.

"You see, Don Diario?" said the general at last. "This is no game rooster, after all. A good rooster crows everywhere, but this bird struts only on his own dunghill. I know his breed. Bring him along, colonel. We will see."

The general spoke in Spanish, because he did not know a word of English and refused to learn it.

Often he would say to me, "That language sounds all alike—just like a bunch of parrots chattering. Do you mean to tell me these Americans understand one another? It is impossible."

Well, it did not take much time to finish with the passengers. The general ordered, "Fetch that one—and that—and bring along the fat fellow, too, colonel. We will find out how tough his hide is." About half a dozen were selected in this manner and then Pancho's eye was attracted to a pretty little girl with nice red hair. The general liked pretty little girls, sir. He stopped and smiled all over his face, but she did not smile back at him. She was chewing gum very earnest.

"Come and give me a kiss, darling," said Pancho, very sweet.

But the Pretty Little Girl With the Nice Red Hair Replied, "Go and Chase Yourself, You Big Bum"

But the pretty little girl with the nice red hair replied, "Go and chase yourself, you big bum."

"What did she say, Don Diario?"

"She says she is afraid."

"Why, she need not be afraid of me. Tell her so, *muchachito*. Tell her I'll take her with me and ——"

"But, *mi general* ——"

"Well, what is it now, old crow?"

I stepped close to the general and whispered, "Consider, Excellency. She is American. If anything should happen to the lady, why, Uncle Sam ——"

"Aha!" he muttered displeasingly. "You would, would you?" And he rolled his eyes like pinwheels. But at last he grumbled, "You are right. I had forgotten. And we need rifles. Ah, well, let her go. But I think she likes me. Yes." He walked on very gloomy.

"And that one over there—I had picked that one out for you, Don Diario," he added in a sorrowful voice.

Was it not sad, sir? Here we were leaving those lovely girls behind, all because of your country's prejudices.

"Ah, these Americans!" said Pancho, very peevish. "Who will ever understand them? You can kill and rob, but you must be pure. Is it not so, Don Diario? Tell me. Do you consider that they are human beings, the same as us?"

What do you know about that! It was very embarrassing, sir.

Then all of a sudden the general cried, "We must beat it from here, boys. Stir your stumps. I can smell danger."

The fat fellow puffed out his chest and bellowed back, "What does this mean? Turn me loose this minute, do you hear?"

"What is that pot-belly talking about now, Don Diario?"

"He does not wish to go with us."

"Now that is very surprising. Bestow him a good kick in the pants, somebody. . . . Ha, that's better. He seems very active. *Ah, que pelado!*"

"Do you know who I am?" thundered the passenger.

"Listen to me, fatty," cried Pancho. "Climb on that horse and climb quick, or I'll give you a pill of my making."

He spoke in a furious voice and that passenger's legs moved like the needle of a sewing machine, sir. The bugle blew boots and saddles and we left that place, with the sacks of booty tied on pack mules and the prisoners on horses. We rode all night and at daybreak the general split up his force. He dispatched the main body under the Butcher toward a favorite rendezvous of ours away up in some mountains, while he himself with forty men and the prisoners struck south across the desert country. The Butcher had orders to draw the pursuers up into those mountains and keep them moving.

That was a terrible ride. The sun burned like fire and the dust blinded and choked us, so the horses kept coughing, but Pancho went right on. He seemed made of India-rubber and he was very much surprised, sir, to observe that the prisoners swayed in the saddle and had to be held upright.

"Why, what's the matter with those fellows?" he inquired.

"They are tired, general."

"They must be pretending. Prod them up."

Then one of the horses fell dead, and he ordered a halt. We changed to the fresh horses some of the soldiers led and, after a short rest, went on again. About the middle of the afternoon one of the prisoners began to rave. For an hour he had been begging to be left behind, and he kept entreating us to shoot him and put him out of his misery. The tough guy began to laugh, and he kept on laughing. It was very curious. Then he shut up and rode on like he was drunk, with his head sunk down and his eyes closed.

My job was the fat prisoner and I had to hold him in the saddle.

"Pinch that rascal, Don Diario," the general called back to me. "I want to make sure he hasn't melted and run out of his clothes."

Just before sundown we came in sight of some foothills and the horses raised their heads and nickered. We camped that night beside a small stream. By goodness, those fellows were suffering. I was sad, too, sir, for I could not help thinking of the lovely American dollars we had missed.

The prisoners fell off their horses the minute we stopped and they lay right where they fell, like dead men. They did not even wish to eat, but we carried them food and fixed blankets for them, because the nights get bitterly cold in that region. Guess what that fat fellow was doing when I brought him his coffee, sir. He was pulling the cloth of his pants away from his skin and moaning, "Oh, I'll never sit down again—never."

Well, boots and saddles sounded before the sun was up and we hoisted him onto a horse. But fortunately we did not travel so fast that day, because the general seemed to feel we were now safe from pursuit and need not worry unless we happened to run against a stray bunch of Federals. We traveled like that for three days and two nights, losing eleven horses on the trail, and then we reached our destination. It was a rich hacienda belonging to a widow whose superintendent was friendly to our cause, and the enemy was not likely to look for us there. The *señora* was away somewhere and Pancho rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"So you are sore, my poor boys?" he said. "Well, now we can enjoy ourselves while we plan to get our hands on some money."

They huzzaed for their general and went to get a drink and look over the girls of the town. But me, I went to bed, and I rested.

I could not help reflecting how lucky the fellow would be who got that widow, sir. There were thousands and thousands of acres in the plantation, with a nice spring near the house, and hundreds of sheep exerted themselves to grow wool for her. She also owned many cattle, and some dandy horses ate pleasantly in the barn. Yes, she would be a rich prize for some guy. But the general seemed to entertain a different opinion.

"She is handsome, yes," he admitted. "But she is also very clean and religious, and possessed of a devil of a temper. You must consider things like that, Don Diario. Better love under the sky than a palace with a mean woman."

He made his headquarters in the widow's own house and slept in her bed, because he declared it was his favorite mattress, sir. The house had vines and flowers growing over it luxuriantly, and a delicious breeze made everything cool and nice. Pancho took a bath and sprinkled perfume all over himself, so I was not surprised when he informed me that the prisoners could wait a while, as he was too busy to attend to them right now.

At first we put them into an empty storehouse under guard, but when old pot-belly offered to pay well for good quarters and food for his compatriots, the *jefe politico* took them into his own house and made his wife and daughters sleep at his mother-in-law's and come early every morning to wait on the prisoners. He was a big villain, sir, that *jefe politico*, and charged those poor fellows a dollar a day. What do you know about that!

Well, they rested up there and rubbed ointment on their wounds and discussed what they should do next. I had a soldier posted as sentry who understood English and he reported they felt convinced the United States would instantly dispatch the whole American Army, and maybe some Marines also, to their rescue. The general did not share this view.

"They'll make a roar," he observed. "But it will soon blow over and then we'll get our money. Who are these people, Don Diario? Find out their names and the occupation of each. Understand? Then bring them into my presence."

"I already have that information, Excellency."

"Indeed? That is a good boy."

Pancho appeared to be very pleased with himself, sir. He rubbed his hands and asked me how I liked the scent he was using. By goodness, you could smell it a mile!

"First," he demanded, "who is the tough guy?"

"He says his name is Arturo Cadore, general. He says he is engaged in the transportation business in New York, and has great influence there."

"Transportation business? What is that? He drives a taxi, perhaps?"

"Very likely."

"And his influence—hum—what do you think?"

"I think, Excellency, he is what they call a gangster up there. It is my belief he was beating it."

This opinion, sir, was based on the fact that I had discovered eleven hundred dollars and a diamond ring and a bracelet sewed in that scoundrel's clothes, but I did not wish to bother the general with details.

"And the fellow with the deep voice—who is he?"

"He is a lawyer and lives in Chicago. He says his name is Shearer."

"A lawyer, you say, Don Diario? Then post a double guard over the horses, *amigo*. Now we come to the fat rascal. What about him?"

"He wishes an audience with you immediately, general. It appears he has important affairs to transact in New York and wants to return there at once."

"Fine! That raises his price *hombrecito*. What did you say his name was?"

"Pickens—Amos T. Pickens."

"What is his business?"

"A stock speculator."

"Ha, a cattle buyer, hey? Well, maybe we can do some business together."

"Excuse me, Excellency, but this man buys and sells shares of stock—pieces of paper ——"

"How can that be?"

"Well, these pieces of paper represent ownership of mills and factories and stores and mines ——"

"Then he must be very rich. Good."

"But, *mi general*, he does not own any of these properties."

"Do not lie to me, Don Diario. How can a man buy and sell what he does not own?"

"It is true, nevertheless, general. You see, a man can go to the bourse and sell a thousand—two thousand shares in a company, even though he has not one cent invested in it, and then he can turn around and ——"

"Enough!" thundered Pancho, banging the table with his fist. "Do you take me for a child? Get out of my presence and never open your trap again to utter such foolishness, or I will give you something to make you laugh on the other side of your mouth, you son of a gun."

What do you know about that, sir!

That same afternoon we marched the prisoners to the general's headquarters, but they had to wait a while because Pancho was dispensing justice. Yes, whenever he took possession of a town the inhabitants came to him with their disputes and complaints, because they knew he would treat them better than the scoundrelly Federals, sir. There were only about two hundred inhabitants in that place and the majority worked for the widow, but a few conducted their own affairs. One ran a small store; another was a carpenter; and about five miles up the valley lived some farmers who owned a little land. It was very poor land which they owned, because the only water they had came from wells and they had to depend on rain for their crops. So of course they hated the widow, whose orchards were irrigated.

Well, half a dozen poor people were in the room waiting for their turn when I marched the prisoners in. One was an old man with white whiskers and he bowed very low to the general.

"May the blessings of heaven be for Excellency," he whined.

"Have them yourself, uncle. Well, what is troubling you? Spit it out."

(Continued on Page 190

"Oh, No—it Was Nothing at All, General. Such Points Come Up Every Day in Law. I Have Freed Many Men on Less Than That"

THE MANAGER—By Cullen Cain

PHILADELPHIA had been the doormat of the National League for five successive seasons when I, as a local sports reporter, looked up William F. Baker, owner of the club, one winter day three years ago and asked if it was true that he had decided on a new manager to succeed I. K. Wilhelm.

"I am going to give the job to Arthur Fletcher," Baker said.

I congratulated him on his choice, for I admired the fiery Fletcher, shortstop of the New York Giants, not only for his fighting spirit and ability on the field but for his gentleness and courtesy off the field.

"True, true," the club owner agreed a little impatiently; "but whether he makes a manager or not is something else again. I thought I had a great pilot for my club once in Jack Coombs, when his pitching arm had tired Coombs was a gentleman, a college man, a smart player and a big name, but he was not, it turned out, a manager."

Baker had owned the Phillies for about ten seasons, and he had had almost as many managers. In 1915 the team had won the pennant, in 1916 it finished second, then it dropped into the cellar and stayed there, except for one season in seventh place. The money Baker had made in twenty years in business and politics was pretty well tied up in his baseball club; and the summer before, the consistent losing of the team had worried him into a state where his doctor had forbidden him to visit the ball park when the team was playing at home. Yet Baker was quite generally believed to be a man who was concerned solely with the amount of money he took in, indifferent to the winning percentage of his club.

"First-rate executives are scarce enough in business," Baker went on, "yet a man may make a great success of running a department store, a railroad or a flour mill without any striking ability to manage men. But in three things I know of—war, politics and baseball—it takes a born leader of men to land on top.

"The only way to discover whether a man has that high and special order of executive ability needed to get the most out of a big-league baseball team is to try him on the job, and you hardly can give him less than a season to show what he can do. If he fails, the club owner has to make another stab in the dark. There are sixteen clubs in the two major leagues, and I do not remember the time when there have been eight first-rate managers."

Wilbert Robinson, Manager of the Brooklyn Team

Robins That Have Won Pennants

"I ONCE thought that any famous player who was smart and popular had better than an even chance to succeed as a manager. Now, if I had to choose between a man who never had played baseball but who had the knack of handling men, and the best-known player in the game who lacked that knack, I should choose the former, and I believe honestly that he would land the club higher up in the race. The novice could pick up a fair working knowledge of the tricks and technic of the game in a few weeks, aided by his players, but the man who isn't born to direct leadership can't acquire it in two lifetimes.

Christy Mathewson

"Every club owner wants a famous playing star for his manager, if possible. Such a name and fame react on the fans, the players and the sport writers. Fletcher is a player of the first rank, fast, scrappy and heady. On the field for McGraw, he looked like a leader, but we shall see what we shall see. A man may look like Napoleon while working for McGraw and turn out to be a first-class paper hanger when put on his own."

Fletcher, now in his fourth season as leader of the Phillies, has been offered a long-time contract at his own terms, within reason, by his conservative and often disappointed employer, yet Fletcher has not yet landed his team as high as the top rung of the second division. What has he done? He has gotten the most out of what generally is rated as an inferior team, he has built it up steadily, he has done a little better each year, and he never has said die.

Just as I am about to agree with Mr. Baker, I think of Wilbert Robinson of Brooklyn. Uncle Robbie, as everyone in baseball knows him, defies every law of leadership since Gideon led his band. The Brooklyn team is a debating society to all outward appearances. The rotund Robbie, who hasn't played for many years, sits on the bench in uniform with his boys. He argues with them, yells at them and shakes a finger under their noses, and they argue, yell and shake fingers back at him. The Robins are a soviet to the casual eye, but make no mistake! Robbie runs the team in his own peculiar way, but he runs it.

I suppose the true inwardness of Robbie's success with his team is that he is truly and whole-heartedly one of them on the field and off. He likes his men and they like him. He hobnobs with them, rages at them, abuses them, flatters, coaxes and cajoles. He barks from the base lines and leads the rush on the umpires.

But his most valuable gift is the way in which he approaches a nervous rookie or a fading veteran, slaps a hand on his shoulder and tells him how good he is. That touch stiffens the player's spinal column. Robbie's voice is full of sympathy, his accent carries conviction. He has a way of reviving veterans that is uncanny, probably because he has kept his own youth intact. Consider this kindly, lovable, stormy fat man's record. He has won two pennants largely with cast-off veterans and rookies.

Under all his affectionate, boyish nature, there are baseball and iron, for Robinson was one of that hard-boiled, invincible Baltimore Oriole band that ruled the roost in the National League more than a quarter of a century ago. Baltimore long ago dropped out of the big leagues, but it sent up three of the greatest managers the game has known—McGraw, Jennings and Robinson—from one team. An Oriole took defeat hard, and Robinson is an Oriole. Only his wife can soothe the bitter and smoldering fat person after a lost game, and there are those in baseball who believe that the wit and wisdom of Ma Robinson are half of her husband's success. A year ago he was elected president of the Brooklyn club, but he is the same Robbie of his playing, his coaching and his managing days, and will be the same to the end.

I spent a morning in the Brooklyn training camp a year ago. It was the most glorious morning the world has known since Eden, and the last but one of the Robins' stay in Clearwater, Florida, that season. The chief Robin turned out early, feeling fine from a good night's sleep. "We will have a great practice today," quoth Robbie. And then he hailed a passing flivver, climbed aboard, called me to come with him, and we drove out to the ball park.

Art Fletcher, Fighting Manager of the Phils, in a Typical Pose on the Field

Dan and the Lion

THE sun lay lightly on the grass, and a wandering wind had dried the dew. Robbie rubbed his hands in the grass and chuckled. "No excuse goes for the pitchers today," he said. "They will have a dry ball to throw."

He looked across the field toward the grand stand and swore. Not a ball player was in sight and it was ten o'clock. I was the only athlete this manager had on his field, the finest practice day since the National League was founded fifty years ago.

Robbie looked around until his glance fell upon Dan Commerford, the great property man. His wrath fell full upon Daniel. "Where are the boys?" he yelled. Daniel knew not.

"Didn't you tell them to come to practice?" he asked in a lion's roar.

"Why, no; you didn't tell me to," replied Dan.

It was here that Robbie began to mutter. "Of all mornings, he fails to tell 'em today. This is the one day when the dew is dried off the grass and the weather is perfect. Maybe I did forget to tell him. And it may be, too, that I forgot to tell the boys. Did I? But I am sure I told Fournier. Now I know. I did tell Jack and he has a bum leg, and I told him he need not come to practice today. And here I am, with a dry field and the sweetest morning either a bird or a dog ever saw, and not a player in the ball yard."

Robbie raised his voice and commanded Daniel to telephone the players to come on the jump. "Yes, it may be my fault, a little," admitted Robbie; "but they ought to be here anyway. What do they want to loaf around a hotel for this fine morning?"

And Robbie paced the greensward, muttering the while, until the first batch of players appeared at the side gate. Over there hastened the rotund Robin chief. And he took a commanding position near by and cussed out every player with unction and with fervor as he entered. But aside to me he muttered, "It was partly my fault, but they ought to have been here. The loafers! The hotel bums!"

Pretty soon the boys began to stream out of the clubhouse and line up for work. The sour look on Robbie's face softened. He called savage commands to his boys, but aside to me he muttered:

"They are pretty good fellows. That Cox is a comer Erhardt looks mighty fine this year. Jack Fournier is going strong. So was High till he hurt his leg. I got three bad legs in my infield. That's enough, ain't it, for any manager? How many more do they expect to have and still have any infield at all? And the Yankees coming today. We beat 'em once and we want two straight. Vance is not in shape. He fooled around about signing, and now he is not in shape. I gotta use kid pitchers today. Hey, you there, you two pitchers, get over there and work out with DeBerry. And you, Rush, you run around the ball park."

Rush made protest. "I got a sore toe," he said, and he limped to strengthen his testimony by actual evidence.

Robbie snorted like a country horse when it sees its first street car. "Run around the park," he roared. "You fellows always got something the matter with you. A real ball player never has anything the matter with him unless he gets run over by a train. These fellows make me sick. They have the earache and the stomach ache and the arm ache and the headache, and all the ailments of Bellevue Hospital."

The boys worked hard and long. The sun beat down like it does in mid-July. Robbie passed from third base to the batting cage, then to the first-base sidelines, then to the bull pen. Finally he came to where I sat in the grand stand and slumped down in a seat. For a while he was silent. At last he spoke.

Tinker to Evers to Chance

"THOSE fellows work like they were half dead. They haven't any life. Bum lot of pitchers. Too young. Not enough experience. No more kids for me. I want 'em older. That Lehman is a good kid. But he is too young. Reminds me of Artie Devlin. He must have more seasoning. Too much strain on a kid in the big leagues. There goes Wheat to the clubhouse. Does old Buck think he is in condition? Humph!

"Three bum legs in the infield and a whole yard full of kid pitchers. Fine shape for opening day! Fine shape to beat the Yanks two straight! Wanted to do it too. Look at that pitcher. He couldn't hit a billboard. Vance is not ready yet. Grimes is up there in Ohio. Those fellows foolin' around have hurt my club. Up in the air over them. Doak has quit the game. Fine stuff! My three pitching stars all missing from the active muster roll. Lot of kids, and Rush has a sore toe, and somebody else a sore finger, and somebody else a blister on his nose."

Robbie slumped down still further on his board seat and wound up his gloomy mutterings with a grunt. "But I've got some hitters," he said. "They basted the Yankees yesterday. Look at that bunch loafing out there on the best field and the best day a club in the South ever knew."

Rogers Hornsby, Champion Batsman of the Baseball World and Manager of the St. Louis Cardinals

I looked, but all I could see was thirty players toiling like demons in the sunlight. Robbie resumed: "High is a good boy, and so is Brown. My men are slow, but they can hit. Any one of six Pittsburgh players stole more bases last year than my whole team. But we beat 'em out. That's the answer. Hitting and pretty good pitching. Darn that Grimes. And Vance is not ready yet. Let's go to town."

We left the ball yard. No car outside. Robbie elected to walk. I remonstrated, fearing for him because of his recent illness, and it was a mile and a half to the hotel. But Robbie waddled off down the road. I followed him It was hot and a long way, but we made it going strong

Fournier's three home runs won the Yankee game that afternoon and Robbie ceased to mutter with the coming of the twilight. A wire came from Grimes asking where to report. Robbie smiled -and the dusk stopped still in amazement while the landscape round about was all lighted up by that smile.

"Say, boy," chuckled Robbie, "we got two pitchers, a couple of kid comers and we can hit!"

Robbie is only an apparent exception to Baker's rule. His methods are not recommended to other managers, but he is a born leader of men.

"Tinker to Evers to Chance," chanted the Chicago Cubs twenty years ago, and won pennants and world series. Chance was a great manager. Johnny Evers, than whom there never was a keener, brainier, more aggressive player in any league, seemingly with all the qualities of baseball leadership, failed decisively as a manager. The fans blamed it on his short temper, but Joe Tinker had an even temperament, and he failed also as a manager Most of the great players of the past twenty-five years have had their chance as managers. Some refused the job, but of all who accepted I think of not more than half a dozen who made good as pilots of the ship.

Frank Chance, When He Was in His Prime as Manager of the Chicago Cubs

Connie Mack

CHRISTY MATHEWSON, without doubt, was the best-loved man that ever wore a big-league uniform, and one of the great pitchers of all time. A man of character, exceptional brains and every other desirable quality, he failed relatively as manager of the Cincinnati Reds after the close of his pitching career in 1915, and later did little in Boston

Most of the great managers were just average players. Connie Mack was just a pretty good catcher for Pittsburgh in the 90's. Yet from the very beginning he possessed that rare faculty of selecting and leading young players to the heights. Mack's managerial career has been most remarkable. For ten years he had the Midas touch. Almost every rookie upon whom he placed his hand turned into fine spun gold of priceless big-league value. Then for seven years he raked the bushes all in vain. He had lost his touch.

Now, after nearly a quarter of a century of baseball leadership and unexampled successes and reverses, Mack's necromancy with raw material has returned and he leads a pennant contender. At no time in all his career was the old master more impressive than one day last spring when I visited him in his Florida training camp. It was one of those rare occasions when this most serene and emotionless of men was moved out of himself to make a florid gesture. He was engaged in fashioning another one of those thunderbolt teams that he used to launch out of the South

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Left to Right—John Ward, Jim Murtrie and John McGraw, Three Generations of Managers of the New York Giants

A Voice From the Middle West

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

SUSIE THOMPSON was lying in bed in a hotel at Cannes, five thousand miles from home, and wishing she didn't have to get up, when she heard the voice.

Susie awoke cross that morning, as people in training are so likely to do. She had been playing tennis five or six hours a day for two months, and never eating sweets, and going to bed every night at nine o'clock—just when the excellent American jazz band that the Grand Palais Hotel had brought down from Paris began to play.

Another girl of twenty would have stayed awake till the band stopped playing and cried herself to sleep, but not Susie. You can't win tennis tournaments if you lie awake half the night feeling sorry for yourself. So Susie gave herself an hour to listen to the throbbing beat of the banjos on the floor below and to wish that she could dance to it with the kind of young man she had dreamed about and never met. Then she turned her face to the wall and slept nine hours without stirring.

Susie usually jumped out of bed at seven o'clock and had her bath and her orange juice and two pieces of dry toast with soft-boiled eggs and tea, and wrote a long letter home and was out on the court at ten o'clock—when all the other visitors in Cannes were opening their eyes for the first time and wondering whether it would be pleasanter to have their morning coffee in bed or to sleep another couple of hours.

Susie loved it—loved the sunshine and the running and the familiar feel of a racket in her hand—loved the feel of her weight going suavely in behind the stroke and the quick boomp of the gut and the long low flight of the ball to the far corner; and she loved winning. She had won all the tournaments she had played in on the Riviera—won all six of them. She had beaten every famous woman player in the world; except, of course, Henriette Heriot.

But this morning Susie lay in bed struggling with the desire to cry and wishing that she knew how to swear. She was all alone. Her Uncle Ben and her Aunt Gertrude had brought her abroad and chaperoned her so far; but they were gone. They had left the night before to catch the new Italian liner that was sailing today from Genoa for New York. They had had to go. Their only son, Susie's cousin, was probably dying. He might be dead before they got home. They had asked some English friends, Major Crackinthorpe and his wife, to look after Susie. But Susie could not feel at home with the Crackinthorpes. They were so very English. Susie admired their slurred speech, with its startling little rises and falls, but she hated it. Their speech made her speech, which was Middle Western American, sound harsh and uncouth. She envied them their imperturbable good manners, but she hated their imperturbability. She had written home that Mrs. Crackinthorpe would have greeted the end of the world with a faint, incredulous lift of her eyebrows, and that Major Crackinthorpe would have fixed his monocle in his eye, lighted a cigarette and said, "How annoying!"

How could you confide in people like that? How could you tell them that you were so homesick you couldn't keep the tears out of your eyes, and that you wanted to stay up and dance so much that you didn't care if you lost all the tennis matches you would ever play? Besides, you just hated being beaten with all the swells in Europe looking on and four moving-picture cameras recording every error you made for the people back home.

For this was the day. This was the day toward which the last two months had so inevitably marched. This was the day she had known must come when she had boarded the Twentieth Century in Chicago. The newspapers had known it too. Her departure from Chicago had been good for a column on the sport page. Her arrival in New York had been good for another column. The photographers had been waiting for her on the front steps of her Uncle Ben's house in East Sixtieth Street. From then on the newspapers had printed something about her every day. The Sunday rotogravures published photographs of Susie practicing her backhand on the promenade deck as she crossed the Atlantic; photographs of Susie playing her first match at Mentone; photographs of Susie rolling along the Grande Corniche on her way to Monte Carlo.

They wrote about her as they had written about Helen Wills when she played through a Riviera season. Every caption under every photograph, every story in every newspaper had revolved two questions: Would Susan Thompson play Henriette Heriot? Could Susan Thompson beat Henriette Heriot? Only they almost never referred to Susie as Susan Thompson. She was called "the demure little American player," or "the pretty little schoolgirl from Chicago," or "the curly-headed little blonde from Illinois."

Susie Never Quite Knew How Mr. Trosio Managed to Attach Himself to the Dinner Party Major Crackinthorpe Insisted on Giving That Night at the Grand Palais Hotel

Henriette kept the thing alive. As long as the hotels of the Riviera grew more and more crowded, as long as the newspapers sent on more sporting experts and more foreign correspondents, Henriette made a point of playing at Nice when Susie was playing at Mentone, of playing at Marseilles when Susie was playing at Monte Carlo. What would you? Spoil all this excitement; kill all this publicity?

Susie, feeling more and more like a freak in a side show, had writhed. She hated the phrases in which she was described, analyzed and appraised. Was there anything more insipid, anything sillier or stupider than "curly-headed little blonde"? Most of all, Susie hated her photographs. They always seemed to justify the phrases. They made her look so pretty and young and naïve. They made her look demure. She hated the very idea of that word. It suggested smug innocence. Once, in an interview with a French journalist, Henriette had spoken of Susie as "the dear little ingénue from the United States." Susie could have scratched her face for that. Henriette was old enough and homely enough and clever enough to look smart—incredibly smart and sophisticated and superior. Besides, she was a card, an original, an actress who loved the roar of the crowd and knew how to get it.

It was no good Susie's telling herself that she was really just as sophisticated as Henriette, because she knew she wasn't. How could she be? She had been born in Oak Park instead of in Paris. Her father was a high-school principal, who still hoped she would become a teacher. Her mother had been a delegate to the national association of women's clubs.

Susie sat up suddenly. After all, it was no fair blaming her father and mother. It wasn't their fault that she had never been kissed. Besides, she had been kissed. The trouble was that when it had happened she had wished it hadn't. She didn't like being kissed in taxicabs on the way home from college dances, and she had made it so plain that no college boy had ever tried it twice. Susie asked herself sadly if she would always be like that.

Of course she hadn't really liked any of those boys. But other girls had liked them. Why hadn't she?

She was still asking herself that when she heard the voice. It was an agreeable barytone voice, an unmistakably Middle Western voice—a voice from home. It seemed very near, as if its owner were in the next room, or just across the corridor. It sang with infectious gusto a popular song that Susie had never heard before:

"So that's the kind of a girl you are!
Oh, oh, oh, oh, what a surprise!
Gee, I'm glad you've opened my eyes;
You hug, and you kiss—you stand in the hall.
You ——"

A door slammed in the distance and the song was cut off short.

Susie smiled for the first time that morning and jumped out of bed. It was as if the song were addressed to her, were about her. She wished it were. Just hearing that snatch of it had dissipated her heeby-jeebies.

She shook herself. It was time to forget this schoolgirl nonsense. It was time to nerve herself for the thing that was coming at three o'clock this afternoon. The experts were all against her; they agreed that Henriette was the world's best; no woman could beat her, not even Susie.

She Was Beginning to Feel a Little Annoyed That Everyone Took It for Granted This Was Henriette's Day

The betting odds were at least four to one against her; only last night a young Englishman had bet 20,000 francs to 4000 against her; that was five to one. The crowd would be against her, not only because it was French but also because Henriette knew how to play up to a crowd; and it would be a merciless, jeering crowd, quite unlike a polite American or English tennis crowd. Nevertheless, Susie reminded herself, she had a chance. Andy Graham had told her exactly what the chance was when she had had a last afternoon's practice with him at Forest Hills before she sailed.

"She's better than you are, Susie," Andy said. "She's the best there is. She covers her court and she's got all the strokes and she's got the most superb accuracy I ever saw. She can hit a dinner plate in the opposite court practically every time. No man is so accurate. And it's no use to pound her backhand. She likes it. But of course there is an answer. It's forcing her—with speed. You've got a lot more speed than she has. You've got more speed off the ground than any woman ever had before. That is, you have when you're right. I've taught you to keep the ball in play and wait for your openings. That's tennis. But Henriette can beat you at it. So don't wait. Cut loose with everything you've got. If you can keep them in for a few games, she'll crack."

It sounded easy—just to cut loose with everything you had, just to knock the cover off the ball -but there was a catch in it. You couldn't cut loose unless you felt you could get them in. Four or five ripping drives that went out of court or struck the net would look like the last resort of desperation. They would be that. Her chance was that she could be so calm, so unworried, that she could lean on the ball and see it go like a bullet for the mark. She would have to increase her speed to the very last notch and hold it there for half a set. Well, sometimes you could do that. Susie had done it in practice against Andy.

So Susie talked to herself as she bathed and dressed and ate her breakfast. She saw herself out there on the court, with the crowd banked high on all four sides, with one set gone, with the time come to cut loose if she were ever going to. Susie set her teeth at the thought. But she remembered she mustn't set her teeth. You bent your arm and shortened your follow-through when you set your teeth. She must hit freely. She must just let go.

Susie caught herself humming the song the young man had sung:

"So that's the kind of a girl you are!
Oh, oh, oh, oh, what a surprise."

She had, she reminded herself, merely assumed that he was a young man. She did not know he was a young man. He might be middle-aged. He might even be a fat man.

II

THE Crackinthorpes called for Susie a little after two. Major Crackinthorpe was a tall, lean, stooped Englishman with pale-blond mustaches that served him as something to hang on to in moments of stress. At such times it was apparently his ambition to carry on all conversations by means of the one word "Quite." Mrs. Crackinthorpe was almost as tall and lean as her husband. Having no mustaches to pull, Mrs. Crackinthorpe expressed her concern by talking louder than usual. She positively boomed. They both looked as if they were about to witness a regrettable occurrence and could think of nothing to do about it.

"I'm dressed," Susie said. "Let's go."

"Quite," said Major Crackinthorpe with deep solemnity. He helped Susie into her polo coat, tucked three or four of Susie's rackets under each arm, and led the way downstairs.

Once in the car, Mrs. Crackinthorpe took Susie's hand in hers and squeezed it. Susie was astonished and touched. It occurred to her that the Crackinthorpes took it for granted that she was going to be beaten. They could not say so—one does not console a friend for losing the biggest match of her career before she has lost it. But like most reserved people they had no machinery except silence for concealing their real thoughts. Susie would have liked to kid them. She would have liked to say in as close an imitation of their manner of speech as she could manage, "I say, you know, this isn't an execution." But she wasn't sure how they would take it. They were so very dignified.

Bes des, she couldn't take it lightly herself. The people in the streets —and as they approached the Carlton the streets were so full of people that the car could scarcely force its way through—pointed at her, shouting. Susie did not know enough French to understand what they were saying about her, but she knew from the bursts of laughter that she was the object of wit. It was a gala day in Cannes, if not a national holiday, and Susie was the appointed victim. She began to feel like Marie Antoinette on the way to the guillotine. She began to tremble violently.

"My dear," boomed Mrs. Crackinthorpe, "are you by any chance cold?"

"N-n-no," Susie said. "It's just stage fright. I often tremble like this just before a big match. Andy says it doesn't mean anything except that I'm on edge and wanting to go. I'll be all right the moment I have a racket in my hand."

"I'm sure you will, my dear," boomed Mrs. Crackinthorpe.

Susie, her knees knocking together, wished the match were to be three sets out of five. She knew she could beat Henriette in five sets, even if she dropped the first two. But women's matches were always two out of three. You couldn't afford to drop one set.

Major Crackinthorpe got them in through the crowd. Susie found herself sitting in a folding chair beside the court, at the foot of the most colorful crowd she had ever seen in her life. No one paid the slightest attention to her. Everyone was watching the photographers. Four moving-picture men had their machines trained on the opposite side; about them circled seven or eight men with press cameras. Susie guessed that Henriette was coming. Mrs. Crackinthorpe took Susie's hand in hers and squeezed it.

Henriette was brought in, seated in a chair covered with roses and carried by eight men. Henriette was wearing a tennis frock of white silk with a flaming red scarf. The bearers set the chair down. Henriette stepped out. The crowd yelled and screamed. Henriette threw kisses. The moving-picture men cranked steadily. The men with reflecting cameras, their heads buried in their hoods, shifted like dancers as they got the picture centered on the plate.

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She Heard Again the Voice She Had Heard That Morning, a Voice With an Unmistakable Middle Western Accent

THE RETAKE MAN

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

IT HAS always been a habit among the pale-faced movie tribes of Hollywood to discharge peremptorily a director who made a completely bad motion picture. It was the custom in the old days to clip him off the pay roll and remove him to the outer air, leaving him to mess around in his own grief. The filmed failure which he made was then thrust into an ash can and the unhappy producer spent the evening with his outraged bank books, wondering whether to try again or open a meat store in the suburbs. This process was known as shelving the picture, and there are today in Hollywood many ruined dramas reposing upon the shelf—dramas that will never hear the solemn rumble of a theater organ or see the light of the projection machine.

Now all is changed. Old conditions no longer exist, and there has grown up a system of resuscitation and salvage. Gentlemen have stepped forward confidently to blow the breath of life into moribund films. These are known as retake men, and they are a special breed with special gifts, including modesty. All they demand is that they be well paid for their labors.

The real director—the man who made the bad movie in the first place—may take the credit and the glory. His name may sprawl itself across the credit titles of the revamped job, but the retaker desires his cash and gets it; and many a successful movie, maybe the one you saw last night with your wife and little Albert, was once a ghastly thing in the back room of a laboratory, cursed by all, including the producer, and doomed to profitless desuetude until the retake man came along with his cheery optimism and did the last three reels all over.

This chronicle is devoted to uncovering the facts that clustered about the career and beginnings of one Jimmie Williams, who, without a doubt in the world, was the first genuine, blown-in-the-bottle retake man to make an actual career of retaking. There were patchers before him, but Jimmie raised the business to the dignity of a semiprofession.

The early history of Mr. Williams is shrouded in the obscurity of a Middle West start. He came to California a few years ago with nothing but his youth and enthusiasm, a genial grin, some freckles and the statement that he had worked in the classified advertising department of a Kansas City newspaper and was willing to accept a similar post in Los Angeles at thirty dollars a week. In the newspaper office he encountered Joseph Jackson, a high-powered press agent for movie studios.

"Why don't you get me a job in the movies?" Jimmie inquired of Joseph.

"What for?"

"For anything better than thirty dollars a week," answered James, and because Joseph firmly believed the other to be a bright young fellow he procured for him a job in the press department of a famous organization, where for many months he wrote friendly lies about actors. This position led to another, and from that time Jimmie bounded from job to job like an uneasy tumbleweed.

In the process of advancing his career he arrived at the doors of the Felix Stein Studio, and as he swore convincingly that he knew about such things, they gave him a place as assistant director, which is not much of a post as such things go, but which offers opportunity to a bright boy who will keep his eyes open. There Mr. Williams labored and observed, ordering extra people about, showing sheiks how to comb their hair, cajoling lady stars when they sulked, and telling mobs the precise instant when to howl and when to shake their fists.

The Felix Stein Studio has prospered in late years under the guidance of a master hand, a youthful genius known far and wide as the youngest studio manager in the business. His name is Julius Leroy, and on a certain bright morning Mr. Leroy came to his office with his eyes shining and in his demeanor the brisk intensity of a person with an interesting fancy newly speared. He immediately communicated with Felix Stein, who, though not a gentleman of many ideas, is not without his uses when there are checks to be signed.

"We ought to make a picture," declared the glowing young general manager, confronting his employer, "right away quick, and with Buzz Dode playing the lead."

"Who?" Stein asked.

"Buzz Dode."

"Yes, I Can: and I Don't Want Any Credit Either. All I Ask is More Money Than My Present Salary and a Free Hand"

"Who's he?" demanded the boss, and Mr. Leroy laughed.

"I see where you don't keep up on sports, Mr. Stein," he replied tolerantly. "Buzz Dode is the world's champion."

"The world's champion what?"

"Prize fighter," said Leroy, raising his voice slightly. "Pugilist. Boxer."

"Oh," said Stein, lighting a cigar and looking thoughtful. He pondered for the time it would take to bring in a hatful of static on a six-tube set.

"What good would that do us?" he inquired.

"What good? What good, Mr. Stein? You just listen to me for about one minute."

He then explained to his ignorant employer that Buzz Dode was a name familiar to man, woman and child wherever white paper was converted into evening editions and that the fellow was a national hero, having knocked forty-five fighting-contenders cold in the course of his long and vigorous career.

The Dode scowl was a byword among the young and envious. The Dode ribs were known virtually everywhere. Schoolboys proudly nailed his photograph over the washstand.

Sentimental ladies wrote him mash notes, growing young cities invited him to come and live amongst them and the New York stage clamored for his services. All these and other facts Mr. Leroy told to Felix Stein on a bright spring morn, waving his expressive hands and warming under the sweep of his own eloquence.

"H'm," grunted the grizzled head of the studio. "How old is he?"

"Thirty-six," responded Leroy promptly. "He's been middleweight champion for nine years this fall, and though he may not be today the man he was, still he's the world's champion, and we can certainly bring home the berries with a picture featuring him. Just think of the advertising angle!"

"I am," said Stein. "Where is he?"

"Here," said Leroy. "Right here in Hollywood. He got in a week ago, and that's when I should have had my idea. I'm a week late, and I'll bet a new hat somebody else gets to him before we do."

"One minute," murmured Stein, with the conservative caution that distinguishes a big man in any position. "If we did go into a movie like this what kind of a picture would we make with a prize fighter?"

"The Gladiator," responded Mr. Leroy in a tone of triumph; "only we'll give it a new name and say nothing about having made it five years ago."

It was at this juncture that Mr. Stein turned away from the window and beamed upon his boyish general manager. It was at this point that he reached a firm and acquiescent decision.

"Julius," he said fondly, "you are a bright boy. It won't cost us so much to make that picture over again because we own it. We don't have to go out somewhere and buy an expensive story. And, anyhow, The Gladiator ought to be made all over again, because it was a grand story, and when we did it five years ago, I hate to say it, but we certainly murdered it. How much money will this Buzzer Dode want?"

"Have to see him about that," said Julius, pleased with his morning's work. "I'd say offhand that a thousand a week would tempt him. He's only loafing around in Hollywood."

"Go ahead then," said Stein heartily. "Get your cast together. Make a big picture, but don't spend too much money. This fellow is known everywhere, is he?"

"Certainly. He's the champion of his class."

"The only fighter I knew about real well," murmured Mr. Stein, "was John L. Sullivan, and I think he's dead." The energetic Julius proceeded immediately with the manufacture of a motion picture, and there was none of the customary delay. There was, because of the prior picture, no story to be haggled over by a finicky director, no rewriting of a tortured scenario and no day-by-day conferences to decide whether the hero should wear nice clothes or dungarees. A motion picture that can dodge along without a series of utterly needless and usually calamitous conferences is a lucky dog indeed, and as rare in Hollywood as ear muffs.

Leroy sent for Buzz Dode, the world's champion middleweight, or rather conveyed to Mr. Dode word that the Stein Studio would esteem it an honor if Mr. Dode would call and talk over matters of a pleasantly fiscal character. The hero arrived.

"You are not working, Mr. Dode, are you?" young Julius inquired, wondering if "working" was the word one applied to the doings of a nation's middleweight.

"Me? No. I'm just visiting here in California. They been trying to frame up a fight for me in New York, but from what I hear it's a flop. Why?"

"We thought you might be interested in playing the lead in a picture. Would you?"

"Me? Say, I'm no actor!"

Mr. Dode grinned genially and looked about the room. He saw before him studio officials, and among them Mr. Stein, who smiled and said, "We had a lot of fellers in our time playing leads who were no actors. That's nothing, Mr. Dode."

"You won't have to act," Julius assured the boxer. "Just ride a horse and perhaps beat up a few extra men. Don't worry about that, Mr. Dode. That's easy. What we want to know is how you feel about the money, considering it's only a matter of a few weeks."

"We'll pay you a lump sum," Stein said hastily, "or else by the week. If we pay you by the week we include your hotel bill and an automobile with chauffeur. Now which way?"

"By the week," replied Mr. Dode instantly, thereby making a more important and fortunate decision than he suspected.

"Good!" said Stein, rubbing his hands together briskly.

And so it was arranged, after a half hour of salary talk, that the Stein Studio would make again The Gladiator, with Buzz Dode playing the principal character. The surprised athlete returned to his hotel and told the head chambermaid that he was now an actor.

Mr. Dode had been fighting for fifteen years, from one coast to the other, and bore certain traces of tumult, but was not so noticeably demolished as many another champion. His ears were still normal aural affairs, and not the conventional mushroom blobs that adorn most battling heroes after a decade of warfare. His nose was broken, to be sure, but not what you would regard as badly broken. It was a serviceable nose and not particularly unornamental, considering that it was a fighter's.

Like a great many other famous athletes, Buzz Dode was only mildly intellectual. He used his head, when he used it, to dodge left hooks and stealthy uppercuts. For years others had done his thinking for him, and, at that, the sum of it was not great. However, he was a friendly soul and anxious to please. Making a motion picture he contemplated as a pleasant diversion, especially after he had been assured that he would have no acting to do. Buzz looked upon acting as a complicated process wherein one made faces without any particular reason.

"Who," asked the enthusiastic studio manager, at the next staff conference, "shall we get to direct the picture?"

"What about Hobart Prince?" asked Stein. "He's pretty good."

"I thought of him. But since he made The Red Vest for those people, he wants seven hundred a week."

"Offer him five hundred," directed the owner of the business, which was subsequently done; and somewhat to Mr. Leroy's astonishment, Prince accepted the offer, came to work and immediately announced that he had the very girl in mind to play opposite Buzz Dode.

"Who?" asked Julius suspiciously.

"Marian Sylvester," smiled the new director. "She's a sure winner."

"Never heard of her."

"Nobody else ever heard of her, either," agreed Prince. "And that's one reason why I want her. Trouble with pictures today is that we keep using the same people over and over, and the customers get sick of the same old faces on the screen. This girl worked in the Follies and graduated into vaudeville. Been doing a singing-and-dancing act for two years, and up to now she's only worked in a couple of short pictures that nobody ever heard of."

Then came the inevitable query: "How old is she?"

"She's no chicken," Prince admitted. "I suppose she's around thirty, and that's a good thing, too, because we've been feeding the public these baby stars so long that a full-grown woman will be a novelty."

"I don't like to experiment with a picture as important as this," Julius said dubiously. "We've got to have a good supporting cast, because our leading man can't act at all. Buzz will have to do most of his love-making in this picture by telephone, so you can see that somebody has got to act."

"Wait till you meet Miss Sylvester," Prince urged, and there the problem stood for several days. The director bustled about, ordered sets, looked at the ancient Gladiator in the projection room and pronounced it the worst thing he had ever seen, and had a fresh script written, based upon the old story. Buzz Dode came to the studio, timidly at first, and began getting acquainted.

Presently the ex-Follies, ex-vaudeville queen strolled into the grounds to display her wares and sell the same if possible, and it happened that one of the first persons she encountered was Buzz himself. He had begun to find the studio an interesting spot and enjoyed the adulation, so he spent the time wandering from set to set, not trying to learn anything, of course, but looking at this and that. He discovered, in his first day's prowl, one activity that really interested him.

The technicalities of movie making did not intrigue Buzz, but when he came across a young man working in the corner of an old barn, or what would look very much like an old barn when it reached the screen, he stopped, leaned against a wall and watched the worker. The young man laboring was entirely alone. No cameras clicked. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him except Buzz. He wore blue overalls and a jaunty cap and seemed to like what he was doing.

"What is all that?" Buzz asked, after studying the process for some time in silent thought and failing of enlightenment.

"Hello, Mr. Dode," answered the workman. "I'm making cobwebs."

"Cobwebs?" said Buzz, perplexed.

The workman explained pleasantly that cobwebs made by the ordinary everyday spider are impractical in moving pictures, where you want to show that a place is old and deserted. You cannot, the man stated, get your spiders to settle down on the job and spin their webs in the proper places, because spiders are notoriously giddy and refuse to take the movies seriously. So what you do is to get two shingles of plain Oregon pine, and on one shingle you daub a handful of ordinary stenographer's glue. You mix into this a dab of house painter's white lead and stir lightly.

Then, said the workman, with Buzz listening intently, you have a sticky mess that would bring joy to the heart of any boy. You place the second shingle on top of the first and squeeze hard, at the same time wiggling the two shingles with a squirming motion. When you draw them apart—and here the man showed Buzz what he meant—the mixture of glue and white lead sticks to both and forms between the separating shingles as nifty a mess of cobwebs as anyone could ask.

"The further apart you pull the shingles," he explained, "the finer the cobwebs. Then we go round the set wiping cobwebs wherever the director wants them."

"Well, I'll be durned," said Buzz admiringly, and thereafter he and the maker of cobwebs were inseparable.

It was Director Prince who found Mr. Dode, dragged him away from his study of movie methods and introduced him to Miss Sylvester, venturing the hopeful statement that they might play opposite each other in the new opus if the powers saw fit to have it so. Buzz beamed in his best manner and Miss Sylvester was gracious and lovely. She saw, almost immediately, being more than thirty, that the way for a lady to make sure of a job in that particular studio at that particular time was to look into the blue eyes of the middleweight and to give off gay exclamations of rapture at whatever the gentleman did or said.

"Oh," she gurgled in a tone of subdued ecstasy, "to think of actually meeting the world's champion, when I never even hoped for such a thing!"

Buzz looked flattered and said he was pleased to meet the lady.

"You know how they make cobwebs?" he asked politely, and when she answered that she had no idea they strolled about the studio. In thirty minutes Mr. Leroy sent word by a boy that he was ready to talk to Miss Sylvester.

"Tell 'em," said Buzz with unusual warmth, "that I said I want you to work with me; and if that don't go I'll tell 'em."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Dode," Marian said sweetly, having wasted no time.

"Make 'em pay you too," Buzz added. "They got plenty of it."

It was the pay feature, probably, that boosted Miss Sylvester into The Gladiator along with a world's champion, for Julius was able to sign her on at the reasonable figure of two hundred a week, that sum being dictated by Miss Sylvester's inexperience and film obscurity. The rest of the cast was assembled by Julius and Prince without trouble and the enterprise swung into action. Director Prince shot his first scene the following Monday morning.

A simple story was to be told. An uneducated American citizen, Buzz Dode, went to a far-off land, where he met the local king, who was a bit run down physically and had lost his grip. The American was big and strong, and the local king, having a fancy for the stranger, asked him to step into the royal job for a week or two and run the kingdom right, which the American did with great gusto, finding it a genuine pleasure to pound up a dozen or two of the local officials who had been conspiring against the run-down monarch.

The temporary king fell, of course, in love with the only flower girl in the kingdom; and after whipping the monarchy into shape, the American stepped off the throne, married the flower girl, opened a hotel, the king resumed his scepter, and they all lived happy ever after. It was just an ordinary homemade story, a trifle old-fashioned, but good movie stuff, as any fan is bound to admit.

Mr. Dode, playing the part of the vigorous American, fell in love with the flower girl according to the script, and Buzz Dode, the boxer, fell furiously in love with Marian Sylvester, which amused the studio and in no way interfered with business. Buzz had previously mingled with rough males largely because of the character of his calling. Thrown now into contact with a beautiful and

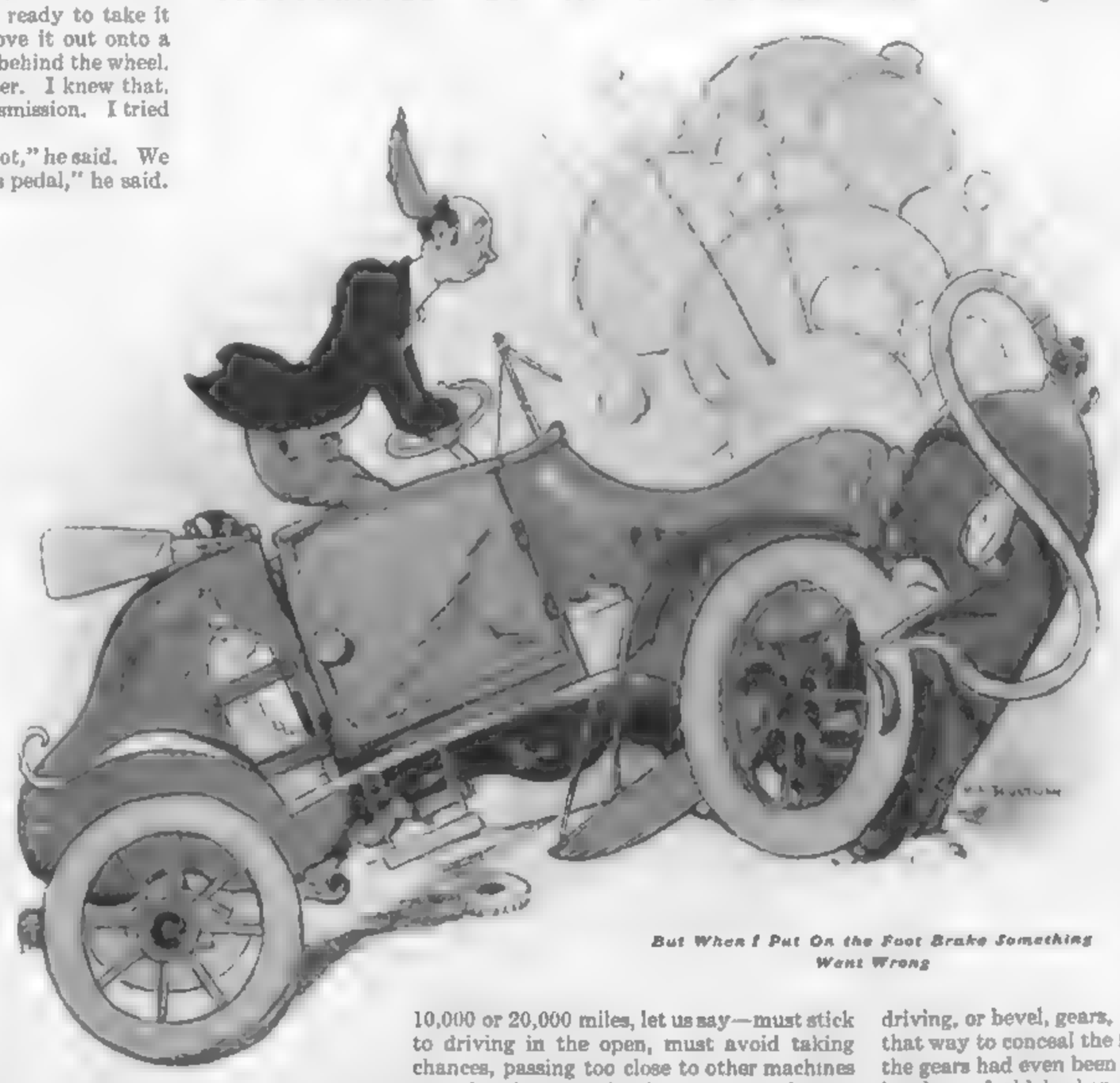
(Continued on Page 113)

They Cooed Over Each Other Between Scenes, and the Electricians Would Have Joked With Buzz, Only It Is Considered Bad Form to Joke With a Middleweight in Love

LEARNING TO DRIVE

By Myron M. Stearns

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



But When I Put On the Foot Brake Something Went Wrong

I BOUGHT my first automobile about 1910. It was not new. Even then there were already plenty of old cars on the market and the gem I acquired was one of the oldest. You see nothing like it today. When I was ready to take it from the garage a mechanic drove it out onto a country road for me and put me behind the wheel. He told me the car was a roadster. I knew that. He said it had a planetary transmission. I tried to look intelligent. Then:

"Push that pedal with your foot," he said. We went forward. "Now push this pedal," he said. We stopped. "Now push the third one." We went backward. "That's all there is to it," he said, "except high speed. Here's the switch to turn off the motor when you're through."

I had learned to drive! Exactly one minute! I drove back to the garage. Then I drove home—six miles. It was dark when I got there. I showed the car to my wife.

"You mean to say you drove it out yourself?" she demanded. "Alone?"

"Sure!"

"Oh," she said, "you're wonderful!" We hadn't been married long. "Think," she said, "of learning to drive as easily as that!"

During the fifteen years since then I've driven, say, 200,000 miles, in round numbers. Trips through the Sierras, trips through the Alleghanies, New Mexico in summer, New England in winter; across the country from coast to coast; Arizona sand, Missouri mud, Texas detours, New York traffic.

Instead of learning how to drive in fifteen minutes, it has taken me fifteen years to find out how much there is to learn about driving.

Today when I stop my car by the side of the road and walk forward with mournful curiosity to look over the interlocked machines, about which the crowd has begun to gather, I sometimes find myself shaking my head sadly.

"It would never have happened," I admit to myself, "if they knew how to drive."

Wrecked by a Can of Corn

I'VE been in half a dozen minor smash-ups; in none of them has any one been seriously hurt. Altogether I feel we've been pretty lucky to have learned so much about automobiles and automobile driving without doing more damage. Only once have I had a car wrecked under me.

The first real driving lesson came in my own back yard. It brought me up against one of the great dangers of motoring—the fact that the unexpected, the totally unexpected, so often manages to happen. You simply cannot foretell what new circumstance or condition may confront you tomorrow.

I was turning the roadster in my own yard, preparatory to backing into the garage. But when I put on the foot brake something went wrong. A can of stewed corn—it must have been stewed corn—had rolled under the brake pedal as neatly as you please. Brake wouldn't go on, car wouldn't stop. So—wham! We went into a new gasoline-storage tank—2000 pounds of us, automobile and owner.

Now if I had known enough about ways and means of making an automobile behave on short notice, I would have stepped on the reverse pedal—which, with a planetary transmission, is a very good substitute for an emergency brake—and avoided the smash. But I wasn't familiar enough with the car to think in such terms. Quick thinking in a motor emergency is, as every expert driver learns, dependent to a surprising extent on absolute familiarity with your machine, so that your hand and foot know instinctively exactly how to move to find another pedal or lever, and what to do with it. No beginner has that sort of knowledge. So—bang! Cost: Fifty gallons of gasoline and one new tank; also repair of one headlight.

Let's see what the cure is for accidents like that, if any. It means that the new driver—the man still on his first 10,000 or 20,000 miles, let us say—must stick to driving in the open, must avoid taking chances, passing too close to other machines or pedestrians, turning in too cramped quarters, speeding up on wet pavements, or doing anything else that will mean a smash if the unexpected happens. Suppose, for example, a man driving along a country road sees a machine coming toward him rapidly on the left and a couple of school children walking at the side of the road on the right. There is room enough to pass between the children and the approaching car—just room enough. But the right move for the beginner is to slow down while he is still in the open, with no possibility of accident, and wait until he has plenty of road before he passes the children. Otherwise, if the unexpected should happen at the wrong moment, if the approaching car should swerve toward him, or if one of the children should jump to one side unexpectedly—as children so often do—his inexperience in the emergency might mean a serious accident.

Lesson Two bordered—financially at least—on tragedy. It came only a few weeks after the purchase of that old monkey-glanded red roadster. It was a bright cold morning, and the car backed out of its stall protestingly, a foot at a time, feeling every year of its age. Less than two rods from the shadow of the garage it suddenly set its teeth and stopped like a mule. The motor died as though I had locked the brakes.

In those days there were no self-starters. You wound 'em up by hand. But when I took hold of the crank, it was like a brass handle to a rock. The only way I could turn the motor over was by turning the whole car over. The entire business had frozen into a single piece. It wasn't an automobile any more. It was a statue of an automobile.

It had to go down to the repair shop on skids. Nothing would turn except the front wheels. When they opened the rear action they found everything wedged tight; and when they finally pried things loose there were enough pieces of broken steel inside the housing to fill a hat.

The mechanic of the garage—it was not the place where I had bought the car—looked over at me queerly.

"First car you ever bought, I reckon." He phrased it not as a question but as plain matter of fact, quite forgivable.

"Sure," I admitted. "Why?"

He pried up a smear of sticky black grease from the broken rear action. It had particles of some foreign substance in it, softish to the touch.

"Cork," he explained briefly. "They jobbed you."

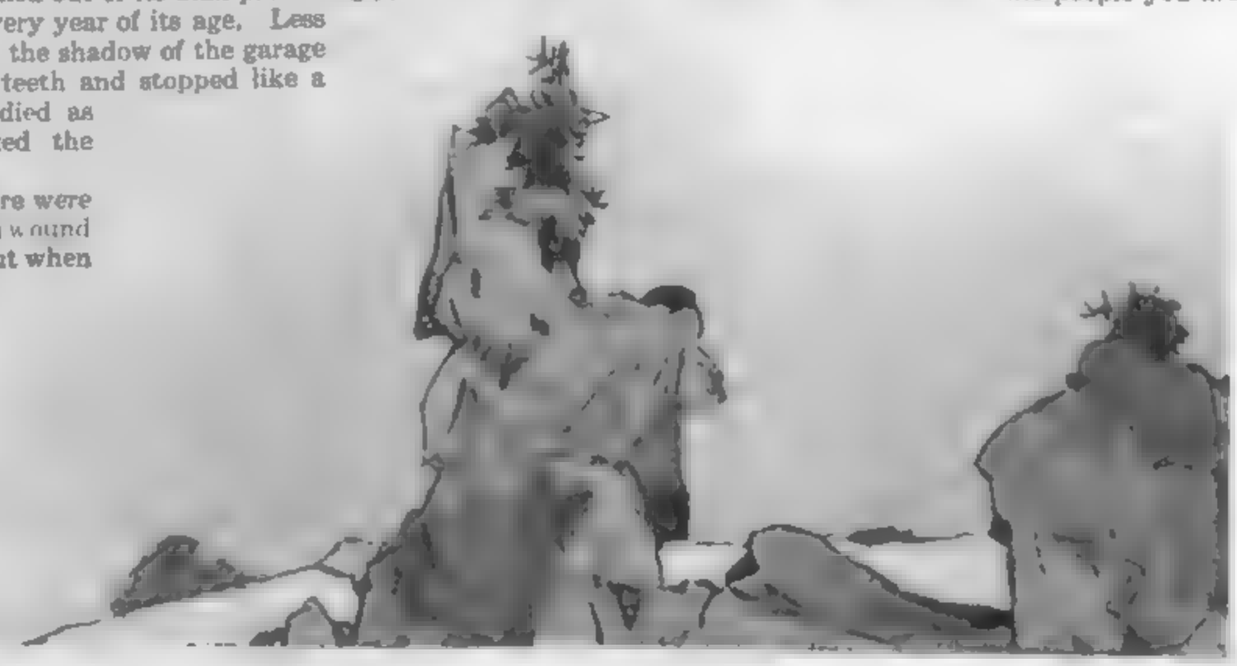
A Corking Trick

IT SEEMED that unscrupulous dealers in secondhand cars sometimes put ground cork, such as table grapes are packed in, into the grease around old gears to make them run more quietly, covering the telltale buzz of age. In the roadster the transmission was at the rear, just in front of the driving gears, and the whole business—transmission, driving, or bevel, gears, and differential—had been treated that way to conceal the fact that it was worn out. Some of the gears had even been plugged with new teeth riveted on in place of old broken ones to give a temporary repair. When, in the strain of churning up the cold hard grease that morning, the break had come, the whole works had gone to pot.

Lesson? I'll say it was a lesson! It cost me more to get that secondhand car fixed up than I had paid in the first place.

There are about 18,000,000 passenger cars in the United States today. At this very minute they are all secondhand. They average about three years old—a little more. Before the year is out some 3,000,000 of them will be junked, to be replaced by new cars. But of the remaining 15,000,000, something like 7,000,000 will change hands; some of them still almost as good as new, perhaps still quite as good as new; some still new to look at, but thoroughly unsafe beneath; some old and still good; some both old and worthless.

If you happen to be buying one of those 7,000,000 secondhand cars, don't make the mistake I did. Don't trust your own judgment. Make sure the people you are



You are Never the Only Chap Using the

buying from are reliable. Then make doubly sure. Then go into the matter of reliability all over again and make certain. And if they are not absolutely reliable don't buy until somebody who is absolutely reliable and expert has passed judgment on the machine that takes your eye.

Our second car, the old red roadster's immediate successor, was a side winder. The engine was under the seat, crosswise. The hood was merely a snare and an ornament, under which gas tanks and water tanks and other odds and ends were successfully hidden away. The motor turned over with a handle like a furnace shaker.

About a year after I got it I was hurrying to get up a short but rather steep grade in the city when I met a big red interurban trolley. It came out of a tunnel, paused at the edge of the street as though it were going to stop, and then came on right out into my path. The motorman jammed on his brakes, but not in time. I hit him a splendid wallop on the port bow. My typewriter was sitting on the seat beside me—not a young lady, you understand, but a machine. The springy seat cushions gave it just the start it needed, and as we stopped, it sprang high into the air in a beautiful curve and landed on its teeth in the middle of the car tracks, a rod away. The front of my automobile was pretty well wrecked, and the big black fender of the interurban trolley, I am proud to add, was torn completely off. Because of its cunning concealment in a place of safety under the seat, the motor, I thought, wasn't hurt at all. But wait!

A few weeks later we had friends coming out from the city to dinner. I drove down to meet them and left the old wagon standing outside the station with the motor running, shaking all over like a dog trying to wag a stump tail not big enough to do the work. We all piled in and started home.

"My," exclaimed our guests, "what a wonderful life you live out here in the open, with automobiles and everything!"

We came to a long down grade. Suddenly the car began making frightful thumping noises as if it were choking to death and breaking its back at the same time. It began to give frightened bucks like a locoed horse. But it kept right on going. When I looked back I saw pieces of metal that seemed as big as your head rolling after us in the middle of the road. They kept dropping out of the car. The whole thing had gone to thunder. The crank shaft had broken and smashed up the crank case and nearly everything else. At the foot of the grade we coasted pleasantly to a stop.

On a clear afternoon, on a clear road, down grade, reasonable speed, that old wagon had suddenly decided to go to pieces. I never put a car above thirty or thirty-five miles an hour nowadays without a half-conscious realization of what might happen if anything should go wrong.

Distrusting Your Motor's Health

BUT here's the point: The smash-up of that old machine came right on the heels of my head-on argument with the trolley.

Any motorist will do well, every once in so often, to have a good mechanic check up on his front axles and bushings and grease cups, just to be on the safe side. And after any unusual mix-up, any accident or hard hill-climbing trip, overheating or other unusual strain, even though the car seems to be all right, it's just as well to have it looked over to make sure it's O. K. It doesn't do any harm. In case the strain or jar has been severe it is just as well also, for quite a while afterward, to be a little distrustful of the machine.

Our next car was a light machine, not so old as the others. But the tires were pretty well worn. I remember deciding a week or two after we had it that something was wrong with the steering gear. The machine kept pulling toward one side of the road. But it was only a front tire with a slow leak. That, of course, made the machine steer harder on that side. Perhaps a fortnight later I was hurrying home, at about thirty-five miles an hour. As I approached a bridge over a deep gully the right front tire blew out. I was already well on the right-hand side of the road. It was only through plain good luck that I happened to be gripping the wheel tightly enough to save the machine from going off the road and taking a twenty-foot fall.

Even with good tires, an unexpected cut or strain may cause a blow-out, particularly at high speed. So no old hand in the driver's seat ever puts his machine past an average road speed—say, twenty-five or thirty miles an hour—without automatically seeing that he has a good grip on the steering wheel. That is to guard against the possible emergency of a bad tire or anything else that may make steering suddenly difficult.

By this time we considered ourselves fairly expert. And then we learned something else. It concerned roads.

We made a week-end journey up into the Sierras from Los Angeles. We went up to the Kern River country and back again, a trip altogether of some 500 miles.

We started early, long before daylight. By noon we were at the little town of Caliente, with less than forty miles to go to reach our destination for the day. We ate a leisurely luncheon, anticipating only two or two and a half hours more of travel. Then we inquired concerning the road.

"Yup," came the answer. "About thirty-eight miles. All up and down. The stage makes it in about six hours."

"Are they still using horses on the stage up here?" I asked in some surprise.

"Horses? Horses, your foot! That's the stage I'm talking about. They're using them new twin sixes this season."

Six hours for thirty-eight miles, with twin sixes! Hardly better than six miles an hour! Surely there must be some mistake. But there wasn't.

We had to cross three mountain ranges—three times up and three times down—before we got to the little shut-away towns of Bodfish and Isabella, epics of a bygone day. We learned what it means to take a ton and a half of automobile up a mountainside on a dirt road to transport two people. Our motor got too hot. We had to stop and let it cool off. Then, with no cool water available to put in the radiator, it promptly boiled over again. It took us hours to get across those ranges. When we finally reached

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Public Highway. There's Always the Other Fellow. Remember, He May Not Know How to Drive

TRIAL MARRIAGE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XV

THAT night, Thor took Marcia and Constance to the theater again, and afterward they danced until very late. Charlerot, from the studio downstairs, had been included in the party. But Thor explained that the next day he must go back to work in earnest. He was to have his first one-man show in the spring, and he felt this was the most important moment of his whole life. He had exhibited before in New York, with groups of other young painters, and he had sent canvases to the large annual shows in Philadelphia and Chicago and Pittsburgh; but this was his first chance to show a collection of his own paintings at a Fifth Avenue art gallery; and though he had a number of canvases ready, there were others on which he must work a lot before he was satisfied, and he also hoped to paint at least one more important picture before May.

"Bring Some of My Slippers, Too," Rita Told Her Maid. "I Wonder if We Wear the Same Size, Dear?"

It was now January, and the month he had spent in Midland doing Rita's portrait had been filched from his serious painting. He would not have accepted the order at that particular time, badly as he needed the money, if it had not been for his overwhelming desire to see Constance. So, feeling this as treachery toward his work, Thor now sternly resolved to let nothing distract him, not even the enchantment of his fiancée's presence.

He had engaged a model to come at nine o'clock the next morning—the second day after Constance's arrival, that is—and Constance had very sweetly promised not to be in the way. But she overslept, and was not ready to leave the studio until the model had idled about for more than an hour, and Thor was quite cross from suppressed impatience.

Marcia, who was sincerely distressed at the interruption of Thor's work—Constance took it more lightly: "Oh! what does one morning matter!"—Marcia, thinking to solve the problem, went to an agency, and engaged a maid to come every day to cook breakfast and clean the apartment. Theoretically, this plan was excellent. If the maid had arrived every morning at eight, and if Constance and Marcia and Thor had all been ready to eat breakfast at 8:30, assuming, of course, that breakfast would be on the table then; and if the maid could have managed to clean without disturbing Thor —— But the colored girl had the inexact idea of time of her race, and when she swept she invariably dropped the broom with a clatter, and when she washed dishes she burst into song. Bed making also inspired her to vocalism. Then, after having clattered in and out, and up and down stairs innumerable times, she would invade the studio—where Thor had already begun to work, vainly pretending that he was deaf, and colored maids invisible.

Hattie-Belle—she insisted on the full name as strenuously as any English lady on her hyphen—Hattie-Belle would mop the floor with rattle-rattle-rattle, then, bang bump, against the wall. Bang! Bang! A canvas was toppling over—Thor leaped for it. Hattie-Belle grinned toothily.

"'Scuse me, Mist' Taw. Dunno what got inter dis here ol' mop. Got de debbil in it."

Then she would make heroic efforts to be quiet.

Mousily, the mop would creep about Thor's feet, circling him gently, cautiously—bump! The easel was tottering. Thor gave up. Lying on the sofa, smoking, he would wait for the final moment of conversation, the welcome bang of the door and Hattie-Belle's voice calling back affably:

"See you t'mah, if ah lives an' nuffin' happen'."

This phrase, which Hattie-Belle never failed to repeat, was a sort of propitiation to some dark god of chance, in whom Hattie-Belle obscurely and atavistically believed. Nothing would have induced her to relinquish this phrase, and nothing to relinquish her job, not even Thor's flat dismissal on the second day.

"I ain't done nuffin', is I?" Hattie-Belle protested righteously.

She felt that unless some definite charge of lawbreaking could be brought against her, her job was secure. She promised faithfully, each day, to come earlier the next morning, but her clock was slow—the devil was in that, too, it seemed—or the Subway train had been stalled again—everyone, of course, knows the devil of the Subway. Oh, yes, Hattie-Belle could explain away anything and she always appeared eventually; and, in fine, not without physical violence could she possibly have been evicted.

In a further effort to help Thor, and to leave him as much as possible alone with his work, and with Constance, Marcia notified her friends in New York of her arrival, and soon her days were filled with engagements, and she was often away in the evenings, too. It was a little difficult for Marcia to explain why she could not allow anyone to call at her most unusual address, and why she must always return to it at night. She even felt somewhat disloyal to Adelaide that the true explanation simply stuck in her throat. Adelaide had certainly never intended her plan to be kept secret. But Marcia simply could not utter the phrase "trial marriage" to her rather conservative friends, and she couldn't even imagine herself explaining the arrangement to her old aunt who lived in Montclair.

The lifting of the burden of chaperonage was a distinct relief to the entire *ménage à trois*. But it seemed to Thor that the telephone and doorbell never ceased ringing.

The telephone—and Marcia would run out of her room, crying apologetically, "I'm so sorry, Thor! I expect it's for me."

At the fifth repetition in one morning, Thor replied, without his usual courtesy, "I expect it is. No one ever telephones me in working hours."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Thor. I'll ask them not to."

But Thor was instantly contrite.

"Of course not, Marcia. Your friends have got to reach you somehow."

The doorbell. "Package for Miss Bannester. Sign please. Package for Miss Bannester."

Thor ran upstairs, and found Constance submerged in a rainbow geyser, sprayed out from all her trunks: chiffons, laces, ribbons, stockings, hats, shoes, gloves, brushes, perfume bottles, powder boxes—silver, and gold, and enamel.

"You can't be buying more clothes?" Thor asked, handing Constance her package.

But she didn't answer, only smiled mysteriously.

Then, one morning, a man came to measure the windows. Thor protested, surprised and even indignant. But Constance ran out on the balcony, still mysteriously smiling.

"It's all right, Thor. Let him come up."

A few days later Constance tried to maneuver Thor out of his studio, "just for an hour," and was quite annoyed when he wouldn't go. She had always thought that artists worked in sudden, violent bursts of inspiration; to find that a painter demanded as regular hours as a business man was most disillusioning. Besides, the new furniture was coming that afternoon, and Constance wanted Thor out of the way until his bedroom was completely redecorated. She had visualized the scene, imagined Thor's surprise and delight, his appreciation of her good taste and efficiency.

But the real scene was quite different. The astounded Thor saw the new furniture arrive, his own furniture packed for storage. Of course he had to admit, after everything was in place, that there was a great improvement.

But his face was neither delighted nor grateful, as he demanded, "Where did you get all this stuff, Constance?"

"I ordered it the very first morning I was here," she told him proudly, "the curtains made, and everything. But I saved it as a surprise for you."

"It's a surprise, all right," he admitted somewhat grimly. "How much did it cost?"

She raised her eyebrows in astonishment, and faint reproof.

"I really don't know," she murmured.

"You don't know! But how ——"

"Everything's charged of course."

"Charged to whom?"

"Dad, naturally."

"You charged all those things to your father!"

"Of course, Thor. We have accounts all over New York. It's quite all right."

"It's not all right with me."

"Don't be silly!"

And then the long argument in which Thor sought to convince Constance that he didn't intend to let her father pay for anything connected with their establishment. And Constance's reiterations, growing ever more faint and bored: "Oh! Don't be silly, Thor!" And Thor's ultimatum: "I don't care whether you think it's silly or not; I won't have it!"

Thor never told Constance what a gaping hole was put into his savings account by that little shopping expedition of hers. He was simply aghast at the incredible amount himself, but he paid the bill, secured from the shop after some delay and inconvenience—it appeared that with the snobbishness of shops they preferred waiting for a check from Conrad Bannester to accepting cash from Thorvald Ware. He paid the bill, and only told Constance that in the future she was never to charge anything.

She raised her delicate eyebrows and looked amused, where a more plebeian woman would have expressed anger. And, conscious of her aristocratic self-control, remarked:

"Well, really, Thor! I am not to charge anything? And yet you and mother stopped my allowance from dad before I left home."

Thor blushed.

"But, my darling child, of course you must have some pocket money. How much did your father give you?"

"Two hundred," she replied carelessly.

"Oh," said Thor, "I suppose that included clothes."

"No. I charged them."

"So you had two hundred dollars a month just to throw away?"

"Why, no, Thor. There are heaps of important things besides clothes. That really wasn't very much."

Thor laughed ruefully.

"I'm sorry to tell you," he said, "it's about all we have to spend—both of us."

A line appeared in Constance's smooth brow. It was plain that she was doing a little mental arithmetic.

Then she said amiably, "Oh, well, if we have only two hundred together, just give me half. Is that fair?"

Thor also did some mental arithmetic. His income was, as he had told Adelaide, uncertain. Yet not many young artists were in so comfortable and independent a position as Thor, for he had inherited enough money to buy his studio and put aside something for a rainy day—lucky, when he thought what a shower that new furniture had been! And he was even more fortunate in being able to sell enough of his own pictures, the kind of work he chose to do, to supply his simple needs. The amount varied greatly from time to time—one year he might sell several pictures, the next none—but Adelaide and Conrad had decided that, by striking an average, Thor might safely count on three thousand dollars. The annual upkeep for his studio was one thousand one hundred and twenty-three dollars. If he gave Constance twelve hundred, there would remain less than seven hundred dollars to spend on everything else.

It was humiliating for a bridegroom—even an imaginary bridegroom—to haggle with his bride over the amount of her allowance, and Thor had all the sensitive generosity of the artist. But one of the chief purposes of the trial marriage was to find out if Constance could possibly manage on Thor's income. The extra expenses of the experiment—Thor's room at a hotel, Marcia's expenses—were to be paid by Conrad.

So Thor forced himself to reply honestly to Constance's question, though he grew red, and stammered, as he answered: "Well, no, darling. I'm sorry. But it wouldn't be fair. You see the money I spoke of isn't just pocket money. It's all we've got!"

"Oh!" she remarked, vaguely and uncomprehendingly.

"Of course I hope to make a great deal more some day," he began, "but in the meantime ——"

"Oh, never mind!" She shrugged her shoulders, and her mouth expressed her disdain for the whole sordid subject. "Rather a horrid idea of mother's—your giving me an allowance. But she's making everything as difficult as possible." Her tone became cold and bored as she added, "Anything will do, Thor—anything you like."

"But it isn't what I like!" he cried wretchedly. "I'd like to give you everything in the world!"

"When will you realize, Thor," she replied grandly, "that money means nothing to me?"

Once Thor would have taken that statement in its poetic sense. Now he saw that it was literally true—money meant nothing to Constance, because she had no idea of its value.

"I wonder," he said humbly, "if you could possibly manage on fifty dollars a month?"

Of course even fifty was out of proportion to their income, but how could he humiliate himself further? He thought of certain portrait orders he might get, if only he would make himself agreeable, in person and in paint. And he told himself, unconvincingly, what the world loves to tell artists with complete conviction: "Won't hurt you to do a few things you don't like. Good discipline for you!"

Constance's voice, pitched in a minor key, broke into his reflections.

"I really don't know what I'm supposed to do with myself all day, then," she said. "I can't shop any more, since I'm not to charge things. If I go out with other men it makes you jealous, Thor, and if I stay with you it makes you nervous."

She had tried sitting in the studio while Thor painted. And at first he had bravely said oh, no, she wouldn't disturb him. But, of course, she did; and, of course, she would have been quite annoyed if she hadn't. For, though Constance sat quite still with a book, like a very good little girl, only venturing to murmur, when Thor put down his brushes for a second, "I do adore the back of your head, Thor," there were, naturally, quick rushing interludes of kisses. And there was always that disquieting vibration in the air between them. Finally, Thor had to laugh and confess, "No use! I can't work, darling, when you're around. You're much too fascinating."

Honeyed words, of course—irresistible words to a woman, since all women want to be the eternal temptress. But for all their sweetness they drove Constance upstairs just the same.

The bedroom was very nice now. She felt quite at home there. But, after all, one can't sit in a bedroom day after day; and reading has its limits.

She looked forward to lunchtime, when Thor would take her out to a restaurant—rather than have Hattie-Belle linger to prepare the meal. With rather heroic self-control, Thor became Constance's playmate again for that hour, banishing thoughts of the morning's problems and the coming struggle of the afternoon. And Constance was blissfully unaware what a very difficult and even dangerous time luncheon is to some painters' wives—an atmosphere of tense brooding, with the wrong wifely word a match to gunpowder.

But then the long afternoons set in, deadlier than an Arctic night. Thor so very quiet, so far away, whenever Constance peeped over the balcony railing at him. The models would have been a diversion if Thor had allowed them to talk. He was infinitely relieved that Constance was not shocked or antagonized by their presence, but he couldn't let her chatter with them and disturb him.

"Why don't you look up some of your friends here, darling?" Thor now suggested. "Marcia seems to be having a wonderful time."

Constance made a little petulant face at him.

"I suppose you mean women friends."

"Yes, of course."

"Oh, Thor, don't you see? How could I explain my being here? Everyone would simply die laughing at mother's crazy plan! And at me too. And I can't bear to be laughed at!"

"Gosh, it seems so strange," said Thor. "The days are never half long enough for me. What did you do all day at home?"

She brightened up at the mere recollection.

"Oh, I was frightfully busy! I was worked half to death."

"Work?" he echoed, amazed. "What on earth—you didn't help your mother with the housekeeping!"

Constance wrinkled her brow as if puzzled.

"I don't believe mother ever kept house," she said, paying an unconscious tribute to Adelaide's noiseless efficiency.

(Continued on Page 135)

"Thank You, Rita," He Replied Coldly, "But I Prefer to Help Myself"

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

It Was Marco Who First Saw the Canoe, a Little Way Off, Floating Half Awash; and the Dog Swam to It and Tried to Climb Into It

XI

THUS arm in arm, Molly and Jim and Nell came face to face with the great dog in the archway there, and the two women recoiled a little, their feet scuffling on the floor in a fluttering fashion. But Jim stood firm, and his firmness steadied them; and the house was very still. Only, they could hear a faint whispering sound as the dog tried his pads upon the polished boards of the floor, making sure of his grip upon them, standing firm footed, muscles tensed for a spring. And they saw his hind quarters droop a little as though he were crouching, and his tail was low and stiff and his ears turned backward. His mouth opened and shut, the lips curling back, then closing again, then curling away from his great teeth once more; but he made no sound. There was no sound at all save the faint whisper of his rough pads upon the floor; but Molly's heart beat with such a heavy impact that her body shook and shuddered, and Nell's strength drained away from her; and only Jim managed a steady countenance, a firm stand and a friendly smile.

He spoke to the dog. He said in a fashion most matter of fact, "Hello, pup! How'd you get in here?"

The dog's lip curled and his white fangs gleamed a little. Where the beast stood he was to some degree in the shadow; he was just within the archway, and this arch may have been six or eight feet deep, with a closet set under the stairs on either side. There was no light in the arch itself; the lighted billiard room behind the dog caught him in silhouette; the lights in the living room failed to strike him fairly. Nevertheless, they could see the faint flickering embers of his eyes, and they could see his white fangs bare. When Newbert thus spoke to him he mouthed again that silent snarl, and Newbert spoke once more.

"What's the matter with the old fellow?" he asked comfortingly. "What's on your mind, pup. How's the boy?"

The dog's ears came forward, cocking a little, giving him for the moment an air of almost ludicrous curiosity; and Nell, at Jim's side, giggled in a fashion full of faint hysteria. Jim touched her hand, quieting her.

"At-a-boy!" he said, still in that friendly and assuring tone. "He's a nice pup!"

And he extended his hand, gently, tentatively, with no suggestion of aggression in the movement. Yet the dog drew back a half pace and crouched lower, and this time his snarl was vocal. Then Newbert laughed in an amused fashion.

"Come on," he drawled. "It's all right, old man. Nice pup!"

The dog seemed uncertain and doubtful; and after a moment, cautiously, watching them sidewise, it turned its head; turned to the left, toward the piano in the niche beside the archway there. And then for the first time they had assurance that the animal was not alone; for a man, out of sight there, hidden from them, spoke in a soft and sibilant fashion—spoke to the dog, said warningly, "S-st, Marco!"

Instantly the dog stiffened once more, muzzle leveled at them, eyes flickering to one and then another, ears back; a presentment full of menace, warning them to be still.

Molly and Nell, while Newbert thus sought to cajole the beast that held them there, had regained to some small degree their composure, had recovered from the shock of that confrontation. And listening to Newbert, watching the dog, they had forgotten to wonder where the animal's master was—forgotten the truth that about him must still center their graver fears. When he spoke to the beast, to this dog Marco, now, they remembered. And while the dog assumed once more his vigil over them, their eyes ached toward the direction from which that voice had come.

As they stood—and they dared not move—Nell could not see the piano at all; Newbert could see half its end, an angle of its top; only Molly, on the left, could see any considerable part of the instrument. But she could not see the man who had spoken. He was keeping back, withdrawn, out of sight; and for a long moment after he spoke to the dog, none of them uttered a word. The three waited for a move from him; he waited for they knew not what. And the dog, visible no doubt to his master, confronted the three and by the menace of its posture held them from flight or from advance.

There had been in that whispered admonition to the dog a quality which Molly and Nell found frightful, a quality impossible to define. The whispering voice was low and controlled and steady; yet there was something in its susurrant timbre strangely ragged, as though it were uttered between a man's racking sobs; as though the vocal cords which formed the adjuration were vibrating like taut wires. Newbert, less sensitive, felt this in lesser degree; he was alert to the present problem, to his business of placating the dog, implanting in its canine mind a doubt as to his own place in the scheme of things, preparing a friendship there. He ignored the man, smiled at the beast, and he persisted in his friendly and assuring tone.

"All right, old boy," he said gently. "All right, pup. Good boy, Marco!" And he saw the backward-flattened ears twitch as the dog heard its name; and abruptly he addressed the hidden man, courteously and in most friendly tones. "Good evening, sir," he said, looking toward the piano.

The man there offered no reply to this greeting, and after a moment Newbert continued: "Are you in trouble? Did your boat get caught in the squall perhaps? Can we do anything for you? Offer you transport, or a lodging for the night?" He added, as one comforts a stricken child, "A fine dog of yours, this Marco. Good dog! I'm a friend of dogs like Marco." And whenever he spoke the dog's name it was with an emphasis of kindliness; so that before he was done the dog's ears were pricked forward again. The man spoke then, spoke to them; his voice was low and hurried and uncertain.

"Are you Mr. Paul Main?" he asked. "Are you Mr. Main?"

Newbert replied straightforwardly, "No; no, my name is Newbert. Mrs. Main is with me, if you wish to speak to her. And this young lady is Miss Harmon." He laughed a little in a friendly way. "Introductions so are not quite satisfactory. Won't you emerge? Or we shall advance?"

There was a momentary pause, and then the man said in a tone of tremulous warning, "If you attack me Marco will destroy you."

Newbert laughed again. "Marco's a good dog," he agreed. "You needn't worry about us; we're friendly folk. You must be in distress, to come at this hour and in this fashion. And we'll do what we may for you." He smiled at the dog and took a casual forward step. Nell held back, but he compelled her with his eye. "We're coming in," he said, "so that you can have a look at us." And to the dog he spoke in friendly command: "All right, Marco. Back, boy!"

At their movement the dog had stiffened again; but since their advance was neither menacing nor frightened, he was in doubt, and he drew away before them and to one side, as though to keep between them and his master, to protect this master of his. But Newbert did not turn that way; with Molly on one arm and Nell on the other, he stepped forward into the middle of the billiard room and swung to face the piano. There was light enough here; there was a bulb above their heads; the lamps over the pool table were turned on; there was another lamp on a reading table at one side, covered with a yellow shade. Themselves were in full light, but where the piano stood was shadow. The man himself, they now saw, was half concealed behind its end; only a part of his head, his tumbled hair and his eyes, watching them, were visible. His eyes were curiously wide, distended. And the dog stood now just before him, between the three and this man, his master, waiting for command, uncertain what to do. And he growled a little, warningly.

"This is Mrs. Main," said Newbert gravely, indicating Molly. "And this Miss Harmon. We do not know you, sir."

The man scrutinized them with a fixed and steady glance; and they saw his head move to and fro when he turned his eyes from one to another, as though these

distended eyes of his were fixed in his head and could not be shifted in their sockets. His head moved stiffly; there was something sick and unhealthy in this stiffness; the movement was as uncertain as that of a paralytic.

"You do not know me," he agreed at last, in that voice so taut, so ready to break. "You do not know me."

He was still, and Newbert watched the dog and smiled, and said under his breath, "Marco, old boy!"

"I have had an accident," said the man finally, as though he had chosen his words with long care. "I have had a mishap. I am a castaway upon this island—this island here. I had a boat; but it struck upon a rock and there is a hole in it, and a spur of the rock protrudes through this hole." He hesitated, then continued, "I am a very nervous man. I feared you would take me for a marauder."

Newbert laughed. "They don't have burglars up here," he said reassuringly.

"I thought it possible you would let me telephone for a boat to fetch me off," said the man, turning his head in that stiff little way, keeping himself well hidden

"Sorry," Newbert explained. "The telephone is out of order; it has been disconnected. Glad to put you up for the night, though—that is, Mrs. Main will be glad to."

He looked at Molly, and she said gravely, "Why, certainly."

"You cannot telephone?" the man repeated. "Has it been so for long?"

"All day," Molly told him; and Newbert, understanding before the others, said quickly, "Yes, we've been cut off from the world all day. Just the three of us on the island here. Haven't seen anybody."

Molly was grown bolder, heartened by a consideration which had not occurred to the others at all. This man had expected to find Paul here—had taken Newbert for Paul. Therefore Paul's absence, whatever the cause, had no connection with the madman's presence; and this conviction reassured her tremendously, banished what stifled fears for Paul's sake she had held heretofore. So she now took a hand, following Newbert's lead.

"We expected Mr. Main tonight," she explained. "I think he came on the late train. He's probably had trouble finding a boat to bring him up, on account of the storm." She added, in a conversational tone, "That's why we're up so late." And she smiled. "You wouldn't usually find us awake at this time of night, but we're expecting Paul almost any minute now."

The man for a moment thereafter made no move or sound; and then, like an apparition, he appeared in full view before them. That is, he emerged from behind the piano; but he was still in the shadows. They could see only that he was hatless, coatless; that his trousers were dark, his shirt a lighter hue, his tie bedraggled. He asked a question uncertainly, his head turning this way and that

"He comes up the lake, or down?"

"Up the lake," Molly explained. "We watched for him for a while from the mole. In front of the house, you know."

The man slipped across in front of them, disregarding them; he darted like a shadow through the arch into the living room. Newbert stirred, said softly, "He's gone to look!" The dog snarled at their movement. "Let's take care of him, Marco," he said gently. "Come along, old boy!" And with the two still hanging on his arms, he followed the other man. The dog bounded to keep ahead of them, backed through the arch before them, fronted them defiantly.

There were two doors leading out upon the front veranda, and the man, this Vinik, had gone to the north door; but that one was locked, was never opened. When they appeared he was wrenching at the knob; and Molly called to him, "The other door. That one's fast."

Vinik flung a glance at them, hissed faintly to the dog, and Marco held them where they were beside the great chimney. But as Vinik crossed to the other door the dog turned uncertainly and looked toward him; and then with a bound the beast went ahead of him, came first to the door, barked in a sharp and curious fashion. Vinik paused, looked at Marco and back at them again.

"Who's there?" he asked in a whisper.

Newbert shook his head. "No one," he declared honestly. "There's no one on the island but us, unless someone came with you."

Marco was standing just within the closed door, staring at its panels fixedly, as though to penetrate the solid wood with his glance. He barked again; but there was not the same challenge in his bark now, and Vinik noted the difference and seemed relieved.

"Ah, fie!" he said faintly. "You deceive me, Marco." He crossed to the door and opened it. "See!" he directed. Marco would have gone out, but Vinik checked his move. "No," he bade. "No! Back! S-st, Marco!" And he lifted his hand toward the three, so that the dog wheeled uncertainly to face them, to hold them with his eye, and Vinik went alone out upon the mole.

Nell clutched Newbert's arm, whispered, "There's blood on his sleeve!"

"Sh-h!" he warned her. "Don't be frightened!"

"He's been in the water," Molly reminded them. "It's mud!"

The dog was uneasy, and his head turned uncertainly toward the door through which Vinik had disappeared. Newbert spoke to the beast.

"He's all right, Marco," he said. "All right, old boy!"

Vinik appeared in the doorway then, returning; he came in and they saw him clearly for the first time, in full light. He was a little man, and he moved stiffly and spasmodically, as though each movement were the sharp reaction to a tormenting inward twinge; he jerked to and fro like a man prodded with needles. His eyes were wide, a circle of inflamed white around each pupil, and his lips were white against his swarthy skin; and upon the right sleeve of his shirt there was a dark stain, its edges watery and blurred.

All his garments were wet, but they were no longer dripping. They clung to him damply, and he shivered, or he trembled; they could not be sure.

But Molly said gently, "You're cold. Come, we'll build up a fire." (Continued on Page 88)

"Who's There?" He Asked, in a Whisper. Newbert Shook His Head. "No One," He Declared Honestly. "There's No One on the Island But Us, Unless Someone Came With You"

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Welcome, Stranger!

THERE is no subject more intimately bound up with the history of our country, and with many of the problems which still press for solution, than that of land settlement. It is true that the hardy pioneer, with his family and covered wagon, no longer crosses the plains in search of free virgin soil. One frontier after another has passed irrevocably into yesterday.

But none the less over large parts of the nation the effort still is to induce people to settle on the land and add unceasingly to the products of the soil. No less than in early times, there is an irresistible fascination in mere acreage, in bare land, that makes it impossible for men to keep their hands off it, regardless of the relative economy of its cropping or the profitableness of markets for its products. Land is a magnet, a lodestone that seemingly has a power of its own to draw men to it, at whatever costs or hazards.

Now we know that since the beginning of settlement in the United States there has been a tendency for agriculture to expand more rapidly than the market demand would justify. This overexpansion of farm areas has been the result largely, or partly, of the pioneering tradition. It was in the blood of the early settler to press ever on, always opening up new territory as he went.

American agriculture has a vivid background. Even today, after a century and a half, the yearning for possession of the soil of a people descended from land-hungry European stock has not been quite appeased. Then, too, speculative forces have always been operative. Families have settled on new lands and worked for a return lower than they would otherwise have been willing to accept, because of the hope of an advance in capital values.

Especially in the more newly settled states the speculative spirit of the people is still a powerful force. In the past, millions of dollars have accrued to farmers and others through the increase in land values, and many hope, perhaps frequently with some degree of justification, that there is still an opportunity for the same kind of profit.

On the other hand, if there is any fact proved and established up to the hilt, it is that the rewards of agriculture as a whole have not in recent years been commensurate with those in commerce and industry. Regardless of plungers' chances, the farmer's business is the production of food and raw materials at cost of production plus a reasonable return upon his investment. Farming cannot be a sound business on any other terms.

Yet the drive to divide up the land and to settle more people upon it still goes on, although the result is to produce more crops which must be sold. There are those who say that the expansion of farm areas has gone hand in hand with, if it has not been an actual cause of, the growth in wealth and population so characteristic of our history.

Who can say? Perhaps the best of this growth might have been had with less of waste and cost. Perhaps the currents of expansion and settlement might have been more wisely guided without halting a normal and wholesome growth. We know this much—that agriculture has been and is oceans apart from other lines of business in the extent to which the farmer is overwhelmed with new competition. It is said the farmer has no more right to object to competition than have plumbers, newspaper reporters, dentists and bond salesmen.

But the comparison is not on all fours. There are no organized efforts on the part of powerful outside interests and whole communities to multiply the number of plumbers, dentists, and the like. When it comes to agriculture, the situation is utterly different, for all the resources of the owners of undeveloped lands, land companies, colonization and reclamation enterprises, railroads and local business interests in general, are directed toward developing still further the agricultural output, which is what placing more settlers upon the land amounts to. No wonder the head of a farmers' marketing organization in California—although it might have been in any one of a number of other states—recently exclaimed in dismay:

"Power companies, railroads, banks, must show a definite public need before they can obtain franchises. Try to start a new bank in Berkeley, for example, or try to get a rail franchise in Southeastern Oregon! Are such investments guarded against undue competition?

"Real-estate agents once were overplentiful. Some almost starved. They got a law passed, and now no outsider can bootleg land. Before you join the elect you must pass a searching examination. Teachers' diplomas are increasingly difficult to get. Barbers and bricklayers, plasterers and physicians, lawyers and longshoremen, all strive to place barriers in the path of undue competition.

"But agriculture is another story. The state, the counties, the boost organizations, all say 'Welcome, stranger!'"

The Crisis in British Coal

THE economic danger to which a country stands exposed when the prosperity of a basic industry is anchored to export trade is well illustrated in Great Britain. In the Report of the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry it is tersely stated that "it is the export trade rather than the home trade that is the seat of present troubles." Coal mining is the second British occupation in terms of employment of workers. The average annual coal output in the years 1909–1913 was 269,600,000 tons, of which 88,400,000 tons passed into export. The coal export was one-tenth the value and four-fifths the volume of the export trade. Coal was the essential back haul of important British imports. In 1925 the coal output was 244,400,000 tons, of which 69,000,000 passed into export, a loss in exports of practically 20,000,000 tons. This 20,000,000 tons is the crux of the problem. What explains the loss? To get at this, only a glance at the detailed tabulation of exports to the chief countries is necessary.

BRITISH COAL EXPORTS IN MILLIONS OF TONS

COUNTRY	AVERAGE 1909–1913	1925
France	10.837	10.425
Scandinavia	9.918	8.806
Italy	9.483	7.238
Germany	9.039	4.223
Netherlands	2.186	1.548
Spain	2.527	1.977
Egypt	2.952	2.000
Russia	4.111	0.927
South America	6.751	4.534

Heavy losses all along the line. Why have these countries taken so much less British coal? The answers are several and various.

France has reëquipped her devastated coal areas and enlarged her production; she develops more hydro-electric power; she receives coal from Germany in reparation payments. Scandinavia secures more electricity from water power and gets more coal from Germany and Poland. Italy uses more oil, generates more electricity with water power and secures more coal from Germany. Germany uses less coal than before the war, and new lignite deposits have replaced British coal. The Netherlands has quadrupled the domestic production of coal. Spain has developed domestic mines behind a high tariff. The coal demand of Egypt was largely for bunkers, and oil is making inroads on coal. Russia cannot pay for British coal. South America imports more from the United States, and oil is fast gaining on coal for railways, bunkers and primary power. The very multiplicity of these reasons for the decline in the use of exported British coal makes the problem more difficult, because there is no point for concerted attack by government and mine owners. Under these circumstances, and especially in connection with the relations between export trade in coal and in other things, a stable settlement of the long-standing coal problem is as difficult as it is important.

In Defense of College Women

IT IS not always just to charge with ignorance and narrow-mindedness those who are opposed to the higher education of women. Many parents who take this stand do so in the firm belief that a college education does something to a girl that they do not wish to have done to their daughters. What this blighting something is they may be unable to define in particular terms. Why courses and contacts which harden the brains, nourish the intellects and make more spacious the personalities of young men, should have a less wholesome result upon young women, they do not undertake to explain. The riddle of relationship between cause and effect they give up without a guess. Results are all that concern them.

Parents who are unwilling that their girls should go to college usually assign as a reason the fear that it might make them like Miss X or Mrs. Y, and they name college graduates of that narrow, cocksure type who know something of books and nothing of life, who are long on theory and short on experience, who are sour and self-satisfied and bear every sign of having drunk in the skim milk of college life and of having thrown the cream away. Unfortunately such types do exist; and it is because they show the worst effects of academic training rather than the best that they are eagerly pointed out as evidence that the higher education of women is not only a failure but a detriment so far as it interferes with a well-rounded normal development.

Deadly statistics are summoned to clinch the argument. Only about half our women college graduates marry. Among those who do, the birth rate is very low. It is almost a law of Nature that intellectuality and fecundity shall not go hand in hand. The implied conclusion is that the classics, philosophy and various combinations of ologies defeminize the college woman and make her less human, less likely to be normal, less blessed with the joy of living, and therefore less happy and capable of giving happiness than her untutored sisters.

It is pleasant therefore to read, upon what appears to be good authority, that the American college woman, instead of being a mere bundle of perversity and wrong thinking, is in reality the victim of circumstances over which she has little control. A recent issue of the Eugenical News prints at length the conclusions of an unnamed writer who has for many years been adviser of women at a large institution in the Middle West. Personal contacts have led this authority to the belief that nine-tenths of the undergraduates of women's colleges would rather marry than not; and among the graduates who have gone to work a considerably greater proportion would rather be happily married than engaged in a gainful occupation.

Taken by and large, college women are found to be just as willing to marry as any other class of women; and it is to their credit and not to their discredit if, as a class, they show small disposition to get married at any cost to any man who comes along.

The Cabinet of Doctor Calcooly

A LEGEND OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

By Wallace Irwin

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Causes Leading Up to the Crime

A JUSTICE who made the Supreme Court his pastime
Went to his bedroom and made rather fast time
Donning those varmints
We call sleeping garments
And brushing his teeth, as he hoped, for the last time.
Irked by long argument, plea and rebuttal,
He felt like a pirate who wanted to scuttle
The bally old craft
With its load, fore and aft,
Of eminent lawyers convened to negotiate,
Shaking the heavens
With writs and replevins
Under the nose of each black-robed associate.
"Gosh!" sighed the justice. "Why will they rehearse 'em?
Forty-day pleas
Devoid of idees
And miles of aforesaids—good land, how they nurse 'em!
And now they've arrived at the point of banality,
Testing that act to restrain criminality.
Ouch, my head!"
He got into bed.

At this Mr. Justice emitted a sneeze.
Struck by a breeze from the ice overseas,
With a wheeze of unease he despondently said,
"It isn't my brain—it's a cold in my head."
So he rang for a servant and bade him to come
With a hot lemonade and a slight dash of—hum——
Then the justice, improved by the mild medication,
Snugged 'tween the sheets for a calm relaxation.
First he lay thinking,
Then began blinking,
Rosily, cozily sinking and sinking.

"Cee-less-tay Ah-ee-da! Ta-ra-tee, ta-ta!"
Up from the street came a musical blah;
Out on the pave,
A hand organ's slave,
Some nomad Italian was grinding his hurdy,
Filling the air with selections from Verdi.
"Wow!
And what now?"
Out of his bed leaped the justice, crish-crash;
Bounced to the window and, raising the sash,
Went at the wop like a thunderbolt's flash.

"Hi, lookee here, you Beelzebub's minion,
Let me hand down my Supreme Court opinion.
Will you withdraw
Ere the might of the law
Gives you a strenuous crack in the jaw?"

But the fellow just smiled;
The music ran wild
While the nerve-smitten jurist both plead and reviled:
"Cease, I command you, disturber of nights!
By the things you should dread
Pray haven't you read
My recent opinion on personal rights?
My cold in the head and my rest you impinge on,
You man with the monk and the scarf with the fringe on!"
Yet the pleasant Italian still grinned in his glory
And changed the selection to Il Trovatory.

Then the justice saw red and the justice saw blue;
He bounced to the bathroom and there, plain to view,
Was his favorite toothbrush, constructed with bristles,
Horny and thorny like spikes upon thistles.
Lustfully clutching this strangest of missiles,
Forward he came
And with cunningest aim
Threw the small instrument straight as a dart—
Merciful Mike,
What a wonderful strike!
For it pierced the poor troubadour clean through the heart
As he shrieked "Mussolini!" fell heels over head
And lay as though dead.

The Defense Gets in Early

THE justice, still morbidly pacing the floor,
Reviewed first and lastly
The tragedy ghastly.
Then hark! A loud knock on the door!
Knell of doom!
Three earnest gentlemen entered the room.
The first was a fat one, respectably shaven,
The others wore whiskers as black as a raven.

These latter showed learning
As well as a yearning
For sizable fees that they hoped to be earning.

"Good morrow!" the fat one began. "Maybe, judge,
We're not yet acquainted. I'm Scipio Fudge.
While questing for clients, in passing I saw yer
Murder a man. I'm a criminal lawyer."
"Yes," moaned the justice, well used to the bar,
"By the look of your face I should say that you are."
"Exactly! Rejoice that I got here on time
As agent at large for that movement sublime,
The Mutual Helpers of Organized Crime."
With a leer of good cheer,
"Let's be brief, for I fear
It's time that the chief of police will be here.

"Now to the woof
Of your innocent proof:
Firstly, by light of the law, as I view it,
It's startlingly certain that you didn't do it——"
"But, man, man,"
The justice began,
"You know that I did. You were there, and you saw."
"Do you think you can prove it according to law?"
His look was reliant.
"Be patient, my client!
Now secondly, facts most convincingly show
That you are not at home.
You are visiting Rome
When your toothbrush is fired at the fellow below."
"That's not worth a damn.
Can't you see? Here I am."
The justice was cool as a newly steamed clam.
"Oh, no! Here you ain't!"
With a wink that was quaint.
"I've forty-nine alibis, brighter than paint.

(Continued on Page 95)

Out of His Bed Leaped the Justice, Crish-Crash; Bounced to the Window and, Raising the Sash, Went at the Wop Like a Thunderbolt's Flash

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Customs of the Britons

THE Britons, says Cæsar, the Roman,
Went cruising in boats without keels;
They galloped to conquer a foeman
With scythes on their chariot wheels;
Their church was a synod of Druids,
A poet to them was a bard;
They drank an assortment of fluids
And all un-Volsteadily hard;
The men had ferocious mustaches;
A garment of skins was the mode,
Though some didn't even wear sashes!
But they painted their bodies with woad.

The Britons were very quick-witted
And always extremely polite;
They didn't dispute but admitted
That everything British was right.
They scanned innovations severely;
They knew that cigars should be dry;
They knew that to see a thing clearly
One needed a monocled eye.
They walked on the right of the pavement,
But drove on the left of the road;
They practiced diurnal belavement,
And they painted their bodies with woad.

The Britons regarded a title—
A true British title—with awe;
Their notions of honor were vital,
They cherished respect for the law.
The Yankees to them were a rumor,
The Russians they viewed with alarm,
They knew that the Scotch had no humor,
The Irish had nothing but charm,
That woe was deserving of pity
And people should pay what they owed;

Those Deadly Grade Crossings

They wore high silk hats in the City
And they painted their bodies with woad.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Torture of the Mirror

THE victim who is to pass through this ordeal at its severest will be found to have taken a lady to dinner in a restaurant. No sooner is he seated than he finds himself facing a large mirror. At once he looks self-consciously away to avoid being accused of vanity.

He determines to avoid the mirror by never taking his eyes from the lady's face. This should flatter her, but it only causes her to ask if her nose needs more powdering. The victim then resorts to twisting his head from side to side like a mechanical toy. Whereupon the lady remarks that it is hardly complimentary when one's escort's attention wanders so.

The mirror then lures the victim into looking to see if his tie is adjusted. It is entirely so. While he is telling a joke, he catches a glimpse of a silly smirk on his face. He forgets the point.

Again the mirror irresistibly draws the victim's eyes and reveals that his last mouthful was a trifle large. He looks angrily away.

The cruel mirror beckons the victim into a last fatal self-scrutiny. This time the lady catches him and looks behind her.

"Why, you conceited man!" she chortles. "You've been looking at yourself all through dinner!"

Desperately, the hapless fellow gives himself seven years of bad luck by shattering the mirror with a restaurant roll.

—*F. Downey.*

Just So!

"WHAT makes the wild waves wild?" we asked,
While at the seashore swimmin'.
"The bathing suits," a sage replied,
"That's worn here by the women."

—*Tennyson J. Daft.*

Evolution on the Way!

I AM the poor Pe-des-tri-an,
Dodging about the best I can,
Chased by night and chased by day,
A hunted thing on the broad highway.

The closed cars chortle when I flee;
The flivvers laugh "Hank-hank" at me;
The side cars run me out of breath
And the cycles scare me half to death.

There is no safety anywhere;
Upon the earth and in the air,
Beneath the earth, beneath the sea,
Some hellish monster waits for me.

And even could I learn to fly,
I'd meet an airplane in the sky;

(Continued on Page 63)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Oh, Vi, What's All This Exciting News We Hear About a Noted Dog-Show Winner Moving In Right Next Door to You?"

"Say, Where Do You Girls Get That Bunk? Dog-Show Winner! Lead Me to That Ribbon-Wearing Sissy! I'll Bet I Can Trim Him With a Muzzle On"

"Don't Tell Us You Haven't Met Him! Why, Vi, Let's All Go Over at Once and Call! He's an Acquisition

"Beans, Old Dear, We Suggest, as a Matter of Discretion, That Our New Neighbor Wear a Muzzle Before You Start Anything"

Vegetable Soup! So hearty! So tempting! So delicious!

When you say, "Oh, for a plate of good old fashioned vegetable soup!"—you mean exactly the full-flavored, substantial kind that Campbell's make.

The kind of vegetable soup that your appetite simply cannot resist—it tastes so good!

The kind of vegetable soup that satisfies your hunger, invigorates you, makes you glad that you have eaten it!

It's wonderful how skillfully and delightfully Campbell's French chefs have blended the thirty-two different ingredients in this soup.

Why not let these trained "specialists" in soup-making work for you? Why not let your appetite enjoy today the delicious soup for which they are so famous?

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

KENAI—By HAL G. EVARTS

Starting on a Pack Trip

WHEN the boat rounds into Resurrection Bay the visitor enters one of the world's most beautiful harbors. Its narrow course is flanked by ragged saw-toothed peaks capped with perpetual snow. This lovely bay has fired the imagination of many; poets have sought to describe it in verse, artists to portray its beauties upon canvas. Also it should quicken the pulse of sportsmen, as the Kenai Peninsula is one of the greatest game countries in America. Seward, a live modern town, nestles at the head of the bay.

Major Byrom, in command of the military post at Anchorage, had asked me to join himself and other officers on a trip to the head of the Kasilof River, so I repaired to Anchorage during the early part of September. This is another good modern town and is situated at the head of Cook Inlet. While Resurrection Bay invokes admiration for its beauty, Cook Inlet commands the respect of all men, for it is one of the most treacherous pieces of water in the world. Turnagain Arm, its easternmost extremity, is subject to a forty-seven-foot tide at certain periods of the year. That intrepid explorer, Captain Cook, in his search for the fabled northwest passage, thought he had found it upon entering the long inlet that now bears his name; but after penetrating to the tip of the arm branching off to the eastward, he found that he must turn back on his course once more, so he named it Turnagain Arm.

To reach the mouth of the Kasilof it is necessary to cross the mouth of Turnagain Arm and travel approximately a hundred miles along the western shore of the Kenai Peninsula. We left in the early evening in order to make the run on one tide if possible. Strings of geese and ducks streaked the early morning sky as we sought the entrance to the Kasilof. The boat halted suddenly with a grinding jar, and we were grounded on the tip of a long narrow gravel bar, where the receding tide left us stranded. Ten minutes after grounding we stepped from the boat, kindled a fire and cooked breakfast while waiting for the returning tide to free us.

Several belugas, white whales—Moby Dick, you know—came close to us. Many whales of several varieties had I seen, in Southern waters and in Alaskan seas, but this was my first glimpse of the milk-white whales of the North. Several fed and played in the shallows within a few yards of us.

Fly Enemies

LEAVING the gas boat moored some three miles up the river, we loaded our equipment into a dory and a clinkerbuilt skiff and headed upstream. Lining a boat consists of harnessing oneself to a hundred feet or so of towline, passing it outside all obstructions, such as snags, leaning trees, bowlders, drift piles and sweepers—brush and trees that trail in the current—and dragging the boat up the rapids by main strength and awkwardness. Lining is never the most delightful of pastimes and this was no exception, for the Kasilof was high, the shore line submerged, and the water banked up in every deep slough that broke back from the stream. We were wading the greater part of the time, and one could not predict at what moment he might step into a pothole, which was of frequent occurrence. Whenever we attained higher ground it usually presaged even more wading in deeper and swifter water, for there were many obstructions, in the shape of snags, overhanging brush and trees, round which we must wade with the towline if possible. Where the depth of the water was too great for wading, the rope was passed outside snags and beneath sweepers from one man to the next. With one man in the clinker and two in the dory to fend off and the rest of us on the towline, we floundered along in cold water for two days. The big dory was heavily laden in the stern, and instead of riding level, her prow was elevated almost a foot above the water line, so that the swift current struck her flat bottom just forward of the middle, and she led much after the fashion of a balky mule with all four feet firmly planted and with sundry violent wrenchings of the head. Nevertheless, we progressed.

Alaska is the happy hunting ground of the mosquito. In the North, when one traveler inquires of another, "How are the flies?" he is requesting information as to the relative abundance and general viciousness of the mosquitoes in the region from which the one has just come and toward which the other is headed. But the term "flies," while referring specifically to mosquitoes, is also used in an inclusive sense, encompassing no-see-'ems, gnats and other insect pests that forage upon delicate parts of the human anatomy. If anyone should make inquiry of me as to how are the flies along the Kasilof River, I should testify that they are not too good.

A couple of venomous little no-see-'ems put their trade-mark on me the first morning out. I did not see 'em, nor yet did I feel 'em until the major stroked me deftly alongside the face and cleared off the pests. An hour later I felt 'em with a vengeance. It is remarkable how a creature so tiny that even its popular name is a diminutive can leave one with the impression of having injected several gallons of stinging, bilious fluid into his system. My head and neck began to enlarge with alarming rapidity, one ear taking on the semblance of a comic-supplement member till the overstretched skin was cracking round the edges. One side of my neck was bulging and the eye on the afflicted side swelled completely shut, while the opposite member, as if in sympathy, was so nearly closed that I could see but vaguely.

The others commented freely upon my bloated appearance, but by the following day I had company. Other no-see-'ems slipped past the pickets, and Lieutenant Pence, who is a big buck normally, developed a head that would have been a credit to a man twice his size, taking on the facial appearance of a bilious lion that is about to roar. Fred Judd also developed a swelling of the cranium.

On the Porcupines' Promenade

EVENTUALLY we came out into Tustumena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water some twenty-five or thirty miles in length by half that in width, its shores heavily forested with birch, spruce, aspen and cottonwood, its upper extremity thrusting back among the towering peaks that stand guard over the perpetual ice fields that cap a great part of the Kenai Peninsula. Bringing the outboard motors into play, dory and clinker chugged merrily up the lake, but soon encountered a head wind that retarded progress and kicked up a sea that drenched us with spray. We camped that night halfway to the head of the lake. Several of us retreated to the shelter of the timber with our bed rolls, and I elected to spread mine in the bottom of a draw, the deep carpet of moss serving as an excellent mattress.

This declivity proved to be a favorite promenade for porcupines. Scarcely had I retired when one came scuttling down its course and I rose and shooed it away. Then a loud yelping whimper issued from close at hand in the timber, the sound much similar to the outcry of a frightened or lonely hound pup, and I knew that another porcupine was on his way down my draw. This one, too, was deflected from his course; but some three minutes after returning to my bed roll a slight rustling caused me to bring a flash torch into play, and the light revealed a pair of eyes some three or four feet from my head.

All told, in the half hour or so before Morpheus claimed me, four porkies came down this populous thoroughfare, which was completely obstructed by my bed roll. While the porcupine is the most inoffensive of animals, it seemed possible that one might stroll across my prostrate

(Continued on Page 38)

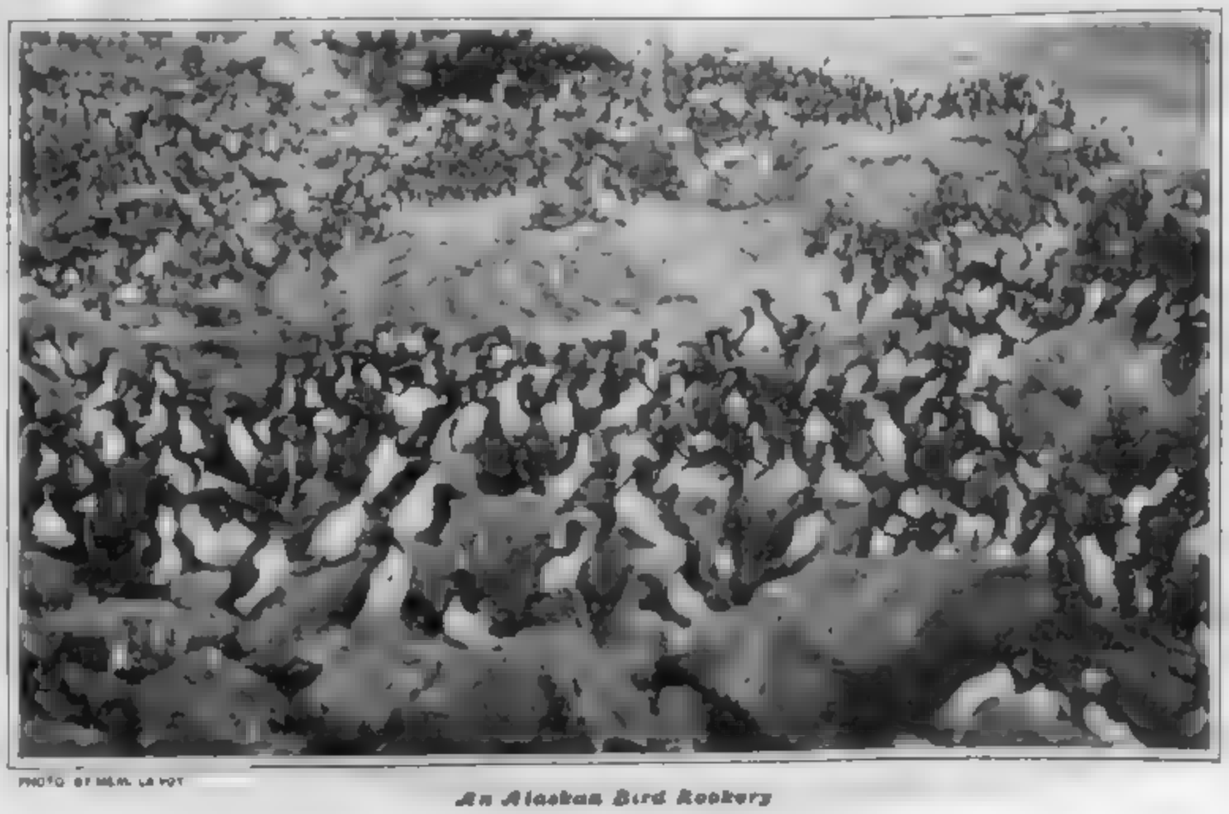

PHOTO BY WM. LA VOY

An Alaskan Bird Rookery

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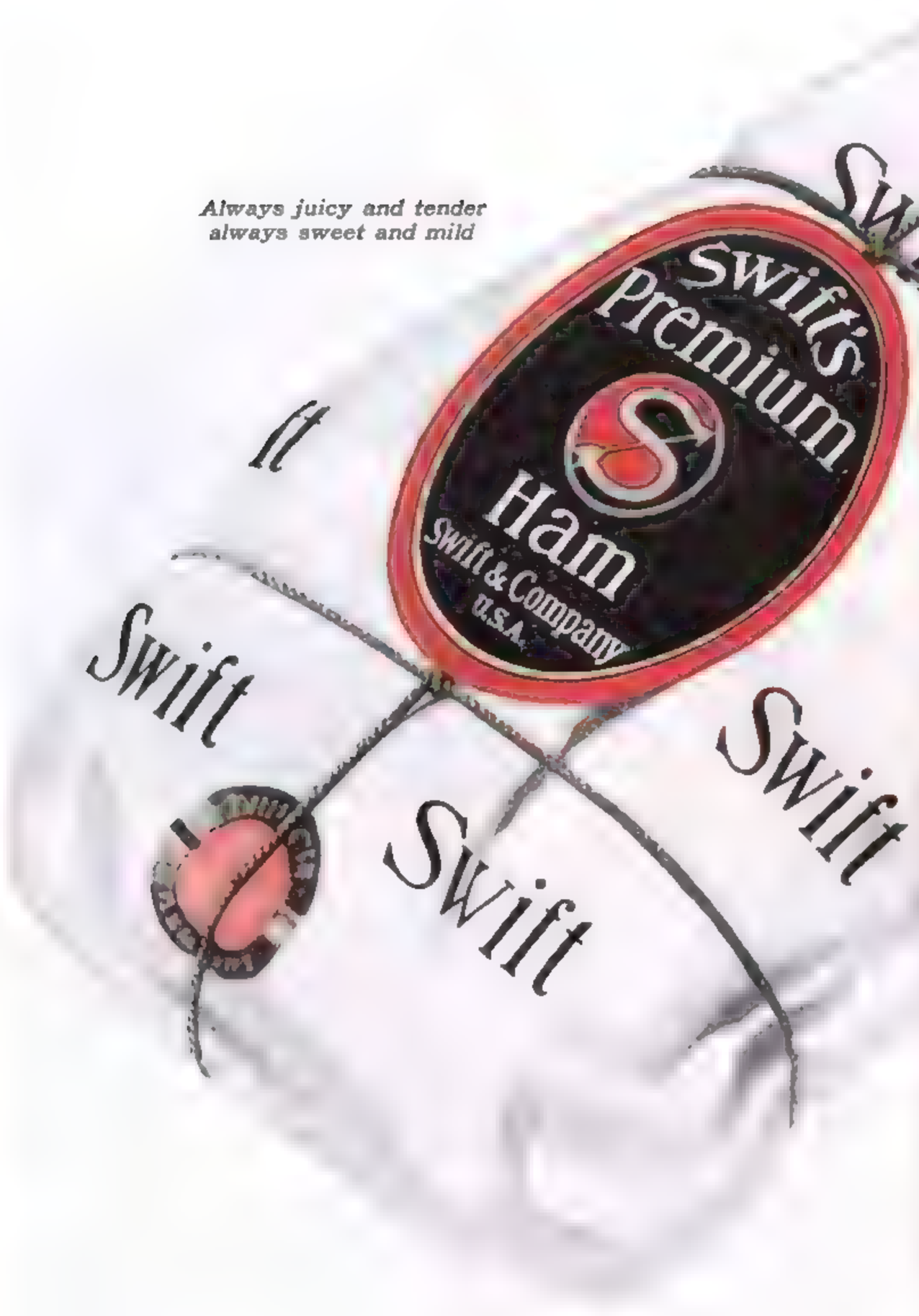
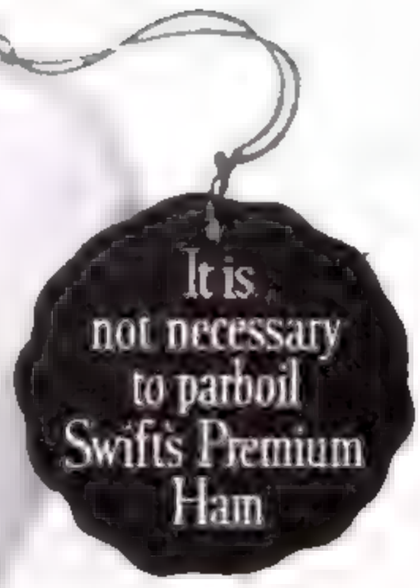


Always juicy and tender always sweet and mild



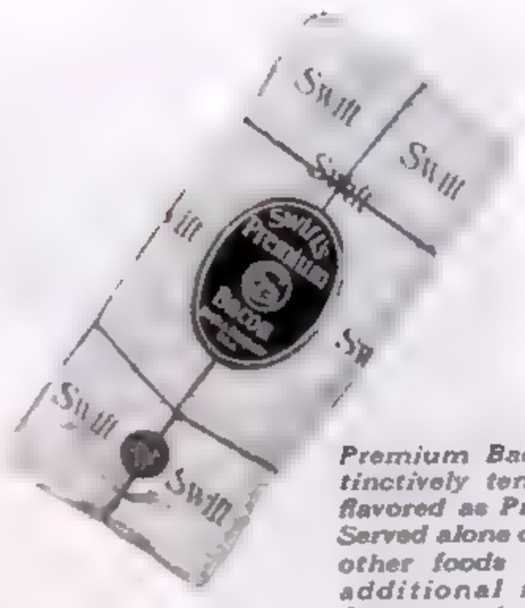
Look for the blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

TO SERVE Premium Ham often is the plan of many a housewife whose family has learned what enjoyment there is in this choice meat—in its sweet, mild flavor; its juicy tenderness.

It is the practice, in such homes, to buy the *whole* ham —not only for the convenience of having plenty on hand, but for the saving in the average cost per pound.

To have the ham cut as shown above, is to enjoy the added advantage of having it ready to cook in a variety of ways: the butt end to bake, the shank end to boil, the center slices to broil or fry.

Swift & Company



Premium Bacon is as distinctively tender and fine-flavored as Premium Ham. Served alone or cooked with other foods to give them additional richness and fine savor, there are so many uses for Premium Bacon that women like to buy it as shown here—a whole piece at a time

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 36)

form and that, in the event of my moving head or hand in my sleep and touching the animal, the member would be thoroughly quilled. This apprehension, however, proved groundless, and if traffic continued across me I slumbered too soundly to be aware of it.

Starting an hour after daybreak, we reached the head of the lake before noon. Hundreds of salmon were banked up at the mouth of two tiny creeks that we passed, some of them still lively. Thousands of spawned-out fish struggled weakly in sloughs and shallows. The shores of the lake and the course of the two little streams had been thoroughly trampled by bears that had been feeding on the salmon. The black bear, with its brown phase, and a subspecies of the Alaskan brown bear both inhabit this region in considerable numbers. We made camp near a deserted trapper's cabin on the south side of the glacier and various members of the party started for the hills.

Major Byrom, Judd and myself headed across a timbered flat at the base of the hills and came out upon the rock rubble at the foot of the glacier, followed upward along its right-hand edge, then climbed a shoulder. A series of deep cross canyons obstructed our course in such swift succession that we climbed and descended two feet for every one gained in a direct line. The precipitous sides were clothed with such dense jungles of brush as to be almost impenetrable. With my glasses I descried a ram feeding on a low point across the glacier, and we presently located several bands of sheep on the slopes of a peak on our side of the ice field, but some five miles removed and cut off by half a dozen cross canyons.

A cold drizzling rain set in and we were soon drenched to the skin. The traveling was tough and I was not sorry when Judd and the major elected to turn back.

Chummy, a Silver Fox, Helps LaVoy Take Motion Pictures of Her Fellows

Siwashing

ARRIVING in camp some two hours after nightfall we found all the others there before us save Captain Stewart. Stewart is tireless, efficient and an excellent hunter; also, it is difficult to sidetrack him when once committed to a course of action. It was the consensus of opinion that he had sighted something worth while and would be in after he had secured it, be that time a day hence or a week. Late the following evening he came in, having killed two rams.

Stewart told me that after locating the game he had traveled on until dark and had spent the night under the last tree at timber line, starting on again at daylight, but that the brush was so dense that he did not get out above it and within range of the rams until midafternoon. He had also taken long-range shots at two different bears. Returning, he had chosen a bare shoulder that led off at an angle and was free of brush for two miles. At its base he found a tiny overnight trapper's cabin and a blazed trap-line trail that led down to the lake. Weeks later this information was of considerable value to me.

Meanwhile the others had sighted several black bears and moose. Sergeant Schmidt shot a big brownie within a few yards of camp the first evening at dusk, knocking the animal down several times, but it eluded him in the down timber. Judd, Pence and myself stayed in camp to help him locate the bear the following morning, forming a line some twenty yards apart and beating through the tangle for two hours. During the search Judd jumped a black bear that steamed past me at high speed.

The major and Lieutenant Bryan decided to go into the sheep country while Captain Stewart was engaged in packing his meat down to the lake, so the rest of us took the dory and moved camp to the mouth of Indian River on the far side of the glacier.

In various circles and in different parts, when one stays away from permanent camp overnight with scant equipment or without it, it is variously said that he bivouacs, coyotes it or lays out: In Alaska it is termed siwashing. Years ago, when hunting bear in Jackson's Hole with Bill Stillson, I heard double shots at thirty-minute intervals in the late afternoon. It could not be Bill, for he had returned to camp, and there was but one other hunting camp in the country, that of Steve Elkins some eight miles across the divide on Skull Creek. It dawned on me that these shots were signals of distress and half an hour after dark I found him, a man who had strayed from Elkins' camp, coatless and without matches, facing a fireless night in a country recently soaked by heavy snow.

He was taking it calmly enough and announced that he had intended to keep up circulation and occupy his mind by finding if there were truth in the rumor that fire might be kindled by rubbing two sticks together. He assured me that he would never do that any more, and in return I assured him that I had taken similar vows myself, that there would be no more siwashing for me, either of the inadvertent variety of getting caught far from camp at night, or of the premeditated sort, where one sets out with scant equipment for an overnight trip. But always a man is chump enough to do that sort of thing over and over again.

An Alaskan White Sheep

It so happened that I was the only one of the party who had hunted sheep, which included Judd, the official boatman and guide, which circumstance did not in the least detract from the fact that he was one of the most satisfactory men of my acquaintance with whom to knock round the woods. Lieutenants Caldwell and Pence were particularly anxious to bag a ram, and while I had just returned from a country in which I had seen several thousand sheep and was not much concerned about getting one myself, I suggested that the four of us take a pack saddle and single blanket apiece, a pocketful of rice, coffee and beans and head for the peaks round the head of Indian River. The proposal was snapped up, so against my better judgment I was once more committed to a night or two of siwashing.

Where Sheep Were Plentiful

THAT evening some of the boys saw five big brownies on the glacial moraine, one of the bears wearing a pelt of bluish cast. The following night found us some eight or nine miles up Indian River, each rolled in a single army blanket, one tarpaulin covering the four of us while a light drizzling rain pattered on our protruding domes.

After a breakfast of rice and coffee we crossed the stream, Pence and Caldwell starting uphill, while Judd and myself followed up the river to a point opposite the recently occupied siwash camp of another party before beginning the ascent, as I was anxious to cross through a pass that led to the North Fork of Indian River, climb the main divide from that side and come down again on the South Fork slope through a country I had viewed with my glasses on the preceding evening, and which was alive with sheep. Before ten o'clock we topped out in the pass. A crater lake, or deep pot hole with no outlet, graced its upper extremity, and a sheep trail led round it. Here I discovered comparatively fresh boot tracks. We crossed through and looked down upon a branch of the North Fork.

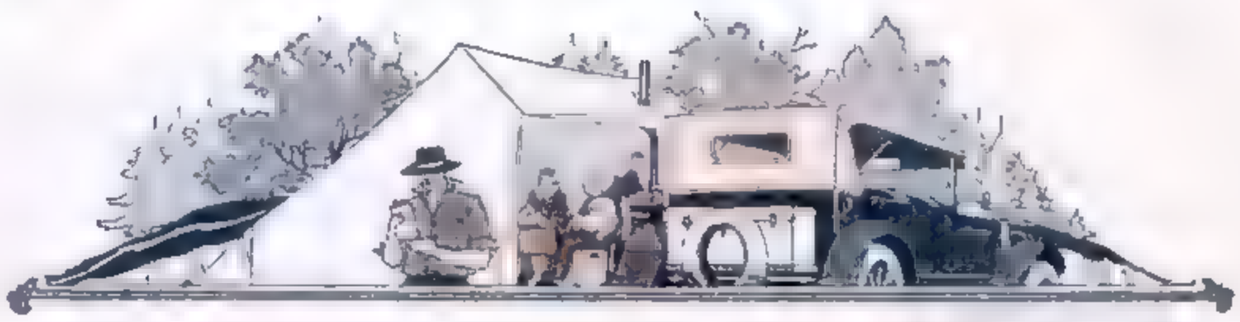
On the hills across I counted over one hundred and fifty head on various rims

(Continued on Page 105)

A Teepee in the Sheep Country

A quart can! Filled with the favorite oil of Automobile Engineers.

A welcome emergency supply. At night. In open country where oil is hard to find.



Two or three Mobiloil quart cans tuck easily under your car seat. Then ··

you need never accept substitutes for genuine Mobiloil when oil is needed unexpectedly. You have—right with you—the oil which is asked for by 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name.

Keep 2 or 3 of the quart cans under your car seat. Then you will be sure of Mobiloil economy *all* of the time.

And in your home garage you will find a 5-gallon tipper can or a 10-gallon drum ready—a great convenience and an economy.

Make this
CHART
your guide

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Ajax	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Apperson 6	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Auburn 6-43, 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" 6-66	A	A	A	A				
" (other mod's)	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Cleveland 31	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Davis	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Diana	A	Arc	A	Arc.				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Doris	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Duesenberg	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6-45	A	A	A	A				
" 6-50, 6-60			Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Federal WB3 X2, X5 X6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other mod's)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Federal Knight	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.		
Flint 80	Arc	Arc.						
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	F	E	E	F	E	E	E
F W D	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford 1½ 1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner 8	A	Arc	A	Arc.				
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Gray	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Haynes					A	Arc.	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
International ½ ton			A	A				
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc.				
Jordan 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Kissel 6	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Lexington Concord	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.				
" (other mod's)			A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
McFarlan 8	A	Arc						
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Oldsmobile 8							A	A
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Packard Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Page-Paxton	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless 80	A	Arc						
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Portuat	A	Arc						
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Rickenbacker	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Stutz 8	A	A						
" 6			A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Velie-Pass	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
White 15 20 20-D	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills St. Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc.	B	Arc
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	A	Arc				

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

THE MAN YOU LEFT BEHIND YOU

THAT EAGER YOUNG FELLOW. Hopeful, buoyant, tireless! What has become of him?

He was a world-beater, that young fellow. An inspiration. Anybody would like to have him around—for life. Where did you lose him?

Some time, during the last ten or twenty or thirty years, he said goodbye to you. What made him do it?

Did you treat him badly? Did you forget that in spite of his stamina he was only human—that he had a heart, and nerves, and a stomach?

We all have to age some time, but the tragedy of the average American is that he grows old too soon. *Physically* old. He works hard. When he tires, he drives himself with stimulants, drawing on his reserve energy instead of creating new energy by sensible habits of living.

Sometimes he goes to pieces. More often he drags along, just able to meet the demands of everyday existence, with no ability to enjoy life.

Yet thousands of other men remain young in body and mind—men who do fully as much work—men who had no better physical equipment at the beginning. They take care of themselves.

We suggest an easy way to eliminate one recognized form of abuse: Avoid caffein—the artificial stimulant that is perhaps most widely used. You can do it easily! Drink Postum. A delicious beverage, made of roasted wheat and bran. A drink that *contributes*, instead of tearing down.

Try Postum for thirty days, as a test. You can see, by that time, what it means to be free from drug stimulation. You can judge the effect on your nerves, your sleep, your digestion. *Then* make your decision as to the future. Isn't that a fair proposition?

It may not be too late to bring back "the man you left behind you"—that vigorous young fellow who used to be *you*. He should have been good for sixty years at least, if he had been treated right. See what you can do to coax him back to life!

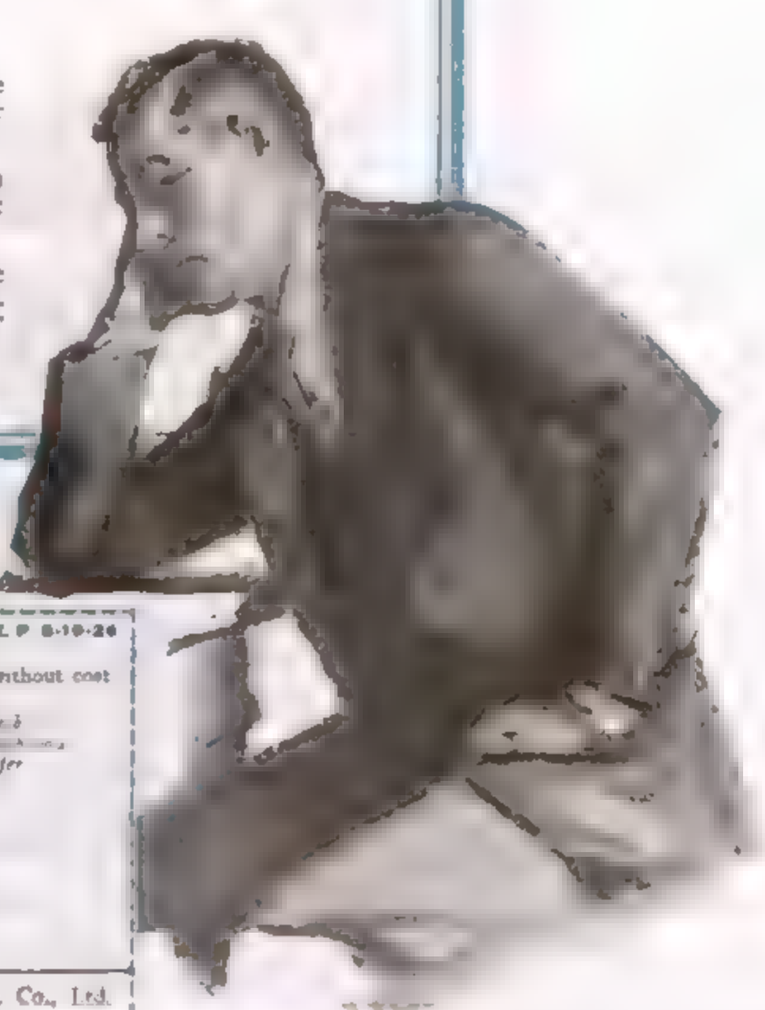
Carrie Blanchard, who has the reputation of preparing the best Postum in the world, makes you this special offer:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer:

"To start you on the thirty-day test, I will send one week's supply of Postum, free, and my own directions for preparing it.

"Or, if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."



Postum is one of the Post Health Products [illegible] Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Chocolate [illegible] made with cup [illegible] water is one of the easiest drinks to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

P—S. E. P. 6-19-26

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I would like to try Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ *Check*

POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) ☐ *prefer*

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Plupy Becomes a Distinguished Amateur Upon the E Flat Alto

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MONDAY, April 19, 186—gosh, what do you think. tonight after supper father went down town. I wanted to go with him becaus it is always fun to go down town with father. evrybody is glad to see him and call him George and evrybody whitch is smart or whitch thinks he is smart always trys to goke with father and gets the wirst of it evry time for father always has an anser reddy. but nobody ever gets mad with father but laffs jest as loud as he can becaus fathers ansers are so funny and come so quick. so when father gets the best of a feller the feller always tells the other fellers, jest lissen to what George Shute sed to me. so i am always proud of father.

then he goes into the stores and bys things and gokes with the men whitch keeps the store and maiks them nig down on their prices and they ack as if they was glad to so long as father comes in and gokes with them.

but this time father told me i coodent go but must stay at home and study on my arithmetic. then he sed peraps you had better not come enny way becaus evrybody will be asking me about your drinking that glass of soft sope and he sed he shood recommend old Charles Merrill and old Dr. Dearborn and old Charles Goodwin to advertize sum sope bubble sody water and it maid me sick to think of it. you know old doctor Deerborn was the drugest whitch invented Doctor Deerborns family salve, old Charles Goodwin invented Goodwins Grand Grease juice and Goodwins oil of ice and Goodwins greeting beer and he is always looking out for sumthing new. he is a poit two and when he invented greeting beer he sed it was better becaus it wasent maid in lead pipes and all other kinds of beer was dangerous and mite kill peeple whitch drank it and so he maid up a poim whitch he put in the Exeter News Letter and whitch sed

lest lead lead thee to thy bier
let not lead lead to thee thy beer
try Goodwins greeting beer
and you'll never need to feer.

well so I thougt peraps i wood jest as soon stay at home and have Cele do my xamples and xplane them to me. so i sed all rite and father went down town. well jest after the 9 oh clock bell had rang father come in with a bundle rapped up in brown paper. well what do you think it was. sumthing i have been wanting ever since i was big enuf to know ennything. you never cood gess enny better then you cood gess my nicknaim, the last one i had.

well it was a alto horn. a brass one. father got it of Frank Hirvey whitch keeps the resturent under the methydist chirch nex to old Gnatt Weaks store. Frank Hirvey usted to play in the Exeter Cornet band in the war. and he kep his horn but dident play mutch after he got home from the war. only he played once or twice in the fare and cattle show.

it was all rite father sed only sum one had set on it and had kind of squashed it but he had bent it back into shaip. there was sum cracks in it but father sed that Frank sed i cood stop up the cracks with shoe maikers wax and it wood be most as good as new. father sed that if i wood go over to the resturent sum time when Frank wasent bizzy he wood teech me how to blow the horn. I know sumthing about it becaus I have wached the band fellers do it.

if you put the hoal mouthpeace into your mouth and blow it you cant maik enny sound and the harder you blow the less sound you maik. but if you put the mouthpeace up against your mouth with your lips almost together but not quite and say tu into it you will maik a toot. then if you push down the valves with your fingers and push the rite ones you can maik the notes of the tune you want to play.

well i tride to blow it the rite way but I coodent maik it blow but that was becaus there was sum cracks in it. i cood see them but i dident have enny shoe maikers wax and so i coodent stop them up. i asted mother if i cood have sum of the bread doe that she had set out in a pan to rise covered with a peace of flanel but she sed it wood spoil the doe to tuch it and i cood wait until tomorow and get sum shoe maikers wax of mister Stacy. so i took it up to my room when i went to bed and marched up and down the room with it jest as if i was in the Exeter Cornet Band with Bruce Briggum and Gus Tole and old Robinson and Bill Hogsdon and Peliky Tiltons father and his unkles.

Tuesday, April 20, 186—Today i got up befoar father went to Boston and et breckfast with him and after breckfast i got sum bristol brick and shined up my alto horn. bristol brick is what father and mother rubbed me with when that man whitch had a tent show at the fair painted me up as a wild man of Bornio. i shall never forget it. ferst they scrubbed me with sope and then with bristol brick until i was most skined alive and then they wood greace me and let me go a day. then they wood rub me with sea sand until i was jest one big pimpel and it was 10 days befoar i was white enuf to go to school.

so i used the bristol brick and i tell you i maid that horn shine like a cats ey in the dark. but i coodent blow it. this noon after dinner and befoar school in the afternoon and for 2 cents i got of mister Stacy the shoe maiker a ball of wax as big as a eg. so i put it in my briches pocket and went to school. well tonite after school i went home to fix my alto horn and when i got there what do you think. i coodent get that ball of wax out of my pocket. it had melted jest enuf to stick to my briches pocket and when i tirned my pocket inside out i coodent pull it away from the cloth. bimeby mother come with a pair of sizzors and i pulled and she clipped until finaly I got it out. then when i tride to put it down i coodent becaus it stuck to my hands so. first i wood pull it from my rite hand with my left and then i had to pull it away from my left hand with my rite

(Continued on Page 169)

After Supper Father He Set Down in the Rocking Chair and Read the Paper and I Practised on My Horn, But Not Very Long

The Secret of Charming Room Effects

MORE and more women are discovering that the secret of restful and charming room effects is not a question of expense but merely a matter of the proper use of color.

For example, too many colors make some rooms seem almost hopeless. Here a striking improvement can usually be effected simply by bringing the colors of walls and floor-covering into harmony.

Or take a room that is dull, perhaps a trifle depressing. Obviously the cure is to introduce brighter colors.

As Anne Lewis Pierce shows you in "COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME" (*the free booklet offered below*), almost any room can be wonderfully improved by a few inexpensive changes in the color scheme.

That is where Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are such a help. Created by master designers, they offer appropriate colorings and patterns for every room.

And the fact that these truly low priced rugs are waterproof, non-spotting; cleaned in a twinkling with a damp mop, and lie flat without fastening . . well, is it any wonder women who can afford more expensive floor-coverings are buying Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs?

See the new patterns at your dealer's. Sizes from handy mats to 9 x 15 foot room size rugs.

JUST consider these two pictures. This bungalow living room has a restful and hospitable look in spite of its severe furniture and bare construction. Largely because the colors of the wall and the *Gold Seal* Art-Rug harmonize.

A different idea, however, in the kitchen. That quaintly designed blue rug contrasting with the deep cream walls and porcelain white furnishings livens the color scheme and chases away every hint of humdrum dullness.

And so throughout the house, *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs beautify and decorate with the magic of their charming colors.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

THIS GOLD SEAL, guaranteeing "Satisfaction or Your Money Back," is the mark of the labor-saving floor-covering with the longest, and most firmly established reputation for quality and durability. For nearly fifteen years Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs have proved their ability to give complete satisfaction. Look for this Gold Seal on the rugs you buy. You will find it pasted on the face of the pattern.

Two Pattern Suggestions

"CEYLON," the name of the pattern in the bungalow, perfectly characterizes the authentic Oriental quality of this interesting *Gold Seal* Art-Rug No. 564. That Delft Blue tile pattern above with its quaint windmill border is as pretty a kitchen floor-covering as ever you've seen. It is *Gold Seal* Rug No. 594.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

FREE—an Interesting Handbook on Home Beautifying

"Color Magic in the Home" by Anne Lewis Pierce tells *how women with no professional decorating experience can work out charming room effects easily and inexpensively. Let it help you beautify your home—send this coupon today.*

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Please send me a copy of Anne Lewis Pierce's booklet.

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YOU'RE ON THE AIR

By Graham McNamee in Collaboration With Robert Gordon Anderson

AS EACH new assignment in broadcasting requires a new sort of treatment, so football, as it came along, had to be handled quite differently from the other sports. Anyone who has ever attended a gridiron game and tried to pick out football, play and player, from an entangled mass of twenty-two young men who are trying to mask their maneuvers, can realize something of the problem presented. That we have been able to broadcast each step of the big games has seemed to some of our correspondents almost miraculous. At the risk of losing something of a reputation for magic, I will explain how it is done.

The applause microphones are stationed around the field as at other sports events, and the speaking microphones are somewhere high up in the stands. Here we work in pairs, either Phillips Carlin, my radio twin, or myself sitting before the mike and the other three feet away, with a telephone circuit of that length between us. The one announcing has a telephone receiver at his ear, the other has the transmitter and over this three-foot pick-up he can talk to the announcer without disturbing the broadcasting.

Before the game we have decided on the duties to which each will attend; and after the usual introductory description of setting and crowd has been given and the game is under way, the man at the mike watches each play as it gets in motion and tells the audience the type of the play, the direction in which it starts and where it winds up; in short, what it succeeds or fails in doing.

The other, meanwhile, looks with his field glasses for the number on the back of the player starting the run or making the forward or kick, also the numbers of any other players directly concerned in the maneuver—the tacklers, the receiver of the forward, the catcher of the punt, or perhaps someone who has knocked the forward down or figured effectively in the interference. He then refers to a little card which lists all these numbers with the names of the wearers, and over the three-foot telephone circuit gives the names to the announcer in whispers so as not to jumble up the announcing. All the announcer has to do is to mix this information in with his talk, casually, as if he had just thought of it. But all the observation must be quick and accomplished with great speed.

Sometimes we alternate, reversing our duties, but usually where the announcers work in pairs it will be found that one is quicker at analysis. Carlin, for instance, is much more skillful in the work of identifying the players than I, while I prefer the actual description and announcing. After the game is over one of us sums up, giving the high lights and turning points of each period.

Running Comments on Great Runs

AS THE season progresses and more games are broadcast, gradually we grow more familiar with the numbers of the men on the big teams and so do not need to refer so often to that little card. That 77 of Red Grange and 7 of Jake Slagle, for example, stood out pretty clearly after a while, and recurred so often in the reports that we began to wonder if 7 wasn't after all a rather lucky number. But they were sweet players, those boys, and there was another great player who wore 11—a great combination the three would make for shooting craps.

Some teams were, of course, harder to follow than others, not merely because of their way of masking plays but because of the very numerals chosen. Princeton was kind to us and the spectators, using, as a rule, low figures—3, 5, 7, and so on; but her ancient rival, Yale, for the sake of confusing her opponents, ran higher up the scale; and it was sometimes difficult to pick out her 35's, 49's and 27's. On the gridiron, however, it didn't seem to work out quite that way last fall. It wasn't so easy for Yale to get hold of Princeton's easy numbers as it was for Princeton to get hold of Yale's harder ones.

There are side lights on the game that many might overlook, but which the experienced broadcaster should note in his descriptions to his audience. One that I found not only interesting but significant was in this same Princeton-Yale football game last fall. I refer to the practice before the kick-off.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, In Coat—Claudia Muzio

At the very beginning, as soon as the men came out on the field and the coaches and assistant coaches tossed them footballs, we observed that Roper, the Princeton coach, did not start his men falling on the ball as do most coaches, but, instead, gave them practice in catching it on the bound. This was wise, I thought, and was largely responsible for Princeton's noted skill in handling loose balls. Once the body starts to fall on the ball, it cannot swerve or readily change its course, and that leather oval can bounce in almost any direction. But the hands, moving faster than the body, can change their direction swiftly and more often retrieve the elusive leather. All such details prove of absorbing interest in any radio broadcasting.

At most of these games the speaking microphones were placed at the top of the stand; but in the Army-Navy game we chose a unique spot, in the room behind the baseball score board. Behind this is a runboard a few feet wide and about forty long. Here we stood, placing the microphone in one of the little windows through which the score boys hand out the runs and ciphers in summer, and were much more fortunate, sheltered as we were, than the spectators freezing in the high-priced seats. Some of our friends got wind of it, however—indeed, I never realized we had so many friends—and in half an hour the place was so crowded with these acquaintances who were suffering with cold feet that we could hardly work.

A broadcaster, of course, cannot be present at more than a few big games, and in recalling his memories must necessarily overlook many very fine plays. But of those that I saw in the 1925 season two stand out most prominently in my mind—Harry Wilson's run in the Army-Yale game for eighty yards to a touchdown, and Jake Slagle's of eighty-four yards in the game between Yale and Princeton. The latter was the more spectacular, for it was made through the entire team. It all happened so quickly that it was hard to broadcast.

I saw them line up, Slagle take the ball, then disappear somewhere in the line, or rather mob, of players. Then, no one knows how, he eluded them one by one, dodging some, when there was every reason to expect that they would tackle him and none that he would get free, straight-arming others; then, reversing his field, he finally got clear of all but one Yale tackler.

A Star Steals the Limelight

IT WAS a pretty sight, that and the rest of it, viewed from where we stood, and very thrilling. For with a lead of but a few feet over his pursuer, he raced down the field past the white chalk lines toward the goal, and all we could do was to shout, "He's at the fifty-yard line, forty, thirty-five," and so on. And here was the most exciting thing about it: He looked back over his shoulder at his pursuer several times. It was a dangerous thing to do, but that worried movement gave a wonderful thrill of suspense to the watching spectators. Then finally he tumbled over the goal line in a heap. It was a marvelous play.

In other games I had not been quite fair to Slagle, feeling and telling our listeners in our analyses of the games that he was a great man against weak teams but only fair against strong ones. After seeing that run and a score of other admirable plays he made during this contest I had to reverse my opinion. Fortunately I had the opportunity not only of acknowledging this to the fans but to Slagle himself in an interview that night. After I had made my apology to the little fellow—I call him that, for his 160 pounds is, after all, pretty light against big teams—he just smiled bashfully and got very red. He could scarcely stammer out a reply. There are many things a broadcaster learns, but not the least important one is that those who achieve greatness in any line, whether singing, statesmanship or football, almost invariably are modest. It's the little or, at best, the near-great in whom the quality is lacking. Which, as the old after-dinner speakers used to say, reminds me: There was one side light at the game which showed this opposite tendency in rather an amusing fashion. She was a motion-picture actress of considerable fame and fortune, clad in a very new and gorgeous sable coat worth many thousands of dollars. And she chose a particularly exciting moment of the game to leave her seat in the lowest tier of the stand and start up the steps madly as if in search of something. When she reached the top near us she didn't look for anything at all; just turned and, like some model in a fashion show, leisurely and with the utmost disdain sauntered back to her seat. But she had achieved her object, stealing the limelight from those twenty-two young men struggling on the gridiron below. Instead of following the ball, every eye in the vicinity followed that sable coat and the mascaraed eyes above it. It was a well-timed, though questionable, bit of showmanship; and I know we at the mike had hard work in following Dignan's good run and Sturhahn's great tackle and reporting them properly.

That year also brought a rather unusual assignment, in which I was on the air with a vengeance. It was the first broadcasting from the dirigible Los Angeles.

I received my commission from the office rather late in the day, caught a train after midnight and reached the starting point, Lakehurst, New Jersey, about three o'clock in the morning. I should have turned in immediately so as to be fresh for my duties, but was too excited and curious to go to bed; for there stood the hangar, a huge contraption in which could have been tucked the Woolworth Building if you laid it on end; and its skeleton of iron girders and scantlings, covered with glass and brilliantly

Louise Homer

illuminated, furnished an extraordinary spectacle in the darkness.

The Los Angeles was not inside; the hangar housed the ill-fated Shenandoah, and at once I looked around for our craft. She was moored to her mast, about half a mile away, floating 200 feet in the air, and looked like the cigar in bright tin foil to which she has often been compared, but not so big a smoke as I had expected.

However, I had lost my sense of perspective and, with it, my judgment of distance; and as I plowed over the plain, often stumbling over some stubble, since I kept my eye fixed on that bright object in mid-air, I found she was much farther away than I had reckoned. When I came near her and she loomed up far above me, I found that she was big enough; in fact, almost as huge as the hangar. And if that had furnished a magnificent spectacle, the airship herself now surpassed it. Her crew was already aboard; and, brilliantly illuminated by her own lights and by others playing on her from below, she no longer looked like a cigar in a bright tin-foil wrapper, but rather like some long-nosed dolphin of perfect shape and gleaming scales, or a vast shallop sent down from heaven all gold and silver against the black background of night.

Finally—about five in the morning, I think it was—I decided to turn in, and wandered back to the hangar where, after having half a dozen bayonets thrust against my stomach, my credentials were at last recognized, and an officer very courteously yielded up his bunk and I had a nap of about two hours.

Early in the morning the distinguished guests arrived—Dwight F. Davis, now Secretary of War, the Du Ponts from Delaware, Rear Admirals Moffett and Jones, and college presidents and business men of note. We did not ascend the mooring mast to board the airship, but waited while the crew aloft worked her down with her engines from the height of about 200 feet, at which she had been floating, to about 100 feet above the ground. From here the crew let down several huge ropes, and a gang of about 300 hands stationed below fastened spiders to these and dragged her down to within a few inches of the ground. Then the ropes were coiled up and stowed somewhere forward in the hull and we were ordered aboard.

Getting a Broadcaster Up in the Air

UNTIL we were given directions we could not, of course, guess where we were to be stationed. There was the great hull, 658 feet long and 92 feet in width, or beam, and under it, well forward, was the car, or gondola, built to house the navigating officers and passengers. It was into this car that we were guided by the officers.

The nose of this car was well glassed in for observation and equipped with steering apparatus, sextants, maps, levers, compasses, instruments for determining the drift of the wind, and other devices needed in navigating the ship. Here our guides took their places, while we sat behind them in comfortable Pullmanlike seats, well lighted by windows. Back of us, as we later discovered, was a third compartment, a galley, from which a meal was brought us at noon, exquisitely served.

But long before noon we were under way, and so steady was the rise of the ship that we were many hundred feet in the air when some of the passengers exclaimed, "Why, we've started!"

As we rose to a height of several thousand feet I kept poking my head out of the window, with some kind passenger hanging onto my coat tails so I wouldn't disappear all of a sudden. Below us lay a wonderful prospect. Everything on the surface was almost as well defined as on a map, the outlines of fields, roads and rivers seeming beautifully clear-cut. The varying hues, too, were magnificent—the light tan of winding roads, the chocolate brown of the newly plowed fields, the pale green of springing rye,

Lea Luboshutz

the gold of the early maturing crops and the deep emerald of the copses and bits of woodland. Cities and villages were quaintly dwarfed, and as for the animate objects, they looked both tiny and humorously flat. People and horses were without legs, wagons and cars minus wheels, and all looked like potato bugs or little flat-backed beetles, not walking or whirling, but crawling along.

Shortly after embarking we were allowed, one by one, to make a tour of inspection of the ship. Now before the voyage I had thought that the hull itself was filled with the helium gas, and would never have dreamed of entering it for fear of asphyxiation. But when we climbed into it through a little connecting door cut in the shell, I saw men swarming all over this vast interior, and found that the gas was contained in fourteen exceedingly light bags, all hanging above the medial line, leaving plenty of head room.

I was informed also that if nine of these bags should for any reason burst, the remaining five would be sufficient to keep the ship afloat until a safe landing could be made.

The great hull itself seemed very light, almost fragile in fact, being constructed of ribs of an alloy composed of copper, manganese and aluminum, and covered over with delicate silk fabric. Yet there was no swaying of the various parts and everything seemed taut, shipshape and rigid.

Under the suspended bags of helium and on each side of the beam were several 150-gallon tanks of fuel for the engines, also bunks for the men and a well-equipped officers' cabin.

(Continued on Page 74)

Graham McNamee, at the Microphone, With Phillips Carlin Watching the Army-Notre Dame Football Game at the Yankee Stadium

New Hupmobile Six 2 Passenger Coupe

Happy union of surpassing beauty with the practical and efficient

For the woman who wants a car for her very own—smart elegance, good taste, grace, and superlative ease and safety in handling. For the man who daily drives his car in business as relentlessly as he drives himself, the time-proven Hupmobile appetite for punishment, and the finest six-cylinder performance brought down from high-cost levels. See this car and ask yourself where you would look for its equal.

of Special Interest

Velvety Duco finish—green below, with black upper body
Double bead with gold stripe
Seat 47 inches wide—ample for three persons. Rumble seat for two additional passengers. Rumble cushions removable if you need all the storage space.
Rear window can be lowered for chumminess and ventilation.
Upholstery in hand-crushed leather or velour as you choose
Locks for golf bag door at side and for rear deck cover.
Clear vision body, with special vision-ventilating windshield. Oil filter, gasoline filter, dash gasoline gauge, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, rear signal light, snubbers, four-wheel brakes and balloon tires of course.

HUPMOBILE SIX

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, $1385. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385. Touring, five-passenger, $1325. Equipment includes 30 by 5.25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

BIG-CITY BURIED TREASURE

By Boyden Sparkes

SOMEWHERE on a hill in Sicily dwells in perfect comfort and security, except for such discomfort as attends an occasional mild attack of indigestion, one who shall be called Tony Malfaldi. The story of Tony Malfaldi's return to his native heath, of his purchase of that hill, with its rich drapery of green and purple vines and its stone mansion that before his day of luck had sheltered many of noble blood, has become a legend that is often told in the meeting hall of House Wreckers Union, Local 95, on the East Side of New York City. Always it ends with an account of Tony Malfaldi's successful courtship of the person of flashing teeth, velvety black eyes and alluring rondure who was the belle of the village that snuggles at the foot of Tony Malfaldi's hill.

True it is that a legend is supposed to be a time-hallowed thing, while only three years have elapsed since Tony Malfaldi paid his union dues for the last time and sailed for the old country. Indulgence is craved with respect to this one, though, because the men of House Wreckers Union, Local 95, who are inspired by this legend, spend their working time altering the face of New York so that every day countless persons, bewildered by the changes these men have wrought, exclaim with a wonder like that of Rip Van Winkle after his awakening. Therefore it is fitting, out of regard for the way they make time seem to fly, that their union-hall gossip should be promoted quickly to the dignity of a legend.

What they say about Tony Malfaldi, or rather what they believe about him, is a partial explanation of the puzzling circumstance that these men persist in gaining a livelihood in a pursuit where bread and butter are earned in the presence of danger so great that ——

The House Wreckers on the Job

INSURANCE actuaries, tabulating the causes of death according to occupation, have discovered there are certain employments in which the likelihood of long survival is so slim that those engaged in these pursuits are distinguished by being placed in an insurance-rate classification which is termed for convenience R. N. A. These initials signify that the designated occupation represents for most insurance companies a risk that is not acceptable. Baldly stated, it means that the chance for long-continued mortal existence of the average worker engaged in one of these fields is of that sort which persons less formal than insurance actuaries would classify, ironically, as fat.

In this aristocracy of hazard are such workers as submarine divers, caisson workers, the washers of skyscraper windows, certain participants in the manufacture of high explosives and those dare-devils among house wreckers who are called barmen because their work is done with a crowbar. In contrast with these occupations, aviation, service in the marines and prize fighting are innocuous.

Tony Malfaldi was a barman. Eight hours every week day he toiled in the midst of dangers as menacing as those which confront the pearl diver, the city fire fighter struggling with a stubborn blaze or the gold seeker in a frozen wilderness. If risking life and limb is the essence of adventure, Tony Malfaldi was an adventurer. Sometimes his work took him ten or twelve stories up on the sheer walls of those unroofed corridors of New York that have been called canyons so many times that the amazingly apt characterization has become trite. Tony climbed to these heights only after many business men had engaged in stern deals, after these business men had determined to erect more modern structures on the sites of antiquated office buildings that were called ultramodern only a score of years ago. Tony climbed in response to that law of physics which rules that two bodies may not occupy the same space simultaneously. Before a new and larger structure can be erected, the old one must be cleared away, ripped apart, brick from brick, steel girders from supporting columns, concrete from its skeleton of rods.

It was not a skyscraper upon which Tony was engaged on this day three years ago that is still the cause of gossip in the meeting hall of the House Wreckers Union. It was, instead, one of those brownstone-front dwellings that are more often, nowadays, the shells of boarding houses than the homes of the well-to-do families that caused them to be built—structures without architectural grace, with inside bathrooms lighted originally by gas and ventilated by dark shafts. The plans of the interiors vary, although not much, but the pattern of the exteriors is almost as faithfully followed by all as the lines of the hulls of fabricated steel ships were like one another in the days of wartime quantity production.

This house stood, according to the legend, in Sixty-sixth Street, and an abstract of its title would have revealed as many owners in that chain as mark the descent of a horse from the race track to the shafts of a cab in the vicinity of Central Park.

Windows and doors had been removed from this old house, which was one of three that were being demolished to make room for an apartment house in which could be hived four or five times as many tenants at a vastly greater rental. There remained only the shell of the upper part of the house. Junkmen had carried off the plumbing fixtures, the electric wiring and most of the piping.

Helpers who are to barmen as squires were to knights of old stood in a choking fog of lime dust in what had been a second-floor bedroom, cleaning bricks as fast as they were prized out of the wall where they had been embedded for more than fifty years. Tony Malfaldi was one of the barmen engaged in this undertaking. Stabbing his crowbar into the soft mortar that filled the interstices between bricks, he worked it backward and forward with quick, skilled movements that wasted none of his energy and never seemed to threaten his balance, in spite of the fact that the bricks he dislodged were the platform on which he stood.

Over the sidewalk below Tony Malfaldi, a protective bridge had been constructed to shelter pedestrians from any bricks that might fall outward. Always on the opposite side of the street the curbstone was lined with curious folks—messenger boys, chauffeurs, doctors, lawyers, actresses, maybe; or ladies' maids, out-of-town buyers, a sampling of the throngs that were constantly passing. The sight of men working with their hands has in it a fascination for a portion of any New York crowd so strong that the clang and roar of manual labor is sure of an audience when melodramas are going into storage for lack of them.

Tony was concerned with neither his audience nor his helpers, most of whom were Russians or Poles with whom his only kinship was the numbered card in his pocket which attested that his union dues were paid. A blue bandanna with polka dots was knotted about the throat of Tony and drawn in the fashion of a highwayman's improvised mask up to the bridge of his nose, so that his nostrils and mouth were spared from much of the dust that arose from his efforts. His overalls were thick with the deposit of this dust.

Then Tony's steel bar struck something that was not brick, something that rang as an equal to the clang of his bar. He had struck a slab of metal. Another thrust of the bar impelled with the muscular pythons that writhed in Tony's arms and shoulders sheered away a slab of plaster wall and figured paper. Then, as the dust eddied off with a breeze for a vehicle, Tony saw that he had uncovered a concealed safe, or rather an old-fashioned strong box, that had been sealed in the wall.

What Tony Found in the Iron Box

THE idling spectators across the street saw only what they thought of as a wop displaying unusual activity on behalf of his employer. The helpers were too thickly ensphered in the nebulæ that arose from their brick cleaning to see anything more than two yards beyond their own hands. Tony was practically alone with his conscience.

If you are inclined to be censorious, before you judge Tony Malfaldi place yourself in fancy alone upon that wall with a safe uncovered by your effort, as much a find as if you had stumbled upon it in a forest. Fancy yourself also perpetually chained by economic circumstance to a crowbar on a tottering wall which you had to crumble beneath your own feet. Fancy your throat always rasped in the clutch of lime dust, and then ask yourself if you would summon the nearest policeman to take charge of your find—or, what is even less likely, if you would call to an employer whom you regarded, however unjust your opinion, as an alien slave driver.

This is what Tony Malfaldi did: He squatted on the wall and examined the strong box. When he saw that it was held closed by a corroded padlock, he grinned and drove his bar through the generously formed hasp. Standing on top of the iron box, he tugged sharply twice and heard the lock snap. Then he raised the lid. For several minutes thereafter Tony Malfaldi was engaged in stuffing things inside his shirt, into the capacious pocket that was formed above his waistband by the leather strap he wore as a belt. When the box was empty, Tony, breathing quickly in a manner that made his nostrils lift and fall noticeably, scrambled down from the wall and made his way to the street.

There the timekeeper, brother of the boss wrecker, demanded why he was leaving the job.

"Me seek." And Tony wrapped more tightly the clutch he had taken about his midriff. It was a gesture so full of realism that, made in competition with amateur actors, it would have won him a place in the cast of any little-theater group in the country.

Tony was back on his wall within an hour, but before he prized out so much as a single brick he distributed a handful of money among his coworkers, who grinned as they watched him heave the broken padlock down the dirt chute and then yell for the wrecking boss to come and see the empty box he had found.

What it was that Tony Malfaldi found in that box I do not know. As the story is repeated in the meeting hall of the union of house wreckers, the value of his find has become fabulous. Some say it was a bundle of government bonds. Some say the box was piled neatly with golden double eagles. Others are equally positive that the cache was one of jewels, the forgotten

The New Governor, Who Used to Belong to the Pick and Shovel Gang, Breaks Ground for a New Public Building

(Continued on Page 48

How far do you intend to drive *your* CAR?

Nearly any automobile today will give you good results for the first 10,000 miles. That's the reason for the general impression that "almost any car is a good car today".

But before you buy another motor car, compare your experience as an owner to that of some friend of yours who owns a Buick.

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Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

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When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

The Better BUICK

(Continued from Page 46)

storehouse of some Gerald Chapman or city-dwelling Jesse James of the 80's. Those who tell and those who listen are not especially interested in that unidentified miser; but they are deeply interested in the certainty that somewhere in New York City, hidden in other walls that will, perhaps tomorrow, perhaps next year, be thrown down by their bars, are other forgotten caches of wealth. They are as deeply interested in the microscopic chance that they may have the luck of Tony Malfaldi as are race-track followers in the chance that some day they may have their bet down on the long, long shot when that nag of fortune romps home in front. They are as hopeful as desert rats who year in and year out pursue their hunt for fabulous gold mines that elude them as mischievously as the mirages that float colorfully above their horizon.

This, then, is a partial explanation of the puzzling circumstance that these men, the house wreckers, persist in gaining a livelihood in a pursuit where bread and butter are earned under conditions that insurance actuaries deem often constitute a risk not acceptable. The house wreckers, like all of us, are fortune hunters.

Tony Malfaldi has gone back to the old country, but in New York City the story of his luck lives to thrill his successors. It is as much of an influence in speeding up the work of sweeping antiquated structures out of the paths of progress as is the story of Dick Whittington. That tale, we all know, stiffens the backbones of country boys who contemplate lonely treks to the city in search of that which Tony gained; and that, after all, for most of us is merely the wherewithal to return in splendor to that same place from which we start.

There were seventeen house wreckers killed, or injured so badly that they died later, in New York City last year. According to the records of their union, more than 300 others of this company, which numbers only about 2000, were injured seriously enough to require relief from the union funds.

So many men are injured by having bricks dropped on their heads that the obvious safety device that suggests itself is the trench helmet; but house wreckers scorn them as effeminate, just as bridge builders scorn the safety belts that would tie them securely to their lofty perches. But even a full suit of sixteenth-century armor would not protect the house wrecker from all the hazards that confront him, unless his equipment also included a device for nullifying the law of gravitation.

Just a few weeks ago a barman, working six stories above Canal Street in New York, tucked the end of his bar between the pediment of a window and the adjoining pier. He tugged with all his might as he stood there in the opening in the wall, and suddenly his bar slipped out of the crack into which he had forced it. He turned over twice in his downward plunge and then crashed onto the bridge over the sidewalk. He was dead when his mates reached his side.

On the same job two weeks later, when the last brick had been carted away, another barman, dismantling that sidewalk bridging, lost his balance while taking down a timber. He fell only eight or nine feet, but his skull struck the sharp edge of a foundation stone lying on the pavement and he, too, was dead when they picked him up.

Some of them, though, show a catlike tenacity to life. One man who plunged from the sixth story of a midtown New York wrecking job this year threw his bar from him as he began to fall, wrapped his arms about his head, drew up his legs until he was like a ball. He, too, fell on that sidewalk bridge that saves pedestrians more pain than they realize. Providence must have intervened for this man. He was dazed but conscious when the ambulance arrived. Three days later, when the building had been reduced to a five-story affair, he returned to work.

Where it Rains Bricks and Stones

SOME of the hours of the house wrecker's day are as fiendish as if they were spent in a climate where it rained bricks and even heavier missiles. The easiest way to get a house down is to throw it down, and then, too, there is a spice for most of us in making a noise. Something of that spirit which made the old-fashioned gunpowder Fourth of July celebration such a joy burns brightly in the soul of the house wrecker.

One New York wrecking contractor had sold all the windows in an antiquated office building which he had undertaken to demolish to a dealer in secondhand building materials. The sashes were piled flat, one on another, in a freight elevator that was exposed to the sky. The purchaser had paid for them and had summoned a helper to remove this load. The wrecking contractor happened to cast his gaze upward to the parapet of a nine-story wall. One of his workmen in khaki overalls was silhouetted there against the blue of the sky, and with his two arms he held poised above his head a block of stone which the contractor knew was granite. Then the workman flexed his arms and the stone fell. If it had been aimed by the most approved airplane bomb-sighting instruments it could have fallen no more truly than it did through that heap of stacked window sash. Naturally, there was not a serviceable shard of glass left, but even the wrecking contractor had to admit that it made a splendid crash.

Quite recently thirty men were buried in the débris of a building in Twenty-ninth Street, off Fifth Avenue, when the removal of wooden partitions caused the fourth floor to drop down on them on the third floor, where they were cleaning bricks. Some of them had to be shoveled out of the mess, but there was not a man that even required medical treatment.

It is the time element in the work, in the opinion of the house wreckers, that causes most of their accidents. Hurry is the watchword of their bosses. The bosses generally have hanging over them a penalty clause calling for a forfeit of a stated sum for every day consumed in the work beyond the time fixed in the contract.

The reason for that penalty clause is not hard to seek. A profitable building project might easily be thrown into the hands of a receiver through excessive delays in construction, and any delay is costly. Every day's delay in the razing of the old Hotel Savoy at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street meant a loss of $2000 because of huge sums tied up in materials bought for the new structure that is to be reared on the site and because of the high taxes on the property.

There were fourteen stories in the Savoy, and the contractor who undertook to raze the building for $90,000 plus all the material he could salvage discovered that he was going to lose money before he was half through with the job.

The wrecker who demolished Madison Square Garden undertook to do the work for $100,000, and at that price nearly wrecked himself financially. Yet not long ago the cost of building wrecking was so much less than it is today, and the value of salvaged materials so much higher, that wrecking contractors paid for the privilege of tearing down a building. That is, they bought the structure to be wrecked as a junkman buys an old automobile, and they paid in some cases many thousands of dollars.

What Goes Up Must Come Down

THE wrecking business crossed that frontier about three years ago and since then has demanded a bonus as well as the gift of all the materials in the buildings demolished. One of the important factors behind this change was the demand for rush work. When real-estate dealers or builders resolve to erect towering city structures it is one of their failings to begin to count their rentals from the moment when the thought first enters their heads. Every hour of delay between the creation in fancy of the steel-and-concrete hive and the moment when tenants begin to pay rents is to them as cruel torment as anything ever inflicted by ancient Chinese torturers. They really suffer, and the wrecking contractor whose men do not cause the structure they wish removed to vanish with something like the magic speed of the genii who worked for Aladdin is made to suffer with them. The torturing instrument is a penalty clause in the wrecker's contract. Bonding companies assume those penalty risks for the wrecker in most cases nowadays. The man who has planned to erect a modern city castle is not particularly interested in collecting forfeits. What he wants is a neat excavation and he wants it with celerity.

On one of the tallest buildings that has been wrecked in New York this year, the wrecking contractor, finding himself in difficulties, appealed to the building contractor who had hired him.

The wrecking contractor showed his books; showed that his bid had been $50,000 too low, and then asked, "What are we going to do about it?"

"I want to throw my men on that job three weeks from today," said the builder. "I'll take care of your pay roll on Saturday and thereafter. Keep your men and your machinery on the job. Work nights, if necessary, but clean up that site."

On that basis they went ahead. The wrecker kept faith and as a reward was permitted to get out with his business solvent.

Thomas Jones, a civil engineer, who is the secretary of an association of building wreckers that was formed not long ago, said recently that as the wrecking business is conducted today every big job is a gamble. Engineers may figure the cost of erecting a building with something like accuracy because they have reservoirs of experience to guide them; but there is very little to guide the men who are figuring costs on the wrecking of some of the high buildings that have been doomed in New York to make way for still higher ones.

On the word of one man who has been wrecking buildings in New York for many years, the life expectancy of an office building in New York today is no more than twenty years. This cold economic fact has in recent times sent the wrecking crews with their bars and jacks into structures of steel and concrete whose architects in designing them probably thought they would stand as enduring monuments to their careers until long after they themselves had passed out of the world. But New York has been growing faster than their imaginations. In 1900 less than $50,000,000 was spent for new buildings on Manhattan Island. In 1925 more than $200,000,000 was spent for this purpose; and the wrecking business, which is essentially a junk business, has been struggling to keep pace with that growth.

After tearing down hundreds of brownstone dwellings Mr. Abe Cohen can walk through one of those structures once, from cellar to roof, observe whether there is one party wall or two, scribble on the back of an envelope with the stub of a pencil and then make a bid.

"Gimme $1000 and I'll clean everything up nice," proposes Mr. Cohen.

"I'll give you $800," counters Peter Dempsey, who is planning to run up a nine-story apartment house, thin as a wedge, on the site of this grimy dwelling.

"If I can have those built-in mirrors on the second floor, I'll do it and lose money," agrees Mr. Cohen. "I got to keep my equipment busy."

"Take the mirrors if you can clean up in fifteen days."

To his brother-in-law, who is in the secondhand brick business, Mr. Cohen before nightfall has disposed of all the brick in the old house, possibly seventy-five loads at the market, which may be fifteen or twenty dollars a load—say, $1500 for the lot. Cleaned bricks are worth about one-third as much as new ones. Mr. Cohen, of course, has had to agree to clean the bricks, which he can afford to do only if they were laid with lime mortar. In most buildings erected within the past thirty years the bricks were laid in a mortar compounded of Portland cement, and such bricks are not regarded as worth cleaning, so tightly does that cement cling to the porous surface of the baked clay.

Mr. Cohen's daughter Rebecca is engaged to a young man whose fingers glitter with precious stones that his business alchemy has transmuted from piles of rusty junk. To him Mr. Cohen sells the plumbing, copper fittings, lead pipes and porcelain fixtures of the old house. The young man's name is Heffernan.

"For $175 everything, including the bathtub, if you get 'em out before noon day after tomorrow," offers Mr. Cohen to his prospective son-in-law.

"For $150, yes, if I get the copper cornice." Mr. Heffernan, in such situations, always yawns to show how little he cares.

"All right," concedes Cohen, "but it's a wedding present. For no other reason would I be so foolish."

For every floor beam in the house Mr. Cohen expects to get forty or fifty cents; for every two-by-four piece of studding he hopes for eight cents, or maybe nine; but all the rest of the wood he knows will be just an expense to him.

When he has sold the window sashes for fifty or sixty dollars, Mr. Cohen has about reached the limit of his selling. From that moment he has to spend money. His profit is precisely that amount which he can keep from spending out of the sum of that first $800, plus the money derived from the sale of the material.

Where the Débris Goes

FOR every barman on the job he has to pay $1.17½ cents an hour; for every helper $1.05 an hour. His hauling is done by free-lance truckmen, and what they haul is classified as dirt. These men generally own and operate their own trucks. It is Mr. Cohen's custom to get in touch with them by calling them on the telephone at their houses. They charge from $6 to $7.50 a load of five cubic yards, and out of this they must pay a fee to the owner of whichever dump they visit. Most of these dumps are on Long Island, and for every load of material deposited there the truckmen pay a fee of fifty or seventy-five cents. If it is a rush job close to the water front, the truckmen sometimes prefer to dump on a seagoing scow and pay the three-dollar fee in order to benefit from the shorter hauls. It is a long way across the Queensboro Bridge when you are driving your own truck and getting paid by the load. But Mr. Cohen does not worry about that. As long as the truckmen keep the dirt moving and get it away from the block where he is wrecking he is satisfied.

Jobs of that kind are bread and butter to Mr. Cohen, but there is not much profit for him in the brownstone façades that are typical of those old houses. If he should get a dollar a load for such soft stone he is content, and usually he is pleased to give it away to any suburban builder who will pay the cost of hauling in order to get some cheap filler for foundations. Cohen relishes this sort of wrecking, because he can figure such jobs accurately.

Mr. Cohen is courting disaster as often as not, however, when he undertakes to bid on a tall building. His hasty estimates then are apt to get him into trouble. In a small dwelling his profit may be skimped because his men have difficulty with the bricks, but in a large one of concrete and steel Mr. Cohen is likely to see only what is for him horrible scenery.

Ferro-concrete is just that to the wrecker, for the work of demolishing it takes a great deal more than does brickwork of that expensive labor in which the house-wrecking

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LUMBER

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BODY BY FISHER

FISHER BODIES

THE LOVE FORCE

By Mary Lowrey Ross
ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"By the Way, Has That Young Man on the Enlightener Used My Photograph Yet?"

MR ALBERT CHESTER did not look around when the girl with the leather portmanteau came in. His was the desk next the rail that separates the staff of the Evening Enlightener from an over-urgent public, and already that afternoon he had diverted three portmanteau bearers who had offered the Enlightener exclusive news rights to the story of their lives. The inventor of a home permanent-waving outfit, a goiter specialist who was at the same time an interpreter of Scriptural prophecy, and a mind reader in a crumpled collar, who offered to read his thoughts at sight—they had each in turn appeared at the railing, making unlimited offer of themselves as copy for the pen of Mr. Chester. And each in turn, after some fifteen minutes' argument, had retreated, thwarted of fame, down the long stairs to the street.

Mr. Chester was a police-court reporter. And for that reason, as much as any other, his soul cried out for beauty. He resented the portmanteau bearers not because they sought publicity, which was their legitimate business, nor because they took up his time, which was contracted for by the week, but because they had untended complexions, and querulous voices, and eyes that insisted, pleaded or cajoled, but never lured.

Aware once more of the approach of a questing lady, he bent over his typewriter and pretended not to see her. And presently a small hand, attractively gloved, appeared at the corner of his desk and withdrew, leaving a card behind it. He glanced up then, and rose at once, his manner courteous but unmistakably guarded. His look as it rested on the young woman before him was impersonal and inquiring, and she had no means of knowing—though indeed she knew it very well—that behind it astonishment was crying out, "Oh, what an awfully pretty girl!"

She was dressed, he noted, all in gray, in a straight and simple frock that indicated an exquisite slimness—the fortunate girl was actually fifteen pounds underweight—and a little gray-blue hat that wasn't a mushroom and wasn't a poke, but held a happy suggestion of both, as though a poet with a passion for mushrooms had dreamed of a poke. And she had gray-blue eyes, and a nose small enough for charm, but not too small, and a mouth large enough for generosity, but not too large. It was, in fact, a face that could scarcely have failed to give pleasure under any sort of hat.

"I am Miss Simpson," she said, indicating the card, "Miss Mildred Simpson. And I am representing Miss Eva May Collins, the psychologist."

Outwardly he remained unchanged. But he was conscious within of a faint recoil.

"I see," he said noncommittally.

She hesitated a little.

"I thought," she said, "you might put something in the paper—a short interview perhaps—so that Miss Collins' friends would know she was in town."

She placed the portmanteau on the railing and, opening it, handed him a small folder. Mr. Chester accepted it politely and ran his eye over it, that sense of inner estrangement spreading.

"Are you discouraged?" asked the folder. "Sick? Unable to make friends? Unsuccessful in business or love? Eva May Collins, America's greatest psychologist, will help to readjust you to life."

Mr. Chester closed the folder and handed it back.

"I'm very sorry," he said gently, "but the rule is that publicity interviews have to be paid for at the regular advertising rates."

She sighed, glancing at him sidewise. That strong, dignified man-to-man approach so highly recommended for women in the business world had never appealed to Miss Simpson as a means of getting things done. And now her gaze was clouded for an instant by an exquisitely rendered sadness; the Gish look.

"Of course you have to follow the rules," she said. "But I didn't know—I thought ——"

She left the sentence unfinished. And Mr. Chester, who was quite resolute to be of no assistance to Miss Eva May Collins, was suddenly indescribably moved to be helpful to her representative.

"Well, let's see," he said. "We might—have you a photograph?"

She had, and produced it from the portmanteau with radiant alacrity. It was a professional portrait study of Eva May Collins, showing America's greatest psychologist in evening dress, three ropes of pearls resting on her plump neck, and shed on her hair and lifted profile that serene unearthly radiance that photography has taught the world to recognize as art.

"It's the last one I have," said Miss Simpson.

He took it and studied it thoughtfully.

"You'll want it back I suppose," he said. "Here, I'll put your name on the back, 'Property of Miss Mildred Simpson.'" He wrote the inscription on the back and laid the photograph on the desk.

"I'll try to get this in tomorrow," he said, "and if you'll call for it the next day—about this time—it will be ready for you. And ask for Mr. Chester."

He added after a moment's pause, "I'm Mr. Chester."

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Chester," she said gratefully and, tucking her portmanteau under her arm, moved toward the door. He tried to think of something to say—some conversational lariat to throw after her and halt her before she could vanish. But nothing came. The poverty of common associations that lay between them! Her footsteps were actually sounding on the bottom stairs before it occurred to him that he might have held her a little while by asking if she hadn't an aunt named Simpson living in Niagara Falls

And then, of course, he couldn't go rushing after her to shout it over the banisters. Quite shaken, Mr. Chester went back to his typewriter.

Miss Simpson went on down the stairs and out into the afternoon street. And from the Enlightener office she went straight to pay her respects to her employer at the St. Regis Hotel.

Eva May Collins had been installed in the corner suite of the St. Regis Hotel for less than an hour, but already the

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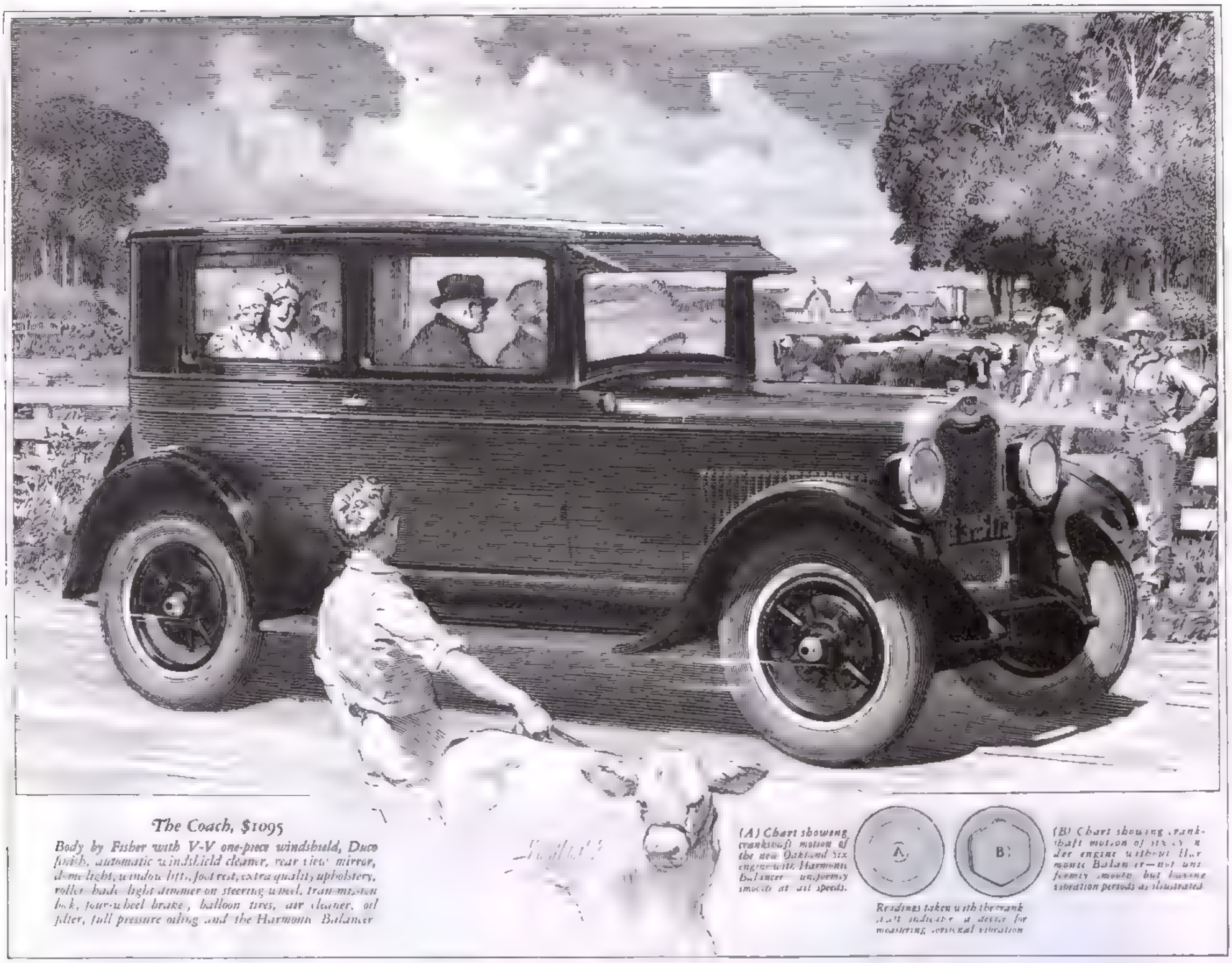


The Coach, $1095

Body by Fisher with V-V one-piece windshield, Duco finish, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, dome light, window lifts, foot rest, extra quality upholstery, roller blade light dimmer on steering wheel, transmission lock, four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, air cleaner, oil filter, full pressure oiling and the Harmonic Balancer

(A) Chart showing crankshaft motion of the new Oakland Six engine with Harmonic Balancer—uniformly smooth at all speeds.

Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator, a device for measuring torsional vibration

(B) Chart showing crankshaft motion of six cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not uniformly smooth but having vibration periods as illustrated.

There is no more enthusiastic group of motor car owners in America than the tens of thousands of owners of the Oakland Six. And there is no car more thoroughly deserving of owner loyalty. Brilliant speed—flashing acceleration—unmatched smoothness—rugged stamina—these are built-in Oakland Six characteristics. In addition, Oakland incorporates virtually every advanced feature, including Body by Fisher, air cleaner, oil filter, full pressure oiling, interchangeable bronze-backed bearings, four-wheel brakes and the remarkable Harmonic Balancer—*all at prices ranging from $1025 to $1295.*

Touring $1025; Coach $1095; Landau Coupe $1125; Sport Roadster $1175; Sedan $1195; Landau Sedan $1295; Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825, Coach or Coupe. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 50)

place had taken on an air of intimacy. There were a number of silver-framed photographs, warmly inscribed, disposed about the living room, and on the occasional table there was a deckle-edged copy of Through the Sunlit Year.

And there were three tall vases crowned with flowers which the Eva May Collins Inspiration Club had sent to the suite an hour or two before she arrived—there were always flowers waiting for Eva May at every point in her progress across America. It was roses, roses all the way from Seattle to New York.

When her representative entered, Eva May Collins was sitting in the chaise longue, taking tea and little toasted currant buns. She had a vague but impressive air of achieved spiritual effort, in marked contrast to the rest of her person, which was compact of firm curves. Her figure was not that *reductio ad absurdum* which is the feminine ideal of America. It was a three-dimensional figure, amply and pleasantly rounded. She wore her reddish-gold hair with a simplicity rather consciously Greek.

She smiled now, with the sudden brilliance audiences knew, and held out a welcoming hand.

"Well, Millie," she said in a voice that retained a touch of platform resonance, "everything is going well, I suppose?"

Millie sat down on one of the blue-velvet chairs. She looked serious and a little troubled.

"Not so well as I had hoped," she answered.

Eva May released her hand and held it up in warning.

"Not now, dear," she said. "You know the rule. Never an unpleasant topic at the tea table."

Millie sighed.

"It's pretty important," she said.

Eva May shook her head.

"Nothing at the tea table," she said, "is as important as digestion."

She poured a cup of tea for Millie, and took another little toasted currant bun herself. Clearly the only matter that was going to receive any attention at the moment was simply tea and little toasted currant buns.

Millie accepted her tea and bun in silence, and Eva May opened a discussion on cheerful topics selected for their gastronomic appropriateness. The hotel. Did Millie know they specialized in home cooking? The view from the window of the suite. There was something distinctly decorative about chimney pots; of course, with the proper roof line. The decorations in the living room.

"I always love a room done in panels," said Eva May. The double doors, so you wouldn't be disturbed. The number on the doors—one hundred.

"I do like round figures," said Eva May, and took another currant bun.

The man arrived presently with the trunks, and shortly after that the waiter came and wheeled away the tea things.

Eva May went and got her keys and began opening her trunks and shaking out her evening gowns, of which she had ten, one for each of her ten free public lectures.

"Now," she said presently, looking up from the floor where she was kneeling, "tell me what you have on your mind."

Millie faced about, a little crease between her brows.

"Julia Maude Happer is in town," she answered, "and has taken Orange Hall. She is opening on Monday night."

Eva May shook out her orchid flat crêpe—Lecture III. Universalizing the Human Ego—and, picking up the cyclamen-beaded georgette—Quiet Talks with the Subconscious—slipped it on a padded hanger before replying.

"I do not think we need to feel any worry or depression on that account," she said. "As long as we believe in and confidently affirm success, I feel sure we may consider ourselves safe from the negative influence of Miss Happer."

Millie rose and, sauntering over to the wall, stood studying a framed copy of The Footpath to Peace. She read it through to the end before replying.

"You have to remember what happened at Cookstown," she said then.

All Eva May's practiced serenity could not check the flush that rose to her cheek at the mention of Cookstown. But she only answered resolutely, snapping a pair of ribboned shoe trees into her gold evening slippers.

"Envy and malice will only react upon the one who sends them out. You know that as well as I do, Millie."

Millie said nothing. And presently Eva May, looking up from the side of the trunk, inquired, "Have you spoken to the papers yet?"

Millie nodded, and came over to help unpack.

"I saw a Mr. Chester on the Enlightener," she said. "I thought he seemed very interested. . . . M'm, what a lovely nightie!"

Eva May did not reply. And Millie, having put the lovely nightie in the second drawer, came back and said gently: "I didn't mean to worry you, darling."

Eva May smiled, cathedral calm.

"I never worry, dear child!" she said. "Nobody understands better than I do how worry disintegrates the inner life."

She got up from her knees and wandered over to the window.

"Complete repose!" murmured Eva May. "The absolute lifting oneself clear."

She sat down in the blue chair, looking out across the decorative chimney pots, while Millie finished unpacking the trunk.

"The keys to the big trunk are on the top of the dresser," she said presently.

"Sorry, but I've got to go to my room," answered Millie, and strolled to the door. "Thank you for the tea and buns," she said politely from the doorway, and vanished.

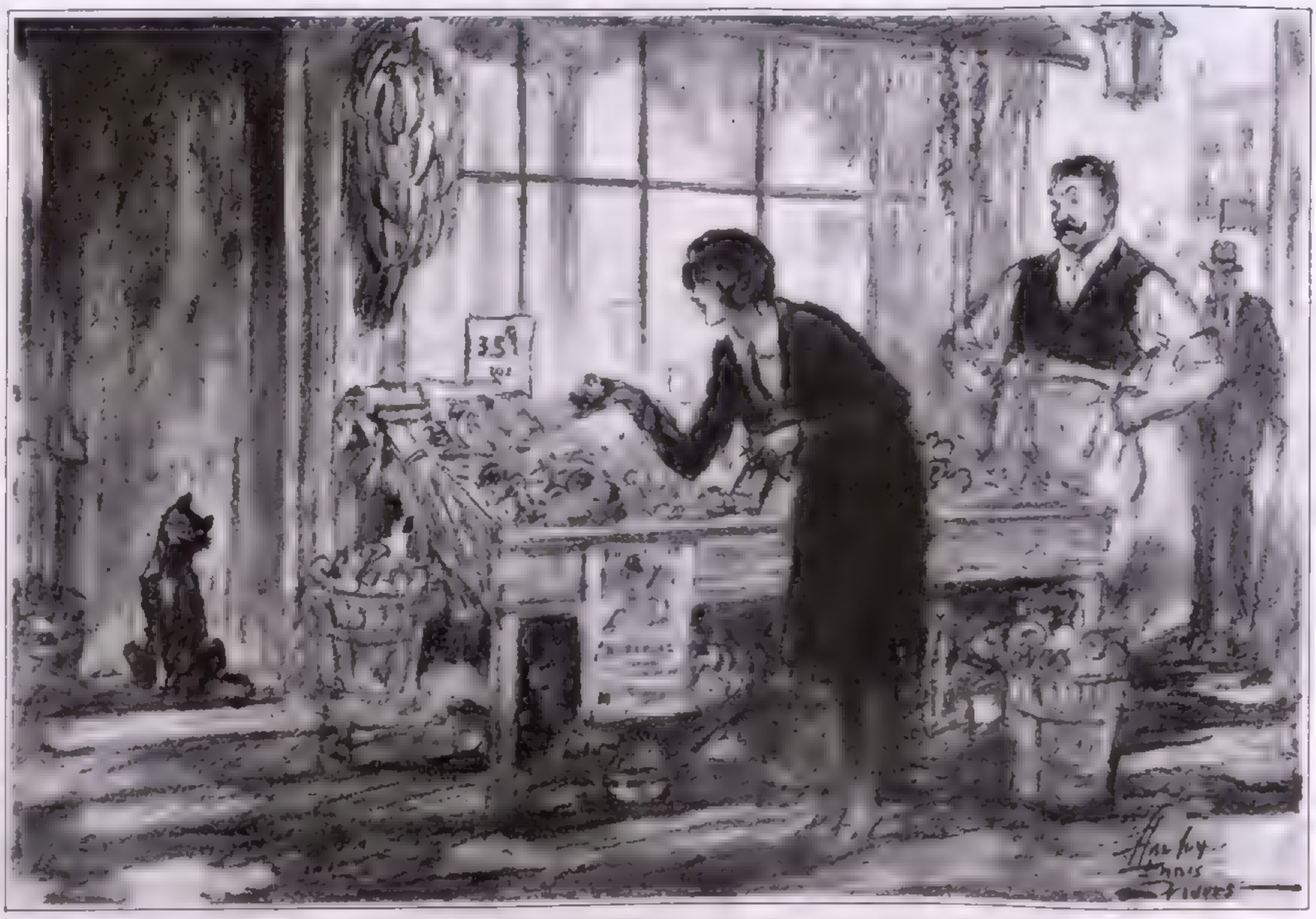
However, she did not go to her room. Instead she went down the lift and out once more into the street. She wandered for half a block and finally paused before a gentlemen's tailoring store whose window displayed a large announcement card.

"Coming, Monday, Sept. 20," said the card, and underneath the announcement Julia Maude Happer bent her gaze on the passing public. The eyes were inescapable and stern, but the mouth beneath the boldly drawn nose held a curve of tolerance, indicating that while the Happer intelligence was not to be misled, the Happer charity was willing to make allowance for human nature.

Millie studied it thoughtfully for a little while, then walked on.

Three doors down, in a milliner's window, she encountered Miss Happer's photograph again. Half a dozen times enlarged, it looked down from the second story at the corner; and there was an immense poster as well, announcing that America's Greatest Characterosophist would give ten lectures on the Science of Character Analysis, absolutely

(Continued on Page 66)



The Cat Withdrew at Once, and Went and Sat in the Doorway, Looking at Her Down Its Nose With an Intense Inquisitorial Interest

You're Safer buying or driving

The New-Day JEWETT SIX

BECAUSE Jewett is stronger, sturdier, and the easiest handled car in its field—and the only one with Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes—you're safer in *driving* the New-Day Jewett. And if you check the items of genuine worth, mechanically and structurally, built into the engine and chassis and body of the New-Day Jewett against those of any other—you'll also find that you're much safer *buying* this car.

The many evident and easily proved superiorities of the New-Day Jewett are not based on freakish novelties and untried design—but on proved and accepted principles of manufacture carried closer to perfection than ever before in any one automobile.

Other cars may approach the New-Day Jewett in some one phase of performance—in acceleration—or in ease of handling—or in swift, smooth stopping—or in roominess—or in clear vision, economy, sturdy construction—but the New-Day Jewett gives you *all* these qualities *in their highest and finest development*.

And the fine part about it is that if you will *drive* the New-Day Jewett, and then compare it—item for item, part for part, and feature for feature *with any other car*—you can absolutely *see* and *feel* and *prove* Jewett's superiority.

Only The "New-Day" Jewett Six

offers all of these features:

Lightning-like acceleration

Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes

Abundant power and speed for any driving need

Easiest steering, shifting, and parking of any car built

Clearest vision—almost total elimination of the deadly "blind spot"

Steel body—interior roominess equal to much longer cars

Paige quality throughout in materials and workmanship

And Jewett's lowest closed car price

$995

for the Standard Sedan; Deluxe Sedan, $1095; Deluxe Touring Car, $1095. Prices f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra. Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel brakes included on all models.

The New Paige Prices Are:

The Brougham, $1295; 5-Pass. Sedan, $1495; Deluxe 5-Pass. Sedan, $1670; Deluxe 7-Pass. Sedan, $1995; Roadster, $2295; Suburban Limousine, $2245.

(784)

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

A Big Merchant's Advice

MEN of experience who have achieved success are the ones capable of giving the soundest advice," says John G. Shedd, president of Marshall Field & Co. "I have known young men to ruin their careers by taking advice from wrong quarters. One finds in most business houses employes whose sole idea is to do as little as possible. They show what they think is smartness by never giving their employers a minute of time they do not have to give. They are never a minute too early to work. They are never a minute late in quitting. They watch the clock. Their work is perfunctory. They never have real interest in what they have to do and are totally lacking in enthusiasm. Their part, as they see it, is to escape being fired, and get by. They sometimes muddle through for a lifetime, but when their temples are turning gray they are usually found in some unimportant work, still getting by.

"But, strange to say, these men who work to live instead of living to work, who are discontented in their work instead of happy in it, are frequently the ones who have the most advice to give to younger men. They sermonize on the hopelessness of getting ahead and preach constantly a bitter philosophy of disenchantment. Ambitious young men should learn from the beginning to shun such cynics and their poisonous advice. Ambition thrives best in an atmosphere of willingness, cheerfulness and buoyant optimism.

"Too few young men are really determined to achieve first place. They do not want it enough to do the necessary work or make the necessary sacrifices. There is so much room at the top in every branch of business activity that the men there can scarcely find their neighbors. Every young man should determine to help settle some of this vacant space. I do not mean that the average man can achieve wonderful success. To be successful in a big way a man must have unusual ability. He must believe in himself and in his work. He must have enthusiasm. He must be sure that the line of business he has entered is that for which he is best fitted. He must have a genius for little things as well as big things.

"Arnold Bennett in a recent article said that a young man who finds that he is not getting ahead in one business should not hesitate to make a change. Bennett was only partly right. A young man should make a change only if he is sure that he is not fitted for the task in hand. But if he is in a business into which he can throw himself with all his powers and enthusiasm, he should stick. With hard work success is bound to come.

"Many men do not believe in luck. I do. It is very often luck that gives a man his opportunity. But luck will do him no good unless he has the good judgment to take advantage of it. Not all men have the good sense to recognize opportunity when it knocks.

"Some say, too, that friendships account for half the business successes of the world. They figure that a man in high position who is the friend of another will pull the other up beside him. I don't believe in such a pull. Pulls account for a few real successes. Young men should look to the men above them for advice, but never for a pull."

—UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

Guarding Against the Ravages of Executive's Disease

A GOOD job with a fine publishing house has just been filled. It took four trials to find the right man and the reasons why the first three trials went wrong are interesting. Let the man who did the hiring say why:

"What we needed was an assistant to the business manager of a monthly publication. The assistant's job was to handle advertising copy that came in, see that engravings reached the mechanical department in time for publication, and check the position of advertisements in making up the magazine.

"The job also involved answering correspondence with advertisers and adjusting complaints. Yes, complaints do occur, for we are very human and so are the good people with whom we do business. Bringing about a meeting of minds by mail is about the finest business training a young chap can have, it seems to me.

"Our first candidate was a college graduate—a man who had been out less than a year. Fine personality, neat appearance, quick mind. We thought his lack of business experience might be an asset, for he would have little to unlearn and he would be able to pick up our house personality very quickly.

"Things went pretty well the first month, but after this chap had seen his second issue on the press he came in to me with a long face. He needed an assistant. He had a great many details that should be passed on to someone else. My boss sent me memos. I sent them to our young college friend, and he had no one to send them along to. He had to do the work the memos requested. A terrible state of affairs!

"He pointed out that if he was to be swamped in details of seeing that every single advertising-insertion order was complete as to text and engravings, he could never plan a better way to make up the magazine. If he had to handle routine correspondence he could never think up a better typographical arrangement for the index to advertisements. He must be freed of details if he was to develop. His professor of business administration, he explained, had impressed the class with the necessity of getting rid of all details. An executive must keep his desk and mind clear!

"I tried to explain to the young man that this executive thing was fine stuff, but that each of us was learning to be an executive by doing detail jobs. You must know the entire family history of a detail before you are qualified to intrust that detail to someone else. I didn't get my story over, and the young man left us in order to seek an executive position.

"Our next occupant of the assistant's desk was not a college man. He had been in publishing and advertising work for several years and brought a good knowledge of our business with him. I confess that we did not spend much time in considering the fellow, for we needed someone at once and he had most of the necessary qualifications. At least it seemed so at the time.

"He handled detail. No doubt about that. He told the foreman of the pressroom how to handle his make-ready, he gave apt advice to the composing room, and I have an idea he wrote to the Postmaster General about the way our copies were handled in the mails. This fellow was a fiend for dictation. A box full of mail gave him a sort of mild fever, and I have seen him go through dozens of letters, answering each one as fast as he could talk. It was only when we read some of his carbons that we realized that his fever produced volume without quality. His letters were short, impersonal and often mildly discourteous. You know, in this business we build up mail friendships with advertisers that grow and grow with the years. They get to thinking of our paper as a human thing, and they expect human replies to their letters. There's goodwill involved that couldn't be bought for several hundred thousand dollars.

"A talk with this boy brought out his theory that being an executive was the ultimate aim in life. His idea of being an executive was to make snap judgments on everything. To decide instantly and act instantly was his religion. He had practiced this method so long that it was almost impossible for him to take a matter and think it over carefully, considering two different plans of action in comparison. Do something quick! Get rid of the matter! Grab the next thing! That was his life plan. That is why he resigned on the spot when I tried to tell him how we look at things here.

"The third chap we took on for that assistant's job was a college man who had been out about four years. He had worked in several different organizations, large and small, and had asked us to give him a chance at the first opening we had. He liked our style and wanted to come with us permanently. When this job got to troubling us we put this man in, and things started going smoothly at once. This chap did detail without letting it worry him. He found time to do creative things as well, and he was never too busy to do some thinking."

"In that case, why didn't you keep him?" I asked. "I thought you said it took four trials to fill this job?"

"It did. Our Number Three man got moved up to the manager's job on another paper. Before he moved, though, he picked and trained his successor. You see, he has a practical conception of this executive business."

Isn't it possible that the word executive is being used a bit too much? A personnel expert who has just returned from a visit to a string of Eastern colleges told me that dozens of seniors said they were looking for executive positions. They weren't sure whether they liked sales work better than traffic study; whether they were better fitted for market analysis or stock distribution. They would take a shot at any job as long as it would lead to an executive position.

Our personnel friend tried to draw out some of the men he talked with, to find out what they visualized when they said "executive job." Here is his composite: A big office with a flat-topped desk set anglewise. A telephone stand at the side, with a silver-topped vacuum water bottle. Two telephones, a row of push buttons, and an anteroom

(Continued on Page 149)

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Send me sample of Gyp-Lap and free Booklet, "Protected Homes."

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We Want to be Weaker, and Why

By KATHARINE DAYTON

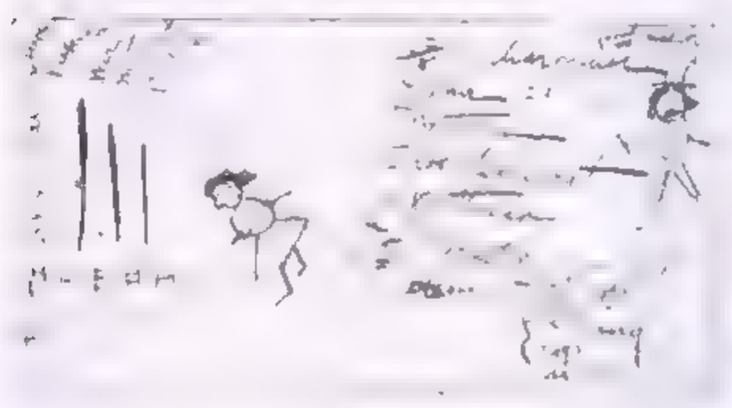
FOR years and years, or at least ever since we were a little bit of a girl and Governor's Island was considered way uptown, we can remember that someone just about every once in so often started discussing woman pro and con; but never, it seems to us, has the con so predominated as today.

Now, having been a woman practically all our life, you might say, and looking upon the whole business as a very poor joke and distinctly not worth talking about, it was with something of a start that we discovered that our sex was now being spelled with a capital W in the very best literary circles and had, along with the crime wave, the boyish bob and the one-piece bathing suit, become an issue. We are frank to admit that our emotional reaction upon finding woman was being taken seriously after all these years was terrific. When we realized for the first time that press and pulpit, as the boys say, were actually viewing us with alarm, and that little knots of anxious, excited men were gathering on street corners and asking each other whither we were drifting, and what we were coming to—well, is it any wonder that it went to our heads a little? Or is it any wonder that, with literally tons of pure reading matter and even more of anything but, written on the subject—all agreeing that we were awake—with the right wing, or men's party, adopting unanimous resolutions to the effect that this was perfectly terrible, and the left rib, or women's party, declaring it to be simply dandy, is it any wonder, we repeat, that we began to feel our oats? Yes, indeedy, we were getting just as big a kick out of it as the next one when it suddenly occurred to us to wonder what we girls could be if not girls. With this thought the light of a whole world died for us. Well, to make a long story short—and we hope certain parties will appreciate our artistic conscientiousness and not pay us by the word for this—we determined to look into, as the phrase goes, woman. And, my dear, what we found!

Theories Crying to be Exploded

THE first thing we did—and indeed it is the first thing the really honest investigator of woman must do—was to sit down and have a good cry. Our next step, pursuing the regular scientific procedure, was to look for theories to explode, and of these we found plenty. Indeed, it is to be doubted if any other subject in the world is fruitier with theories which are positively crying for explosion, but we shall confine ourselves to just one, which to us is the crux of the whole matter and the one most suggestive of a helpful solution, and it is, namely: That woman is the weaker sex.

Now, if we weren't trying our best to be broadminded about the whole thing—in a nice way, of course—there is just one answer we'd make to this perfectly uncalled for, gratuitously insulting, unqualifiedly false, unmitigatedly fallacious—well, this ridiculous statement—and that is "Don't be silly!" But striving as we are to be quite impersonal and to keep all trace of bitterness out of our tone, let us proceed, with malice toward comparatively few and charity whenever possible, which we don't think will be very often, to a dignified discussion of the question, point by point. Although we do not wish to appear too technical and confuse the layman, if there are any on this subject among our readers, which we doubt, it may not be amiss to present these points here just as we jotted them down on the back of an old envelope when we were out one crisp fall day collecting data for this article and doing a few errands.



So let us first take, following the ancient folk-way, Point I. Is woman weaker in the home?

Of all the funny old ideas in a world full of them, probably none is funnier or older than that man is the protector of the home and woman is sheltered therein. The masses of evidence we have gone through show conclusively that man as a protector of the home is just about as effective as the windshield of a car—all right when there's nothing but air, but the first thing to crack at a good bump. He pays the rent, yes—but where is man in the more than daily crises of the home? Where is he, for example, in that blackest of black moments when the cook says she is going to be married next week? Where is he, we repeat?

Sh-h! We're going to do our own answering. Did he—the protector—note with dread the first visit, the second visit, the gradual but increasingly regular appearance, every other Thursday and Sunday night for supper, of the Adonis of Hose Company No. 2, or the erratic seasoning of hitherto unvarying perfect viands? And when at last the blow fell, what did he, this protector, do? What did he say? [Note: This is to be read with feeling, rather in the manner of a rising young prosecuting attorney.] We'll tell you, Mr. Taxpayer! He just sat there reading his paper as if nothing had happened and said, "Well, you'll have to get somebody else, won't you?" It is words like these that make women wring their hands, gnash their teeth and with arms outstretched to high heaven cry, "Is there a Santa Claus?" And what was his constructive suggestion on that horrible day when all Nature seemed to hide its face and the hot-water pipe burst inside the living room ceiling? Did he, the protector, know the right thing to do, to say nothing of doing it? Or did he say, "Why don't you call What's-his-name?"—What's-his-name being, if the scene is laid in the suburbs, the plumber, and if in the city, the apartment-house superintendent. You see, he doesn't even know What's-his-name's name! But does the woman? Does she? Hasn't she spent hours of that sheltered life of hers learning not only his name, but his wife's name and his children's names, sending them Christmas presents, taking an interest in their adenoids and their vacation plans and what grades they are in, against this very day when her plumbing, and that of her dear ones, is threatened? Somewhere she gets the strength for this exhausting task and thousands of others like it.

Or take what should be the simple matter of man's clothes. Man pays the initial cost, of course, but it's the little woman who pays the upkeep. She has to remember to send them to the tailor and to the laundry and to the Salvation Army. She often even has to buy them for him. Oh, not his comparatively interesting clothes such as suits, ties, shirts, and so on, but those simple, homely things—and oh, aren't they homely!—whose purchase takes so much of her strength and imagination and descriptive powers, and makes her late for the matinée. "Yes, he's a little stouter than you are—more the size of that young man over there at the shirt counter . . . fifteen and a half, but I don't know what that would make his waistband, do you? . . . His waist is more like that older man's over there at the umbrellas, but his legs are thinner; my husband's, I mean. . . . " And so on and on.

Babson estimates that every day 89.007 per cent of the married men east of the Mississippi confront their wives accusingly, and belligerently demand, "What have you done with my socks?" While 47.05 per cent who blindly pick a handkerchief out of the drawer that could just as readily be used as a Ku-Klux hood, blame the woman.

The Business Man's Shield and Buckler

HOW many an exhausted woman, as we write these words, has just sunk into a comfortable chair for the first minute's rest she has had all day only to look up and find something six feet two inches in its stocking feet standing before her like a little lost child and with quivering underlip whimpering helplessly, "I can't find my dress tie!" Does she tell him that his ties, as he perfectly well knows, are all in that upper left-hand drawer of his bureau, they can't possibly be anywhere else, and to go straight back there and look for it—or go to—well, we should say not! She knows there is only one thing worse than having to look for a man's things, and that is to have him look for them himself, so—expending the last ounce of her rapidly waning strength—she drags herself up and—bang!—there goes another crow's foot at the corner of her eye! Protector! Is it mere chance that makes a caveman husband receiving a dinner invitation over the telephone always say meekly, "If you'll just hold the wire a minute, Mrs. McWhortle, I'll ask Ella if we have a date," or is it because for years Ella's quick wit has defended him from the McWhortles' dinners as a tigress defends its wounded mate, until he has become absolutely dependent upon her lying care of him? Protector! Who grapples day in and day out with the butcher, the grocer, the painter, the paper hanger, the expressman and the furnaceman? And before any smarty starts to heckle us by pulling that one about burglars, we ask you in all fairness if it isn't always the woman who first hears the noise and makes the man go downstairs? Go on, now, admit it! Protector! The whole household could be murdered in their beds before he'd hear it. Pro—but we'll just get sputtery if we go on with this.

In Point II, or business, the same condition exists. "For men must work and women must weep," sings the poet—male, of course—. . . "and the harbor bar is moaning." We should think it would, at that old one! The truth of the matter is that man is, if anything, more protected in the office than in the home—and by whom? Ordinarily, we would let you look up this answer yourself so you'd be apt to remember it longer, but just this once we'll tell you. It is woman who shields and shelters the industrial giant—who tells you over the telephone that he's out of town and to your face that he's in conference; who separates the wheat, or good golf date, from the tares, or disgruntled customer, assuring the former that 2:30 this afternoon will be perfectly all right for Mr. Crumb, and the latter that if he will just put it in writing Mr. Crumb will take it up at his earliest convenience, which invariably means the latter part of week after next. It is woman who is a little sister to his spelling; who is a guardian angel to his grammar; who can instantly distinguish the difference over the telephone wire between his wife's voice and that of the secretary to the second vice president of the Consolidated Amalgamated Licorice Company, thus preparing him to say "hullo" or "hello," as the case may be. In a word, it is woman—frail, weak woman—who preserves big business in its mahogany sanctuary with its chaste glass-topped desk, and its photographs of President Coolidge, signed, and the works, unsigned, and showing loading facilities, railway siding, and so on, inviolate. Man is complaining of the increasing number of women in business, but we ask, as in the celebrated case of pussy in the well, who put her in? And why? Because, friends, he couldn't stand the hardships, the wear and tear—he wasn't strong enough! That is why, today, in practically every large office, it isn't a man—it's a woman—we find engaged in that soul-destroying, body-breaking, nerve-racking work of getting man's wrong numbers for him.

Mrs. Jones, War Casualty

WE GOT so hoarse and worked up over Point II that it's a positive pleasure to reach Point III, or war, which is comparatively simple.

There is just one answer we would make to that silliest of arguments as to why woman should be denied equality with man—that is, because she can't go to war—and that is "So's your old man." Anyone who observed women in the last war—we mean, of course, the last war we were all in, and not these little ones that keep cropping up here and there—as they got up their bazaars and benefits, their canteens and dressing stations, their drives and tableaux, knows that they can fight if they want to, and that they will almost always want to in a good cause, like charity, for instance. And anyone who reads the papers knows that we girls of today can shoot straight, so we won't argue that point. But what we do want to stress is how war has affected woman in the dull dreary years of peace that of necessity follow it. Granted that a war lasts four years and peace lasts forty, which would you rather be, the man who fights the foe those four years or the woman who fights the moths out of his old uniforms for forty? For that is just what women are doing here, there and everywhere, and in Jersey City, today. And it's not only the uniforms—it's the trophies that make peace a hell for women! Take the case of a little woman we know, and whom we will call Mrs. Jones, because, as happens more often than not, it is her name. She grew gradually weaker and weaker, the cartilaginous substance about the kneepans hardened, she had circles under her eyes and terrible shooting pains practically all over from no apparent cause. Her teeth, tonsils, appendix, and everything that money could buy were removed, but to no avail. At last, when the hay-fever vaccine proved useless, psychoanalysis was tried, and it was discovered that this poor little woman, twice a year since the spring of 1919, had been keeping moths out of part of a Plattsburg outfit, a complete A. E. F. ditto, and a German Death's-head Hussar shako of fur—the trophy *tour de force* of her victorious mate! The Salvation—as it is known in the grateful prayers of women the world over—Army was called at once, and we are happy to say that, except that she misses her teeth, Mrs. Jones is feeling like her old self again, and is gaining so that she expects to give up bread and potatoes any day now. Which just goes to show, doesn't it?

And now for Point IV, which has ever been a point especially, as the saying is, moot; and about which we have probably all of us felt just the least little tinge of bitterness at one time or another. So in order that we may approach it in the serious, unbiased spirit which is so

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THE POLICY OF PEASANTRY

By RICHARD DILLON

VICE PRESIDENT THE COLORADO STOCKGROWERS ASSOCIATION

THERE is at the present time before the Congress of this country a controversy between the Western stockman and the Forest Service. It should be of vital interest to every citizen, involving as it does important policies of administration of our national forests, policies that affect fundamentally one of our great basic industries and that must, by their very nature, have far-reaching effects on our whole policy of conservation.

The American people are the judge, and so far have had opportunity to read much that relates to the controversy. They have perused the able argument of the Chief Forester and have witnessed various other attempts on the part of paid writers to analyze the situation, efforts in which the intent to be fair was obvious, but where any real knowledge of the subject was conspicuous by its absence.

But to date, no opportunity of presenting his views to the people has been afforded to the man about whom the whole storm rages. Probably it is his own fault. His occupation has naturally tended to make of him more of a rider than a writer. But surely, in the name of fair play, the public will overlook this discrepancy and will listen to the argument, however poorly phrased, of him whose title must invoke the laughter of the gods, the cattle baron, so-called.

Lest there be any doubt of the issue, let me say at the outset that this is not an attempt to represent the plaintiff in the case of the Stockman vs. The People. It is, instead, an effort to prove that the issue lies not at all between these parties, but in reality between the stockman and the people and certain policies of the Forest Service.

This article will, in fact, present the peculiar situation of a stockman acting in the capacity of advocate for the people, when that position has already been assumed by the Chief of the Forest Service. It will attempt to prove that the stockman's platform would, if enacted into law, fit in with the whole plan of conservation and would promote the development and use of the other resources for which the forest reserves were primarily established.

That the stockman's platform will at the same time materially benefit him is a most serious handicap to gaining an impartial hearing from the American people. Naturally a suspicion of being gold-bricked will obsess the public mind when it sees the ravening wolf—as the cattleman is portrayed by the Chief Forester—now attiring itself in the lamb's clothing of the promoter of the general public welfare.

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On the Trail, Glacier National Park, Montana

The Argument Summarized

There has been created in the mind of the average citizen the impression, first, that the whole controversy has been promoted and fostered by a relatively small group of the so-called cattle and sheep barons, with the object in view of obtaining monopolistic control of vast areas of public lands, and, second, that this control would destroy the whole policy of conservation as administered by the Forest Service.

The argument can be simmered down to just two points: (1), the stockman denies the right of the Forest Service to redistribute grazing rights; and (2), he insists that the full commercial value of the forage crop on public range lands has long since become incorporated in the values and costs of the ranches dependent on the range, and any attempt at redistribution now can only result in a corresponding depreciation in the value of these ranches.

There is a good deal of misunderstanding on the part of the public in regard to the first point. The general belief is that a surrender on the part of the Forest Service of the right of redistribution would be a surrender of the right to control the number of cattle on the range, and that if cuts in the grazing privileges could not be made for the purpose of giving beginners an opportunity to use the range, they could not be made for any other of a number of purposes, such as timber conservation or watershed protection.

Most stockmen recognize that their rights to forage must be subservient to the more important uses for which the forest reserves were created. They are willing to concede this because, even from the standpoint of their own selfish interest, they know that timber growth and watershed protection are never injured until the forage covering has first been seriously impaired by overgrazing, and that overgrazing is thus the surest path to ruin that the stockman can choose.

Redistribution of grazing rights to new men, however, is pure socialism and is accompanied by all the disruptive results of socialism. Like all socialistic projects, it presents the insidious appeal of the square deal to the little man, and, like all socialistic theories, its fallacy becomes apparent when it is put into practice. A complete understanding of the relationship of grazing rights to the ranch properties which are dependent on them will convince the fair-minded that redistribution is as economically unsound as would be the theory that because land holdings in this country which were originally obtained under the homestead laws had in the course of time resulted in holdings of unequal size, and because there are now millions of citizens who had no access to these public lands at the time they passed into private ownership, we should now, in the name of a square deal, redistribute them all over again.

Perhaps the analogy between lands definitely passed to private ownership and grazing rights on the public reserves may seem far fetched. But a further study of the relationship of these rights to the ranches to which they have become connected and a review of the history of the development of these ranches will prove that the comparison is no child of the imagination.

The administration of all natural resources should be based on the principle of securing the use that will best promote the general welfare of all the people; and in the case of forage crops in the forest reserves it is plain that this purpose can best be served by converting them into a commercial commodity such as beef, mutton or wool. We may, therefore, proceed to a study of the operating unit which is capable of making this conversion, and it is now that we perceive the true relationship of the range lands to the dependent ranches.

We find that, except in the Southwestern states, the range is practically useless and worthless unless supplemented by property on which can be raised the feed necessary to carry the stock through the winter months of the year-round production cycle. The ranch unit, throughout a great part of the Western cattle region, consists of seasonal feeding grounds, each of which loses the greater part of its value unless connected with the other. The ranch, or winter feeding ground, consists of deeded land; the range, or summer feeding ground, of government land, and though indispensable to the operation of the unit, no legal right attaches to its use. It must be borne in mind that there is no alternative use possible for this ranch. Due to the short growing season and high altitude, combined with inaccessibility to market, livestock is the only commercial crop possible and livestock necessitates summer range to complete the year-round cycle.

No Government Guaranty

Western ranch land was originally taken up and developed on the basis outlined, each homestead being connected with and dependent on the complement of range necessary to make it a complete unit. In time, some by industry and thrift began expanding their holdings by purchase from others who, by the opposite of these virtues, sold out and drifted on; and by this natural process the dependent ranches began to vary in size. And in each sale the value of the land purchased was based upon the number of stock which could be carried on a year-round basis, which value, of course, included the value of the summer grazing unit. In each case a man purchased a complete machine, though he actually procured title to only one part.

It is true that the men who settled and developed the Western cattle territory had no promise from the Government that their rights to the ranges would be recognized, but it is not true that they had no right to assume it. The homestead laws were enacted on the basis of giving to each individual a complete agricultural unit capable of maintaining an American home. In the semiarid sections this unit was of necessity larger than in the more fertile sections, where soil and rainfall were conducive to large yields; and in the mountain country, where the forest reserves lie, the unit was not complete or usable until connected with the range supplement. Therefore the range became an integral and essential part of the unit, and until some more valuable use can be found for it the stockman has the right to expect protection of his range connections. To redistribute them now means to destroy the value and use of the dependent ranch land to which they are connected, and amounts to confiscation of the deeded land which has been paid for on a basis of value, including the value of the summer range.

The policy of redistribution does not operate to the real benefit of the little man, who is the subject of so much tender solicitude on the part of the Forest Service. It is, instead, merely one more of the crimes which have been committed in this country in the name of the under dog, who is now being enticed into taking up 640-acre

(Continued on Page 60)

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"Yankee" on the tool you buy means utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 59

homesteads in a country where ten times that amount of land could not support enough cattle to provide a decent living for himself and his family. Already by the hundred he has given abundant proof of the truth of the old definition of our homestead laws: The Government bets you 640 acres against $300 that in three years' time you will starve to death.

When the beginner enters the forest by taking from some established user a part of his grazing right, he finds himself blocked from ever achieving anything worth while by the same system through which he gained a foothold. He soon realizes that, in order to obtain anything beyond a bare existence, he must of necessity have a much larger unit than that with which he has been started. To increase the size of his unit means whittling down the rights of the established users; and if, through the policy of redistribution, he accomplishes this, he is at once menaced in turn by the threat of still more beginners, who will do unto him what he has done unto others.

Colonel Greeley, Chief of the Forest Service, admits the futility of thus proceeding ad infinitum by mentioning a certain irreducible minimum at which point the process of redistribution must cease. But we respectfully contend that to date the Forest Service has had no correct notion of what that irreducible minimum should be, and can never decide the matter intelligently until its members have been placed in the position of having to make a cattle outfit pay, which experience would give them an entirely new insight into the whole problem and a viewpoint which they have never previously taken.

Big One-Man Production

I do not pretend to be an economist, but it seems to me contrary to our whole American plan of production to attempt to divide our agricultural holdings to an irreducible minimum. We have in this country the largest per-man production of agricultural products of any nation in the world. We find here one man, with the aid of labor-saving machinery, producing what it takes five men by hand labor to produce in a European country, and thereby releasing four men to produce all the other commodities and services which go to make the highest general standard of living the world has ever seen. It is our large per-man production in agriculture which, together with our wealth of natural resources, is largely responsible for our amazingly high standard; and a policy toward agriculture which is based on the theory of dividing the units to an irreducible minimum amounts, in the final analysis, to a policy of peasantry.

From the standpoint of general public welfare, the folly seems obvious of reducing the holdings of the man who has only sufficient cattle or sheep to permit of economical management, and whose volume of business is only sufficiently large to provide a decent scale of living for himself and family. It is this type of stockman who is today referred to as the cattle or sheep baron; a title the exquisite irony of which only those can realize who have lived the life of hard work and small recompense which is the lot of the average stockman.

Protection Against Fire

From another angle, the policy of redistribution is inimical to the general public welfare. It is conceded by the Forest Service that a conservative use of the forage crop on the national forests is a decided benefit and fits in with the whole policy of conservation. The keeping down of the undergrowth is the best protection against fire, and a reasonable and careful use of the forage crop is, therefore, highly desirable. Only by overgrazing is any damage done to timber or to watershed cover.

Constructive use of the range, however, involves much work and expense. It means that salt has to be carried miles to draw the cattle from the overgrazed areas. It means constant riding and constant care. The incentive for this labor and care is totally lacking under the system of redistribution. The uncertainty of tenure destroys the incentive for conservation; and the knowledge that the benefit of any increased carrying capacity of the range which may have been created by the labor of the present user, can, instead of rewarding the creator, be given to some man who is in no way responsible for the improvement, mitigates against any effort in the direction of improvement. Again the paralyzing effect of a socialistic theory in practice may be seen.

Let us view the matter from the standpoint of game protection. There is no real game protection in most Western states except that given by the rancher who lives the year round in the game country. We spend thousands of dollars hiring wardens during the open season, when the woods are so full of strangers that a man is a fool who breaks the law. But through the long winter months when the snow lies deep and the deer are an easy prey to anyone who cares to hunt, no warden is ever seen in the remote sections. It is then that the resident rancher protects the game, often feeding it without hope of reimbursement.

And let me say here that it is often the homesteader suffering from penury and want who becomes the worst offender against the game laws. Not that he is to blame a bit. When a government in the name of aid to the little man perpetrates some of the outrages which have been committed against both the homesteader and the ranchman in this country, it is hardly surprising that the former should have scant respect for government property when the same represents an easy and highly desirable living.

I am not trying to persuade the reader that the rancher is an individual of such high honor as to be above breaking any law. Instead, I am trying to show that man will generally follow the line of his own selfish interest, and that the selfish interest of the man who has an established ranch and stock sufficient to make it a profitable enterprise is entirely different from that of the man whose very existence has become a struggle to obtain the bare necessities of life. The one sees in the game life an asset to be conserved, the other sees much-desired food to be had without cost.

I should like to lay before the Eastern public a map of all the forest reserves and unappropriated public lands remaining in the West. I should like to have marked off on this map all of the land that could possibly be cultivated—and by that I do not mean to limit it to that which could be profitably cultivated. I would concede all the land on which it is physically possible to operate a plow, ignoring the fact that on the major part of this nothing but erosion would be produced by cultivation, and even then I can picture the amazement of the public at the infinitely small portion of the whole that would be included. As to the balance of this huge domain, not even the most rabid disciple of development could, with the wildest imagination, conceive of its being utilized for anything but grazing.

Shall We Have Peasants?

The question now at issue between the Forest Service and the stockman is: Who shall be the grazer upon this balance, the stockman already established or the newly come homesteader? Is it better to protect and encourage the man who is using the forage crops of the forest reserves efficiently and economically, and who is supplying the beef and mutton which is later finished in the feedlots of the Corn Belt, or to go on with the process of redistribution until the final irreducible minimum is reached, and we have fully established a peasantry under circumstances which must result in want and woe?

It is a serious question, and one that should interest every citizen of the United States. It is a question that involves a great basic industry and a vast empire of territory; an empire that, notwithstanding all the publicity to the contrary, is destined for many decades to come, if not for all time, to be useful in an agricultural sense only to the grazing industry. In its settlement I invoke on behalf of the cattle and sheep baron the same slogan which has so generally been invoked against him—the square deal

Feather River Canyon, California

In self defense!

Self preservation is the first law of Nature. Today, with 19,000,000 cars crowding the highways .. with the need for safer motoring more urgent than ever before .. America is turning to the All-Steel Body. It is the greatest protection ever devised to prevent injury in case of accident. See that your next car is so equipped!

PUT THE PROTECTION OF *ALL-STEEL* BETWEEN YOU AND THE RISKS OF THE ROAD

ON the surface, all automobile bodies appear to be steel. But many are actually bodies of wood covered by a sheathing of metal. That is why many motorists erroneously believe they have an All-Steel Body.

The Budd All-Steel Body is a single, welded unit of steel. It cannot splinter in collision. It cannot warp out of shape and cause squeaks and rattles. It is steel reinforced by steel. All-Steel! Fireproof!

In Budd All-Steel construction bulky cornerposts are replaced by slender, stronger columns of steel—permitting full, free vision of the road. No car can approach from the side without being seen in time to steer clear.

The Budd All-Steel, Full-Vision Body is beautiful—for pliable steel can be wrought into lines of perfect grace and symmetry. It lasts longer—and depreciates more slowly. And above all—it is safe!

Budd originated the All-Steel Body thirteen years ago. The protection it gives you and yours against personal injury in time of accident is your privilege and your right. See that your next car is equipped with a Budd All-Steel Body.

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ALL-STEEL
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AND what a difference it makes if the ice-box is a Frigidaire Electric Refrigerator. For food is kept better, colder, longer, sweeter, cleaner. You can buy provisions for days in advance without fear of their spoiling, and have a well-stocked larder if the unexpected guest arrives. And you can serve those enticing Frigidaire cubes, tinted or clear, in iced drinks, and delicious frozen desserts, home-made, ready whenever you want them.

You will be *sure* of all these advantages if you have a genuine Frigidaire in your home, for Frigidaire is *proven* electric refrigeration, backed by the name and resources of General Motors, endorsed by more than 150,000 satisfied users.

Write to us for complete information about Frigidaire. Or ask the nearest Frigidaire Representative to show you the new low-priced metal cabinet Frigidaires and explain the General Motors plan of deferred payments.

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The World's Largest Builder of Electric Refrigerators

Frigidaire

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

THERE IS ONLY ONE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR NAMED FRIGIDAIRE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34

Were I a fish, deep in the sea,
A submarine would finish me.

And should I turn into a worm
And seeking safety, downward squirm
Into the earth, so warm and brown,
A subway train would run me down.

There is no hope. My whole life through
I'll travel like a kangaroo;
More, I must grin and meekly give
Thanks, that I am allowed to live.

I must go on. Yet will arise
Vague hopes to balm my aching eyes;
For, looking on, I seem to see
In yon dim mist of prophecy,
The surcease of my misery.

In those far aons yet to come,
I know that Nature will find some
Adjustment that will fully solve
This thing for me. I will evolve!

I will evolve at last! And when
That day triumphant dawns—ah, then,
No longer a Pe-des-tri-an,
But a new this-year-model man,

I'll shed my legs and nervous heels
And grow a pair of wire wheels.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Ballade of the Ubiquitous Detour

WITH faces caressed by the breeze,
We glide in our eager coupé,
Whose motor propels us with ease.
The trees and the gleam of the bay
In May sound a sweet reveille
Which calls us to speed o'er the moor,
'Til this turns delight to dismay:
"Road Under Construction. Detour!"

My steering wheel grimly I seize,
A "damn" sotto voce I say;
It drizzles—I sniffle and sneeze
And wheeze, for the whole world is gray.
Hooray! Here's the end—I am gay:
But always some bumpkin or boor
Who's mending the road hollers, "Hey!
Road under construction. Detour!"

Detour! Thirty miles, if you please.
Detour! With distress and delay.
There cannot be harsher decrees
Than these in the whole U. S. A.
Whatever I choose to survey,
Wherever I roam, I am sure
To see several times every day:
"Road Under Construction. Detour!"

ENVOY

When finally toward heaven I stray,
My halo and harp to secure,
I pray not to meet on the way:
"Road Under Construction. Detour!"

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

BIG-CITY BURIED TREASURE

(Continued from Page 48

contractor deals. The usual method is to expose the reënforcing rods by breaking the concrete with heavy sledge hammers. That is slow work, but when the rods are exposed, a man with an oxyacetylene torch can cut them about as fast as he would walk if he were hunting for a lost coin.

In wrecking a concrete factory building in Boston not long ago the wrecker used a derrick with a weight ball and made very satisfactory speed with the job. That method was employed also on a wrecking job near Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, and it is becoming the accepted way. The concrete is broken up by using about the same energy and the same principle as is employed in driving piles.

Dynamite, of course, can be used very effectively on any kind of wrecking outside of a city; but since 1914, because of a series of accidents, its use above the level of the streets has been prohibited in New York City. Although architects and construction engineers did not fret themselves about the manner in which concrete structures were to be torn down when their period of usefulness was over, the military engineers of Germany prior to 1914 had provided for emergencies in all the concrete bridges near the French frontier. In every one of these bridges mine chambers had been built into the abutments and the middle piers, access to which was gained through manholes that in ordinary times were kept closed and locked.

In wrecking tall smokestacks of concrete in this country dynamite has been employed a number of times. In dropping a 210-foot stack built of reënforced concrete at Spokane, Washington, a few years ago, a belt of sixty-five holes was drilled around the base of this towering cylinder on the side in the direction it was desired to have it fall, leaving one-third of the circumference untouched except for a few emergency holes. Opposite the smoke flue, seven feet wide and four feet high, a similar opening was blasted out. Charges were placed in that belt of holes and detonated.

Salvaged Steel

The stack did not fall, although it was leaning about a foot out of plumb. It was held upright by the reënforcing rods and the concrete column, which was one-third of its circumference. Then the steel bars were cut with a torch, but still it did not topple. It was thirty inches out of line though. Finally the emergency holes were shot and then the stack fell. Obviously, then, the work of tearing down a concrete structure with a skeleton of heavy structural steel is real labor when the use of explosives is forbidden, but the oxyacetylene torch and the steam hammer do the trick, although slowly.

Aside from the window sash, the plumbing and other scrap metal, the only materials that can be salvaged from one of these big concrete office buildings is steel, and there is a ready market for that at all times.

Since the war a number of fireproof buildings have been demolished in New York—buildings that were only about twenty years old. The steel in one building which stood in lower Broadway was only thirteen years old when it was torn down. The steel in the six modern floors that had been built on top of the original six-story building was in excellent condition, and it was resold at mill prices because immediate delivery could be made, whereas there would have been a delay of perhaps several months in getting delivery of similar quantities from mills. The beams and columns were of standard sizes and shapes, and, as one dealer expressed it, the value of this kind of steel can be figured as easily as money in the bank. Wreckers know the precise amount of steel in these later-day buildings; they know that the concrete preserves it almost perfectly; and they have only to turn to the market pages of any newspaper to find out what it is worth.

There have been two instances in recent times in New York where defective metal has been uncovered by wreckers. One was in the Bank of America Building at Wall and Williams streets. This ten-story, forty-year-old structure had a framework of wrought-iron beams and cast-iron columns. In places the old-fashioned bolts and connections disintegrated as soon as they were exposed. The leakage of steam from the heating pipes was held to be largely responsible. Those parts that were incased in brick were in good condition. In this building the walls were exceptionally heavy, so that the decay of the iron had not resulted in disaster.

When Sherry's old restaurant building in Fifth Avenue was torn down the wreckers discovered that several girders were partially, and column connections entirely, corroded. This decay was due to the presence of an ice-cream refrigerating plant, from which brine was constantly seeping.

In contrast with that case, the wreckers report that the steel taken from the Tower Building, erected in lower Broadway in 1888, was as good when salvaged as the day it was put into the structure.

It does not take much marketing skill to dispose of secondhand structural steel in New York when there is a building boom in progress, but for disposing of plate glass, huge pieces of granite and freight-car loads of plumbing, a wrecking contractor has to be as good a merchant as if he was running a wholesale grocery or hardware business.

Much of the granite and marble from building façades is sold to the makers of grave markers. Plumbing is sometimes turned over to builders of cheaply constructed suburban houses. Plate glass finds a market often with insurance companies which have undertaken to replace broken windows for policyholders, and also with the manufacturers of automobile windshields. The scrap-metal market is a trade barometer that pulsates in cadence with the new metal market, and fortunes are made and lost in it, though such shifts are not considered so suitable for movie scenarios as when similar amounts are made and lost in Wall Street.

Selling a Monument

Relic hunters are an occasional source of profit to the building wrecker. Some time ago, when a time-stained loft building in one of the side streets off lower Fifth Avenue was being razed, two men picked their way hesitantly through the clouds of dust that filled the entrance. The confusion made by the roar of dirt down the front chute, the clatter of the brick cleaners knocking off lime mortar with metal straps taken from the fire escapes, the puffing of a derrick engine and the unintelligible yells of Russian workmen made them uncertain in a place which once had been as familiar to them as their own home. But before they had been standing around long the wrecking contractor accosted them. His address was polite, too, for these men see in every visitor a potential customer.

"We want to know if we can buy one of the granite pillars in the entrance," explained the elder brother.

"I got a buyer for all that stone," said the contractor.

"But we want only one column," persisted the elder of the two callers. "We have a sentimental reason for this. Our father built up a business here. At one time he owned this building. We think now that if he had not retired, but had continued to keep his business going, even though he was rich, he would be alive today. It was our mother who thought of this and sent us down to see you. We want to get one of those granite cylinders as a monument for his grave. Silly, perhaps, but—uh—"

"Not silly at all," said the contractor. "That thought occurs to a lot of people, and if anybody can be comforted in that way I'm delighted to help them. Pick out your stone and take it away."

"What is the charge, please?"

"Fifty dollars all right?"

"It is more than all right. It is generous of you."

"Pshaw," deprecated the wrecker, "I've given stones bigger than that to folks who wanted them for similar purposes and couldn't afford to buy them. Many of them seem to feel that these stones absorb something of the spirit of the people who spend

Did You Read that interesting article on Luther Burbank in the April 17th Issue?

SATURDAY EVENING POST

Remember what he said?

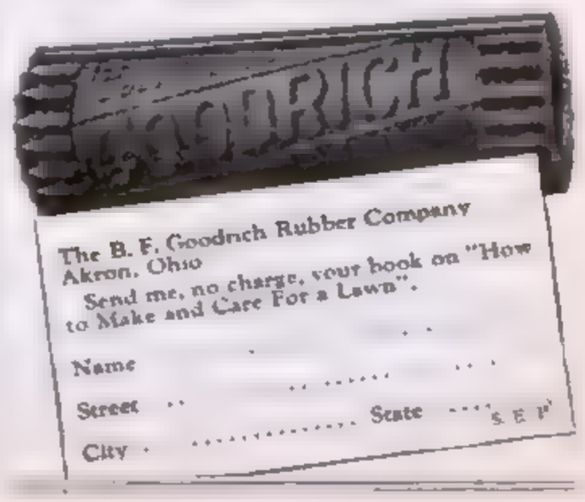
"To the American—who happens to have a plot of ground out back of the house, I have a suggestion to make. Buy yourself half a wagon-load of fertilizer, a spade, a hoe, a rake and a length of garden hose and start a vegetable garden."

If you are fortunate and followed the homely advice of this great and loved man, your garden is now well on its way. Green sprouts are pushing up—garden dreams will soon be a reality on your table.

But vegetables get thirsty and *right now* you will be needing that *length of Garden Hose* he mentioned. See that it is Goodrich, for Goodrich Garden Hose *lasts*, it *holds its life*. It is still strong, sinewy and water-tight after other hose has been discarded as useless. We have made hose for fifty-six years and we know how.

Goodrich Garden Hose

Want some good suggestions on lawns? Send for our new booklet "How To Make and Care For a Lawn"—no obligation whatever.



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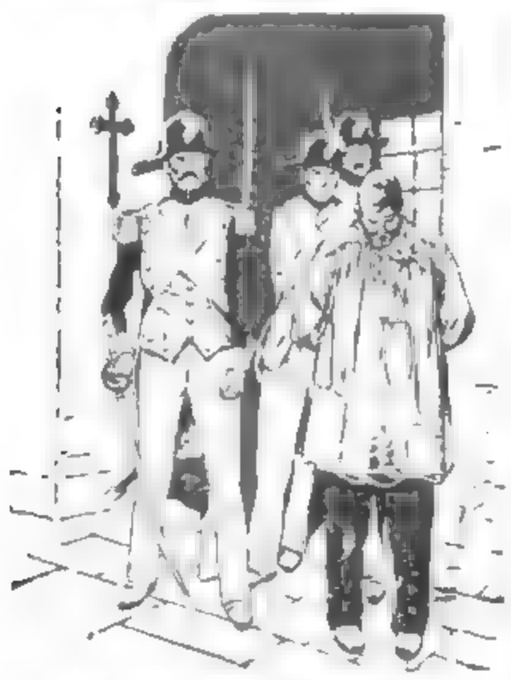

SCENE FROM "LES MISERABLES"

I want your advice

I have brought from France a magnificent screen version of *"Les Miserables,"* Victor Hugo's masterpiece. After final editing, it is still 22 reels in length, which means four hours of continuous performance. The picture is so beautiful, that I don't want to sacrifice a single foot of it. However, as it is two stories in one—"HEARTS OF HUMANITY" and "THE BARRICADE" (in reality a sequel) and each story is complete in itself in every detail—in plot, locale and dramatic climax—you can see one without the other without feeling that you have missed something. Hence, unless the public decides otherwise I intend to show it in two sections. *What do* YOU *think of the plan?*

Would you be willing to sit for four hours to view a picture providing you knew it to be a masterpiece? Or would you prefer to see the first picture today and the other three days or a week later? I am anxious to get the public's answer to this question because much depends on it.

***"Les Miserables"* was produced entirely in France and is cast** with French players of renown. The 5,000 persons in the assisting cast are all French people and the historical settings are necessarily accurate to a degree. The very scenes traversed by Jean Valjean in his remarkable wanderings are followed. I hate to cut anything out. In view of all the facts, therefore, *I am seriously in need of your advice.* What shall I do? Write me your answer, discuss it with your friends and ask them to write, too.

So many theatre owners and film fans have asked for *"Outside the Law"* that I have decided on a special revival of this truly great underworld drama starring PRISCILLA DEAN supported by the inimitable LON CHANEY. I know it will be a revelation in screen entertainment to anyone who has not seen it. Those who have already seen it will enjoy it again.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson and Laura La Plante

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

their lives close to them. A primitive notion, maybe, but I'm not going to quarrel with it."

When the home of the late Collis P. Huntington at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street was surrendered this year to a wrecking contractor, an architect was commissioned to try to buy two pedimented windows of carved limestone with flanking, fluted columns topped by foliated caps. The deal fell through because the contractor wanted $500 apiece for the windows, which was a trifle more than the prospective purchaser was willing to pay for a sentimental indulgence. He was a New Yorker who had spent many happy hours in that house with its portals guarded by two stone lions seated on columns.

The porphyry staircase in the Huntington house was fifteen feet wide and incorporated in it were many kinds of marble—red Nubian, red levanto, some onyx of milk and gold and a few slabs of alabaster.

It was one of the finest things in the old house, but its future is said to be tied up with that of Florida, for it was bought by John Ringling, the circus man.

Mr. Ringling has done a great deal of shopping among the wrecking contractors in New York during the past six months. Most of the materials he has bought were intended for shipment to Florida. One of his purchases was the eighteen columns of the portico of the old Hotel Savoy. He also bought a number of mantels of marble, stone and fine woods from some of the Fifth Avenue mansions that have been demolished recently.

One of the Vanderbilt houses produced a carved mantel which the directors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art were glad to accept, but those same directors have rejected a good deal of material the original owners of which had expected them to receive with reverence.

In the old Marquand home at Sixty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue in New York there was a Japanese room the walls of which were formed of panels of a species of mahogany which, because of its hardness, takes its name from a Spanish term meaning "break the ax." This had been elaborately carved by Japanese artists into forms of insects, flowers and birds. It had cost $150,000.

From Tenement to Bungalow

The late Henry G. Marquand, whose ownership of this unusual work of art had been a great source of pride to him, had been from 1871 until 1902 an influential figure among the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, finally becoming president of the institution. Therefore his widow, when arrangements were discussed for razing her home, elected to offer the fittings of that Japanese chamber to the museum. But the gift was declined, though not because of any disrespect for its artistic merit.

The wrecking contractor, making a survey of the old house, went through it room by room. Under his contract everything on the site belonged to him. He knew where to sell the window sashes, the plumbing, the stones and the bricks, but he was puzzled to find a market for that Japanese room, and then, to his delight, a purchaser came to him with an offer. She was a woman with a country house on Long Island and she knew about that room of Japanese carvings and coveted it. She bought it for $1200, and since she wanted it as only women can want things, it was a rare bargain.

There are plenty of those bargains in New York today for anyone who knows precisely what he is looking for. There is an Italian up in Westchester County, New York, who has grown prosperous through wise purchases of secondhand building materials and equally wise handling of his purchases. Some years ago he bought some land in that county. When the housing shortage boosted tenement rents on New York's East Side, he had worked out a scheme for providing some of his friends and acquaintances who were escaping from that region with homes they could afford to buy on time. He bought practically all his building materials from the wrecking contractors. Today there is a village of bungalows, each with a garage, each with a garden and each with a chicken run. A swarm of former tenement dwellers are healthier and happier, and he, the instigator of it all, is well satisfied with the contents of his safe-deposit box.

Even though the best of New York buildings may begin to tremble in fear of the wreckers after twenty years of existence, some portions of the finest bits of architecture that are all too rare anyway are being preserved. The façade of the old assay office that stood in Wall Street for more than 100 years is preserved now, and for many years to come probably, as the façade of the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The façade of the Parkhurst Church, designed by Stanford White, which stood at Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, was salvaged for the new building of the Hartford, Connecticut, Times. The W. K. Vanderbilt mansion in Fifth Avenue was turned over to the wreckers recently, but it is to rise again in the more appropriate setting of a Long Island estate.

Treasure Hunters

The men who get themselves killed or hurt in large numbers doing this work with their hands are not so much interested in the rescue of precious examples of architecture or interior decorating as they are in their own treasure hunts within the walls they destroy. Tony Malfaldi is their constant symbol of hope.

Almost every one of those old dwellings wrecked in New York has a wall safe in it. This is not surprising, because the safety-deposit box business has recruited most of its customers in quite recent times. Thirty and forty years ago only very rich and wise men had safes in public vaults.

Since the wrecker buys everything on the premises he wrecks, among his regular patrons are the safe companies. Some of these wall safes bring only a few dollars, but there is probably not a wrecker in the business who does not feel a surge of hope every time he sends an exploring hand into the safe of a house which has just been turned over to him.

One New York wrecker sent for an expert from one of these safe companies last fall and instructed him to open a safe in the wall of an old office building. When it was opened he reached in over the shoulder of this Jimmy Valentine and extracted a handful of bonds.

About twenty-four hours later there was an uproar on the premises. The owners of the building had discovered the open safe. There was an exchange of insults which nearly brought down the walls without the aid of barmen, and then the row was adjourned to court.

There the wrecking contractor easily established that his contract had given him everything on the premises.

He surrendered the bonds, though, but won his right to sell that safe, even though the original owners protested it had never been their intention to include it with the rest of the materials in the house.

One other barman besides that person listed here as Tony Malfaldi is credited by members of the House Wreckers' Union with having made an important find. He was a Russian, and he, too, promptly sailed back to the old country.

Twelve bottles of whisky buried under a heap of rubbish in the basement of a saloon that was wrecked in Brooklyn five years after the coming of prohibition seemed like a treasure to the workman whose bar uncovered it, but it was only after a struggle with a squad of his mates that he preserved intact a single bottle for home consumption. The rest was absorbed on the job by men who knocked off the heads of the bottles with the same metal straps with which they had been engaged in that awfully dusty work of brick cleaning. A storage-warehouse basement in which was uncovered a huge vase of Japanese workmanship was the scene of a fight between the helper who found it, with a thrill like that of an archæologist, and the wrecking contractor, who felt that it belonged to him. They clinched during their argument, in which justice was on the side of the contractor, and when they toppled over, the workman was underneath, but he was on top of the vase. The shards of that piece of pottery are now a part of a Long Island dump fill.

Rarely is a floor pulled up or a closet explored in an old house without revealing at least one old coin, but generally these coins are no more than pennies. One of the former secretaries of the House Wreckers' Union had a fondness for these blackened coins, and members of the union over a number of years used to indulge his hobby. Finally he had a cigar box filled with coins, and this was displayed in the window of the store which for a time served the union as a meeting hall.

One day a stranger entered and offered the secretary fifty dollars for the box of copper coins. For that price the secretary of the union scurried around for wrapping paper in order to make a neat bundle. Not long afterward, to his chagrin, he read in a newspaper about this transaction, discovering that the purchaser was a numismatist who had found coins in the box that were worth, he boasted in print, in excess of $2000.

Autograph hunters and stamp collectors are continually accosting building wreckers and seeking to persuade them to be ever on the lookout for bits of old paper of great value.

"If you ever find any old papers on any job of mine that you would like I'll be glad to give 'em to you," promised one of these contractors to a collector he knew. The collector religiously goes through the houses turned over to that wrecker for demolition, but to date he is not credited with any success.

Corner stones of public buildings always contain a few relics of the period in which they were laid. Knowledge of this is so widespread that there is usually a crowd on hand in New York when the time comes to hook a derrick cable about such a stone and uncover the contents of the small cavity beneath it.

The Corner Stone's Yield

When the three-ton corner stone of the Bank of America was lifted, a huge crowd was swarming into the Subway entrance near by, but soon every mortal in it seemed more concerned with the contents of that recess, about a cubic foot in area, beneath the stone than he was in getting his supper.

The contractor, as soon as the stone was swung away, reached into the dry hole and hauled out a tin box, blackened by forty years of solitude. When he could press his way through the crowd he opened his find. There were some papers, which he previously had agreed to turn over to the bank, and one coin which was his by right of discovery. It was a cent, dated 1885.

Running down a page of the records of the House Wreckers' Union at a meeting of that organization, the secretary calls off names such as John Petrukevich, Andrey Chotinuk, Joseph Koval, Stefan Kuka, Nikifor Zhihar, Mike Dolsky, Serge Golovin, Demitry Zolotarevsky. Almost all of them are Russians and Poles, with a sprinkling of Italians, Spaniards and negroes. About fifty of the Russians are refugees, former officers of the Czar's army. The list contains one general, two aviators, a couple of doctors, a professor, a civil engineer and a lawyer. All these speak several languages, but almost none of them speak English with any degree of fluency.

Each has two things which he treasures in the New World. One is his union card, the other is the hope born of that legend about the luck of Tony Malfaldi.

Inflate each pair of tires EVENLY

This Schrader Balloon Tire Gauge is calibrated in 1-lb. units. The figures are well spaced, and easy to read. The ball foot makes it easy to use this gauge with any type of wheel.

SURER steering, smoother riding, and longer tire service all come from keeping both front tires and both rear tires evenly inflated to the correct pressures.

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Play the SILVER KING

"I PLAY THE KING," said Archie Compston, "for the length ther's in the ball. And th' way it takes a drubbin' and comes out with a whole hide would appeal to the soul of a Scotsman! A good part o' golf is mental and the King is a breeder of golfin' confidence."

Most golfers find that they get 15 to 25 yards further when they play this best of all good golf balls.

STILL A DOLLAR
no raise in the price

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Golf Distributors

THE LOVE FORCE

(Continued from Page 52)

free to the public; Orange Hall, beginning Monday night, Sept. 20th. And after that there were posters and photographs wherever she turned. Miss Happer's gaze met her a dozen times in the block, it pursued her about corners, and around the corners it met her again. The town seemed invaded, inescapably, by omniscience.

It was exactly what had happened in Cookstown. And just as in Cookstown, thought Millie, Julia Maude Happer would empty Eva May's auditorium to fill her own, she would undercut her in the price of the private lecture course, she would pursue her with deliberate and malicious intention.

It was a very depressing walk. And in the end it became quite intolerable. Once she stopped to pat a gray-and-white cat washing its face in ordinary cat fashion in front of an Italian fruit store. And the cat withdrew at once, and went and sat in the doorway, looking at her down its nose with an intense inquisitorial interest—analyzing.

"I'm beginning to imagine things," said Millie to herself, and turned back to the hotel.

There was a photograph of Miss Happer in the lift. Quietly, behind the elevator man's back, Millie removed it and, carrying it to her room, dropped it behind the radiator with its face to the wall.

Once more Julia Maude Happer had tapped Eva May's public and drawn away its strength.

Eva May's representative stood on Monday night watching, through a rip in the backstage curtain, while the audience gathered slowly in Odd Fellows' Hall. The Eva May Collins Inspiration Club was there loyally forward, Mrs. Temple Taylor, the president, talking impressively and continuously to the secretary, who nodded at intervals with a sort of tranced gravity, her eyes on the curtain which would presently separate and disclose Eva May. There were perhaps half a dozen rows in front filled, and a few people had wandered in and taken seats near the back, a provisional eye to the aisles and rear exits. The middle hall and gallery were empty.

On all her previous visits—and this was the third in three years—Eva May had crowded Odd Fellows' Hall to suffocating fullness. Every seat had been taken by eight o'clock, and when the aisles were filled people stood against the wall or leaned against each other in the vestibule, unable to catch a glimpse of Eva May, but sufficiently rewarded by the ringing sentences that reached them across the crowded hall and through the opened doors.

Potent, energizing sentences. "You can if you will. Therefore, will!" "Come out of the dark Fear-night into the bright light of the Happiness-dawning!" "Stop your timid cringing to the Without and recognize the transforming power of the Within!" Hanging on her words, her listeners had forgotten the laden air, the jostling elbows, the toes that trod their toes—all the manifestations of the without—and the awakening realization of the within strengthened their spirits and made them forget their aching knees. Discouraged office workers, struggling neurasthenics, small financiers facing insolvency—they had all come to Eva May. And Eva May had sent them out conquerors, strong in the knowledge of the creative energy of the thought force, fortified by the consciousness of the functioning power of the inner life.

Millie, watching the diminished group before her through the stage curtain, thought of those crowded vanished nights and sighed. And presently Eva May, in a black velvet wrap with a silver lining, came out of the dressing room and looked through the curtain too.

"By the time the middle seats fill up, it will be just a nice audience for an opening night," she said brightly, and went back, shivering a little, to the warm dressing room. And ten minutes later, when it was time for the lecture to begin, she paused again at the rip in the curtain; and the middle seats were as empty as ever.

"It is a nice audience, don't you think?" said Eva May a little wistfully. "After all, a small group is much more easily handled on opening night."

"It's a beautiful audience," said Millie, and tucked Eva May's hair net in at the back with a consoling gentleness.

But the evening was clouded by a sense of failure. Eva May's platform style was not adapted to this tiny group. It was a copious and impassioned style, and it required, especially toward the climaxes, balconies, thronged and breathless balconies. It sat on the insignificant gathering before her with an effect of melancholy incongruity. Her gestures, her high eloquence went beyond the handful on the ground floor and flung themselves against the empty seats in the balcony. It was less like a lecture to stimulate the inner life than like the rehearsal of a lecture to try out the acoustics. There were energy and volume, but a perceptible hollowness.

But Eva May was staunch against discouragement. Unfalteringly she carried her program through, proclaiming revealed psychology, affirming the creative power of the human ego, with high gesture pointing the door to the new life, but withholding the key—to be supplied later in private lecture, at a cost of twenty dollars for the course. And when she had concluded, amid enthusiastic clapping from the front rows and thinly scattered applause from the rear, Millie appeared and sat down at the little table in front, ready to enroll members in either course: on the blue cards for Controlling Destiny and on the pink for The Transformer Within.

But no one enrolled. At the end of twenty minutes the little piles of blue and pink cards remained undiminished, the bright new blotting paper unmarred. Financially the evening had yielded nothing.

For Eva May, however, it brought its measure of compensation. The loyal group in the front seats thronged about her as soon as the lecture was over, to shake her hand and welcome her back. And Eva May smiled, bending on them looks of bright serenity, holding out her hands to right and left.

Mrs. Temple Taylor isolated her from the group for a moment to tell her the latest achievement of mind supreme.

"They laugh at me," said Mrs. Taylor, "and tell me there isn't anything in it. But there it is . . . when you face them with it, what can they say? I simply affirmed reality and claimed my heritage, just as you said. And when it came it was exactly like the thought image—walnut, with a rattan back and William and Mary legs. You don't think it's wrong to extend the thought force to material images, do you, Miss Collins?"

And old Mrs. Philbert, who had taken the course Controlling Destiny for three years to cure her asthma, and at the end of three years still had her asthma and still had her faith—Mrs. Philbert came and stertorously climbed the platform stairs, a flush of emotion on her old pink cheeks.

"Oh, your soul!" she said to Eva May, taking both her hands in hers. "Your beautiful, beautiful soul!"

At half-past eleven that evening Millie dropped into the corner suite for a conference with her employer.

Eva May was in the bathroom, extending the thought image to the bath salts in the bureau drawer, and she called out in her grave rich voice, "Oh, Millie dear, I was just thinking about you. Would you get the lilac salts out of the upper left-hand drawer and put them just inside the door?"

Millie brought the salts and, picking up a copy of Heigho for Happiness, Poems of Joy and Vision, from the table, went and sat in the chair by the window. She glanced down a page, yawned and dropped the volume into the back of the chair. Then gathering her feet under her with a bent arm, she dropped her chin in her hand and stared thoughtfully out of the window. And presently Eva May emerged, rosy, damp and lilac-scented, in a splendid negligee of scarlet and petunia silk.

She stretched herself out on the chaise longue, her hands clasped behind her head.

"Did you hear old Mrs. Philbert?" she said. "I don't think I ever knew anything as touching as that woman's devotion."

She gazed beyond Millie, her eyes bright, her cheeks pleasantly flushed.

"It makes one feel indescribably humble," said Eva May, and looked indescribably exalted.

But Millie's thoughts were not with Mrs. Philbert.

"We'll have to do something about Julia Maude Happer," she said and turned firmly to face Eva May. "I'll have to think of a plan."

Eva May, recalled, stirred a little restlessly.

"You don't think she would—you don't believe she's deliberately unfriendly?" she said.

"Absolutely," answered Millie, and nodded gravely. "She's an unqualified pestilence."

"Oh, I don't know," answered Eva May cheerfully. "Would you just reach me the night cream out of the walrus bag, dear? You know it's really true that there's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us ——"

Millie uncurled her legs and rose and brought the night cream.

"Not Julia Maude," she said. "There isn't any mixed strain in her. She's a purebred hell kitty."

"My dear!" said Eva May reprovingly. She picked up a hand mirror from the table beside the chaise longue and went to work competently on the upper facial muscles. And Millie curled her legs under her again and, dropping her chin in her hand, watched Eva May in silence.

Eva May, looking up presently, remarked:

"By the way, has that young man on the Enlightener used my photograph yet?"

Millie shook her head.

"Not yet," she said. "But I'm sure he will."

Eva May dipped her fingers thoughtfully in the night-cream pot.

"Do you know, I have a feeling he won't," she said. "I have the strongest feeling he isn't reliable."

"But you've never seen him!" protested Millie.

"I know, but I have a feeling," answered Eva May, beginning on the corner of the left eye, with a circular upward motion.

Millie was conscious of a sudden and unusual sense of irritation. She had liked Mr. Chester—she didn't know anyone she had liked better on a shorter acquaintance. She had seen him for less than five minutes in the dim light of an inner office, but his face came before her now like the face of a familiar acquaintance, blond, square and youthful, the light hair rising from his forehead on the crest of two impetuous cowlicks. It occurred to Millie that she had never known a young man whose hair grew in cowlicks in the front who wasn't ruggedly dependable. It wasn't fair for Eva May to pluck prejudices out of the air that way.

She straightened and rose.

"Well, good night," she said. "It's way past bedtime."

Eva May rose too, and, coming over, laid her hands on Millie's shoulders.

"Now I know you're letting the fear image trouble you," she said gently. "So I'll tell you what I'll do to put your mind at rest. I'll devote the whole of concentration interval to this thing tonight—exclude

(Continued on Page 68)

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WHEN a car can make the great advances which have come to the Chrysler Imperial "80" so early in its career it must have features and qualities of performance even beyond the extraordinary.

The Chrysler Imperial "80" is being driven today by men and women for years accustomed to the finest previous quality among the highest priced cars—and all freely acclaim that the Imperial "80" exceeds every earlier height of performance, luxury and riding comfort.

Even at more than 80 miles an hour the Imperial "80" rides with unsurpassed steadiness and comfort. Its operation at all speeds is without strain, without effort. Speed is a gentle merging of one pace into another—a gliding so smooth and steady that it is almost imperceptible.

And it is luxury indescribable to ride in the first car whose springs are anchored in cushioning blocks of resilient rubber. No noise; no rattles or squeaks; no need of lubrication; resulting in a new richness of easeful riding at any and all speeds.

Of even greater significance are the factors of long life and endurance which Chrysler engineers have built into this car.

Balance throughout the motor and chassis is perfected to the final degree. Every drop of oil circulated, every breath of air entering the engine is filtered clean. Impulse neutralizers and engine mountings of live rubber further insure superlative operating smoothness.

We care not how high your motoring standards may have been—the Imperial "80" is built to excel them.

You owe it to yourself to ride in and drive this extraordinary car.

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CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

Your face is my territory

I JUST RECEIVED THIS LETTER:

Dear Jim:

I'm a peddler—a paint peddler. Just plain paint. You know—house paint, barn paint, mill and factory paint.

As one salesman to another though, I want to tell you that your trio of Shavies for Men is the best ever. They ring the bell.

Why, ever since you've made 'em I've been Smilin' Thru your lather, balm and powder every morning.

Fraternally,
LWW

In one way, I'm practically a paint salesman myself.

I'm selling nature's own face paint—a good complexion. Your physiognomy is my territory.

Suppose tomorrow A.M. you begin the shaving sprint with a coat of Mennen lather—super-moist, triple strength. Mixes with any local water. Whips the fight out of the toughest, scrappiest crop of whiskers that ever bristled up to a keen-edged blade—and whips them until they purr. One round of the razor flips them off without a twinge.

You get a shave that's an asset—quick, close and flattering. Our scientists call this Mennen beard taming process *dermutation*. You'll call it *transformation*.

Then try a few squirts of Mennen Skin Balm in the wake of the razor blade. At first it bites agreeably—that's the antiseptic, astringent touch. Then it briskly stimulates the circulation—sets the skin a-tingling. You know you *like* it, right on the spot. Your mirror will convince you that you *want* it. Your face looks healthy, smooth, unblemished. Skin Balm comes in leakproof form in handy tubes. Fifty cents a throw.

For the final touch of good grooming, flick a film of Talcum for Men over all. Neutral in tone. Doesn't show on the face. So mildly perfumed, even an inquiring public won't smell out your secret. That's the Mennen Shave in toto. You'll want to be initiated.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 66)

everything else, affirm success, and repel the Happer influence."

Her voice dropped a little and took on depth and resonance, as though Millie were an auditorium instead of a confidential secretary.

"You must remember we are working in harmony with universality principle," she said gravely, "and that there is nothing in the universe so powerful as the thought force properly directed and applied. Except the love force," added Eva May after a moment's thought. "But in her case, I'm afraid ——"

Millie nodded comprehendingly. Miss Happer, of course, was proof against the beatitudes.

"All right, you apply the thought force," she said as she kissed Eva May good night, "and I'll drop into Orange Hall tomorrow night and see what she's up to."

Long before Miss Happer's lecture opened the following evening, Millie was in her place in the third row from the platform, middle front. She had need to be early, for Orange Hall was well filled by eight o'clock, and by 8:30, when the lecture opened, even the aisles were filled and benches were being improvised under the platform.

Running her accustomed eye over this audience, Millie was conscious of a deepening indignation. For Julia Maude Happer had simply looted Eva May of her public. Overnight she had filched away the entire balcony and most of the ground floor. They were Eva May's, these people—simple people with a dogged capacity for belief, sincere people, forever hoping to come up with success and slip a pinch of magic salt on its tail. This audience belonged to Eva May as clearly as though her signature had been written across it.

"By the end of the week," thought Millie with chill certainty, "she won't have left us enough for a hand of bridge." And between anxiety and curiosity she waited for Miss Happer to appear.

And promptly at 8:30 the yellow curtains parted and Miss Happer stepped out. A tall, gaunt woman, she wore—as tall, gaunt women so frequently and inadvisedly do—a black velvet evening gown, neckless, sleeveless and chastened of ornament. She looked, reflected Millie, like an older and rather less amiable sister of the subject of her professional photograph. There was a family resemblance—no more—between her and that agreeably tempered study.

Charm she had none, as Millie interpreted charm. That was evident from the moment the yellow curtains parted and let her through. But there was something about her, Millie decided, studying Miss Happer's unaffectionate eye, her thin smile, and the hoop earrings that lent such sinister significance to the high, piratical nose—something rakish and dangerous that had to be reckoned with.

Miss Happer nodded briefly to her audience, and briskly unrolled a large phrenological chart, which she attached to the yellow curtain. Then, without any ritual of introduction she opened her lecture and was instantly in the midst of it. Here was none of Eva May's smiling and urbane approach, her half-playful intimacies, that gradual warm enfolding of her audience that always sent people away murmuring gratefully, "You always feel she's talking right to you."

Miss Happer was cold and rhetorical, her smile was uncordial, her manner immediate and harsh.

Gradually, however, she warmed to eloquence. She did not win her audience, but in the end she overrode it, carrying it along like a chip on the tide of her conquering oratory. At the end of an hour it was listening spellbound, publicly exploring its occipital region and comparing it with the perfectly balanced areas of the young man on the chart. All over the auditorium sensational phrenological discoveries were being made. When the speaker discussed with much frankness the moral qualities revealed by rear-head elevations, two people hurriedly put on their hats and moved to the back of the hall.

She talked uninterruptedly for an hour and a half, and still her hearers were fresh and eager; that sense of an audience was like a flower fully expanded, its edges all untouched, perfect. Then abruptly she stopped, rolled up the chart and tied it firmly with its piece of pink tape. And her listeners, relaxing, began to stir and shuffle and reach under the seats for their hats.

But no, the lecturer hadn't finished yet. She disappeared for an instant behind the curtain and came back with a large brown-paper parcel. And the audience sat forward, serious and speculative once more, and put their hats back under the seats.

"I have here," said Miss Happer, busy with the string, "photographs of actual types which will help to illustrate the main lines of our discussion this evening."

She laid back the brown-paper wrappings and held up a large sepia photograph of President Calvin Coolidge.

"The politico-cerebral type; a very good example," she said, and summarized expertly: "Perceptiveness, shrewdness, thrift, caution, reticence, patriotism and moral enthusiasm. Observe the marked depression in the region of communicativeness."

They nodded, very gravely, as people do in the proved presence of truth. Scattered applause came from various parts of the hall.

And the lady next to Millie, turning impulsively, said, "You know, it does seem as though there might be something in it!"

Millie smiled scornfully.

"As if you needed characterosophy to tell you that!" she said.

The lady nodded.

"Yes, that's true too," she said, a little shaken.

Miss Happer laid President Coolidge carelessly on his face and followed with Demonstration Two, John D. Rockefeller. Analysis revealed here qualities of enterprise, executiveness, acquisitiveness and temperance, together with a well-developed area of financial aptitude. Mr. Rockefeller was followed in turn by Demonstration Three, Henry Ford—mechano-cerebral, showing foresightedness, organization, benefaction and notable mechanical ability.

"I never heard anything so silly in my life," said Millie. And the lady next to her, now thoroughly estranged, murmured, indicating the audience:

"And yet they actually think they're hearing something! Aren't people funny?"

"If that's what she calls characterosophy ——" began Millie; and stopped suddenly, her eyes widening, a faint gasp coming through lips still formed for words.

"The next photograph," Miss Happer was saying, "I have selected because it is a very good example of the pure masticative—the type that shows a tendency to circular contours and is inclined to gustativeness, or pleasure in food."

Smiling her faintly disagreeable smile, she held the photograph out, first to the right, then to the left, and then up at arm's length for the benefit of the gallery.

"I've seen that face somewhere," said the lady next thoughtfully. But Millie did not hear her. She sat frozen into her attitude of attention, straining her gaze until Julia Maude Happer became no more than a wavering black illusion against a background of ocher, and the audience ran together in black and white and colored smudges. For the representative of pure masticative was her own Eva May!

Julia Maude Happer studied Eva May thoughtfully for a moment, holding her at arm's length. Then she set briskly to work.

"Masticative, with just a touch of mental," she said, "the region of affability is well developed, indicating that the subject is inclined to deal kindly with those about her. It is more than balanced, however, by the development of the organ of self-interest, showing that the affability is usually directed where it will do the subject the most good."

She studied the photograph of Eva May for a moment, her head posed a little on one side. There was nothing malignant apparent in her manner, which was dispassionate and preceptorial. Faint murmurs, which might have been disapproval, came occasionally from different parts of the hall, but for the most part the audience gave its attention to the features of Eva May with an impersonal and critical interest, like an intelligent class in anatomy making the acquaintance of a new specimen.

"The nose," went on Julia Maude, "is, as you see, strongly acquisitive, and this, combined with low conscientiousness, would indicate that the subject is not to be intrusted with sums of money. The region of gustativeness is very strongly marked. Note the tendency to double chin."

They noted it gravely. Millie could see the lady two seats along the row setting it down in a little red memorandum book, "masticative type—low conscientiousness—tendency to double chin"—very carefully as a formula to be preserved.

Miss Happer turned the picture about and appraised it once more. Was there anything more to be said? No; double chin seemed after all the best note on which to close. She turned it briskly on its face and went on to Demonstration Five.

But Millie heard nothing of Demonstration Five. Her mind was suddenly and painfully arrested by another problem. For on the back of Eva May's picture as Miss Happer held it up, she had seen written quite plainly, "Property of Miss Mildred Simpson," exactly as Mr. Chester had set it down in the office of the Enlightener, less than a week before.

So that was what Mr. Chester was like—accepting Eva May's photograph with one hand and cynically handing it on to Julia Maude with the other! Oh, no, no, he would never do a thing like that! He had liked her—you could always tell when a man liked you. She would go to him tomorrow, early—first thing in the morning—and ask him to explain. . . .

As abruptly as she had opened her lecture, Miss Happer brought it to a close. And Millie filed out with the rest and walked slowly back to the hotel. And now her mind had swung back to Julia Maude. What was to be done with her? A libel suit would only bring discredit to Eva May and publicity to Miss Happer. A counter attack from the platform of Odd Fellows' Hall was equally out of the question.

Eva May, Millie realized, was hopelessly unfitted for the brisk incivilities of platform exchange. At the first sign of return fire she would probably withdraw to the thought plane and try to influence universal mind to send Julia Maude clergyman's throat—or something equally fantastic and impractical.

No; whatever was done Millie must do herself. And it must be something unexpected, dramatic and immediate; a *coup de grâce* that would banish Julia Maude from the Collins orbit forever.

She went up to her own room and sat on the edge of the bed for half an hour. And at last, finding no solace in thought and no refuge from thinking, she wandered down to Eva May's suite to discover how the evening had gone at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Eva May was just stepping off the elevator as Millie paused at her door, and she came down the corridor moving with the impressive tranquillity that was part of the Collins tradition. Someone had once said that Eva May's passing was a benediction, and there was something in her movements which suggested that the idea had lodged.

She smiled at Millie as she came along, and at the door held out her hand.

"Such a lovely evening," she said; "all the old friends."

"How many?" asked Millie practically.

Eva May bent over the lock.

"There must have been nearly a hundred," she answered cheerfully.

Millie sighed.

"It gets worse every night," she said sadly.

They went into the sitting room, and Eva May switched on the light.

(Continued on Page 70)

You Can Buy Two STUDEBAKER BIG SIXES

for the price of any other car of equal rated horsepower

The Big Six Sedan—*for five passengers*

$1895 *f. o. b. factory*

To equal it in rated horsepower, you must pay $2855 to $8155 more.

It is a car to hold five passengers in armchair comfort—body is unusually roomy. Seats are luxuriously deep and restful—richly upholstered in genuine mohair, indicative of the fine quality body construction you cannot see.

Ride in it—feel the surge of power from the smooth, silent engine and you will know why the Big Six outsells all other cars of equal or greater rated horsepower.

The Big Six Sport-Roadster *The ideal second car*

$1645 *f. o. b. factory*

To equal it in rated horsepower, you must pay $2305 to $8355 more.

ENTHUSIASTIC power—that laughs at loads and loves its work—sets the Big Six Roadster apart from all other cars in its price class. Just to look at it makes you want to get back of the wheel and go somewhere. It's a car of surpassing beauty in design and body finish. Swung low to the road and done in two tones of green-gray.

Equipment on the Roadster includes windshield wings, boot for collapsible top, front bumper and rear bumperettes, motometer, spare tire, tube and cover. Upholstery is genuine leather—the seat back adjustable to any desired angle.

* * *

ALL Big Sixes are equipped with snubbers, gasoline gauge on the dash, air cleaner, gas and oil filters, automatic windshield cleaner, rear-view mirror, cowl ventilator, stop light and coincidental lock to ignition and steering gear, controlled by the same key that locks door and spare-tire carrier. Spark is automatically controlled by the speed of the engine. The spark lever is thus made obsolete and is replaced on the steering wheel by the safety lighting switch.

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For the price of any other car of equal rated horsepower, you can buy two Studebaker Big Sixes and realize the countless advantages of two-car ownership.

Studebaker Big Six has become the world's fastest-selling high-powered car because volume production on a One-Profit basis enables Studebaker to build into this car the many qualities that have hitherto been associated only with high price—yet sell it at moderate price.

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Few motor car "manufacturers" have foundries, forges, etc., to make their own engines—yet one-fifth of an automobile's cost is in the engine. Even fewer build their own bodies—yet one-third of the car's cost is in the body.

Studebaker builds *all* its own bodies, *all* engines, *all* clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, brakes, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings. Only Studebaker in the fine-car field enjoys such complete manufacturing facilities.

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These facilities enable Studebaker to manufacture quality cars on a One-Profit basis—effecting vital savings which are passed on to Studebaker owners in the form of higher quality and lower price.

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Studebaker facilities result, too, in cars designed, engineered and built as units. The hundreds of parts in a Studebaker function as a smooth-working unit, resulting in scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation, greater riding comfort and higher resale value.

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Direct manufacturing control enables Studebaker to keep cars constantly up-to-date. Improvements are continually made, giving Studebaker owners the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements. For a complete illustrated story of One-Profit manufacture and for a beautiful colored catalog of Big Six Studebakers, drop a postal or a letter to The Studebaker Corporation of America, South Bend, Ind. Ask for Combination F603.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

"Murphy Varnish Company is engaged in making varnish and other finishes growing out of varnish experience. The business was founded sixty years ago by Franklin Murphy, who became Governor of New Jersey. The men now interested in the company grew up under his administration and were trained by him, and inherited, not only the knowledge of making varnish and the experience of applying it to various surfaces, but also the belief that no sale is profitable unless both parties are satisfied."

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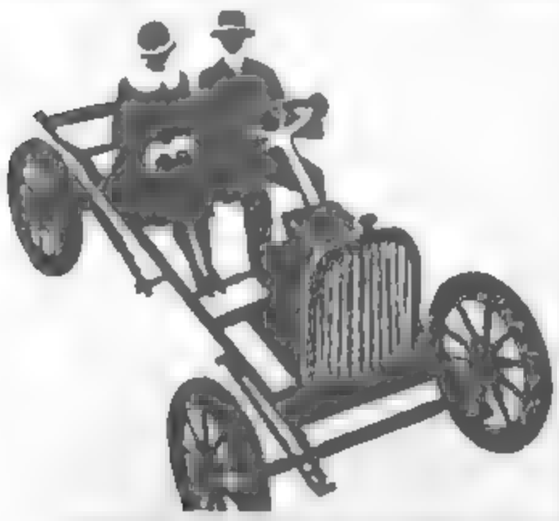
"Beauty is only skin deep", says the proverb, and here's where you are in luck. You can put a new skin on your car, and make the whole car beautiful because the skin is, and do it in one day, and drive the car next morning, too. You could drive her stripped, of course, with a soap box for a seat, the way they try out the chassis at the factory, except you do care how you look. And how your car looks. So it's you for the paint store, or the paint shop (it's all the same



to Murphy) and a new looking car day after tomorrow.

If you do the job yourself ask for Murphy Da-Cote Enamel at the paint store. It comes in many delightful colors, flows on easily with a brush and, as the name implies, dries in a day and is ready for use. If you decide to let a professional painter do it go to the paint shop that displays the Murcote sign and get a beautiful, permanent job of Murphy Murcote Spraying Lacquer. Or if you want a higher gloss ask him to use Murphy Motor Car Varnish—a material with a reputation of sixty years' standing. But the important thing is to do something. Don't let your car go shabby another summer when a little time and a little money can make it so easily look the way it ought to.

Murphy
DA-COTE BRUSHING Enamel
or
MURCOTE SPRAYING Lacquer

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
NEWARK CHICAGO·SAN FRANCISCO·MONTREAL

(Continued from Page 68)

"No, but really I enjoy these small groups," she said. "One gets so much closer to one's audience."

She bent over and unbuttoned her slippers, stepping out of them with a little sigh of relief.

"Excuse me a minute, dear," she said, and vanished into the next room. There were subdued sounds of letting out, and presently she emerged, a softly enlarged Eva May, in her gorgeous scarlet and petunia silk negligee.

"There!" she said, and sank down contentedly on the chaise longue. The light from the tilted lamp shade set a halo about her red-gold hair. She looked like a saint in a cathedral window, albeit a saint who stood in some need of drawing-in strings.

"Now tell me all about your evening," she said. "What happened?"

Millie hesitated, frowning a little.

"Nothing much," she said finally. "She talked a while and then showed some photographs of prominent people and analyzed them. It wasn't particularly interesting."

"And was the hall filled?" asked Eva May.

Millie nodded.

"Packed," she said briefly.

Eva May sighed.

"It seems the strangest thing to me," she said, "that a woman like that can get up on a platform and simply take hundreds of dollars out of the public's pocket."

"She's very dangerous," said Millie gravely. "If this keeps up she'll have your whole public in a week."

Eva May gathered up the sleeves of her negligee and draped them tranquilly across her waist.

"They will come back," she said. "Nor time nor space nor deep nor high can keep my own away from me!"

Millie shrugged her shoulders and, getting up, wandered over to the dressing table. Moodily she powdered her nose and, picking up the hand mirror, studied her left-side face with a pessimism that that agreeable prospect certainly did not invite.

"We can't let this go on, you know," she said.

Eva May sighed.

"My dear, it won't go on," she answered patiently. "I told you last night I would attend to it."

She picked up the evening paper from the table and adjusted the portable lamp. And for a little while there was silence between them.

"Anything in the paper?" asked Millie presently, helping herself to a drop of Eva May's perfume.

"Nothing except this murderer from Chicago," answered Eva May, for like all gentle women she invariably read the crime news first. "I see he killed fourteen people before he was caught, including his own grandmother. Fancy!"

"What was his name?" asked Millie, trying the right-hand view.

"Soper," answered Eva May. "Slippery Annie Soper, I believe, in the police records. You ought to keep better abreast of current events, Millie. . . . They didn't know he was a man at all until they broke into his room and found his hair on top of the bureau. Fancy not putting it in the top drawer!"

Millie slowly lowered the silver hand mirror. She came over to Eva May and, taking the paper from her, read the article through. Then she picked Eva May's manicure scissors off the bureau top, snipped it out, and put the clipping in her purse.

"I've got an idea," she said, her eyes suddenly bright. "It may work and it may not. But I'm going back to the Enlightener in the morning."

Eva May looked at her with troubled affection.

"I'm afraid you let the fear image hamper you, dear," she said. "If you could only realize how simple a matter success really is—merely affirming and believing, and then waiting—with perfect confidence ——"

Millie smiled quite happily from the doorway.

"I know, darling," she said, "but I'm going to the Enlightener anyway. I have a feeling that Providence is on the side of the heaviest publicity."

At 9:05 the next morning Millie appeared at the railing that separated the staff of the Enlightener from the public. And at the sight of her, three agreeably smiling young men stepped forward simultaneously and asked if there was anything they could do for her.

"I want to see Mr. Chester," said Millie.

The three young men separated in three directions. The office became urgent with their shouts:

"Oh, Ches! Oh, Ches! Oh, Ches!"

Mr. Chester came with no great eagerness around the corner of the telephone booth. But when he saw who stood on the other side of the railing his look changed to one of such instant and ingenuous radiance that all Millie's doubts of him were set at rest.

He didn't wait to go around. He swung himself over the edge of the railing to her side.

"I've been wanting to see you," he said.

Millie smiled.

"I've been wanting to see you," she answered. "What did you want to see me for?"

"I've been wanting to see you ever since the first time I saw you," said Mr. Chester. "What did you want to see me for?"

Her look became wistful, and it was one of the best of her looks. She had taken particular pains with her appearance that morning, which was pressing a natural advantage almost too far. To the dazzled eye of Mr. Chester she was not only beauty but beauty's setting. She transfigured the dust-gray office as completely as though she had hung a golden moon from the ceiling and turned the water cooler near the elevator into a fountain in a garden.

"I wanted you to help me," said Millie softly.

Mr. Chester cleared his throat.

"You tell me what you want me to do," he said, "and I'll do it."

"It was about that picture of Miss Collins," said Millie. "You remember—the one I left with you."

His candid look clouded a little.

"It was a funny thing about that picture," he said. "It disappeared somewhere. I looked all over the place. I thought you must have come back and taken it."

Millie shook her head.

"I didn't take it," she answered. "Miss Happer took it."

"Miss Happer?"

"Julia Maude Happer, the characterosophist," explained Millie.

"I remember her," said Mr. Chester. His pleasure faded a little, the bright moment with Millie clouded by the memory of the so-different Miss Happer—her metallic insistence, her unconvincing cordiality, her deeply estranging hat.

"She came in just after you left," he said. "She wanted me to take her card to the managing editor, and she talked about twenty minutes. So finally I took her card and went away and didn't come back."

Millie nodded.

"And then she took Eva May's picture and went away and didn't come back," she said.

He looked at her in dismay. But he wasn't thinking of the picture.

"Is she—she isn't a friend of yours?" he asked. He was thinking—two people in a nice little flat somewhere, fire crackling, kettle boiling, cat rubbing itself against the legs of the chairs, happy hours ahead—and then Miss Happer dropping in to spend the evening.

"No, she isn't a friend," said Millie with a smile, "and she didn't want it for the top of the piano. She took it and analyzed it in public. She said it showed gustativeness and high acquisitiveness and low conscientiousness. And now nobody will come to Eva May's lectures."

"You don't say!" said Mr. Chester, shocked. He put his hands in his pockets and stared thoughtfully at the water cooler.

"Well, the thing to do now is to get Eva May's public back," he said.

Millie smiled at that—as though a public could be restored as easily as a missing umbrella. But she was touched by his unquestioning acceptance of responsibility. She opened her purse and took out the clipping.

"I was wondering if you had anywhere in the office a photograph of Mr. Soper," she said.

He read the clipping thoughtfully.

"Well, we can look," he said. "Wait a minute—no, better come along with me."

He led her through a passage smelling darkly of ink and age and into a little room lined with oak filing cabinets.

"Just a minute," he said, and ran rapidly through the *S*'s—Sills, Smith, Smythe, Soper. "Here we are!" he cried.

He brought it back triumphantly. And there was Slippery Annie Soper, looking out at the world from under a fluffy blond bang, with a gaze of adolescent innocence, in the gray eyes a faintly startled expression, as though their owner had come on the camera unexpectedly and wasn't quite reassured as to the nature of it.

"Oh-h!" said Millie, and stared for a moment in silence at the fair innocence of Mr. Soper.

"There was one in a straw hat and batwing tie," said Mr. Chester. "But this is probably the one you want. The idea, I suppose, is for me to take it to Miss Happer and get her to analyze it?"

"And put it in the paper," said Millie enthusiastically. "Oh, do you think you could?"

"I can," he answered confidently. "I can make it so good they'll crowd the turf topics off the front page to get it in."

Millie sighed happily.

"She's staying at the Albion," she said.

He nodded. "I'll go right after her," he said.

He put the photograph of Slippery Annie very carefully into his inner pocket. And together they strolled back along the corridor and down the stair to the front door.

"And now," he said, "when am I going to see you again?"

She smiled at him happily.

"If you care to, you might telephone me at the St. Regis," she said.

"And will you let me take you somewhere?" said Mr. Chester eagerly. "Anywhere. To dinner or to a show, or—or out for a walk to look at bungalow lots in the suburbs?"

Millie's look smiled yes, but Millie's head shook no.

"I don't feel I can do anything till this Happer thing is settled," she said, and moved reluctantly to the door.

"I see," said Mr. Chester. "Then the day my Happer interview comes out you'll go to dinner with me?" She nodded.

"The very day it comes out," she promised, and lingered charmingly in the revolving door.

But one cannot linger very long, however charmingly, in revolving doors. Someone pushing rudely from the outside swung her away from him, swept her out into the bright street. She hesitated for a moment, and he had an instant's hope she would come back. Then she waved a hand and vanished.

"So that's how it happens to you!" said Mr. Chester to himself, and went slowly upstairs. So that was how it happened to you. Right in the middle of a commonplace morning you met a girl like this. Flawless. A girl so completely aware that you felt she knew what you were going to say before you said it yourself, with the wit to make her own way through the world, and the wisdom still to perceive that her woman's duty lay, first of all, simply in being beautiful.

He put on his hat and coat and set out for the Albion Hotel. The police court could wait this morning. And five minutes later he stood knocking at Miss Happer's door.

(Continued on Page 72)

The Simple Way to Better Health

Freedom from clogged intestines, skin and stomach troubles—abounding vitality again—*with the aid of this one fresh food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-13, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York

"I WAS on the verge of a nervous breakdown. My face was all broken out and my mouth was sensitive to most everything I ate. I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I ate Yeast every day for two months and at the end of that time the breaking out on my face disappeared, and my nerves were much improved. What has helped one can help others."

MRS. MARIE GLEASON, Los Angeles, California

"MY entire body, on account of chronic constipation, was completely 'run down'. This condition brought about heartburn, and a blotched skin. On the advice of a specialist I began to take two Yeast cakes every day. The result: Within five weeks my stomach was restored to normal working order. Today my body is vigorous and healthful."

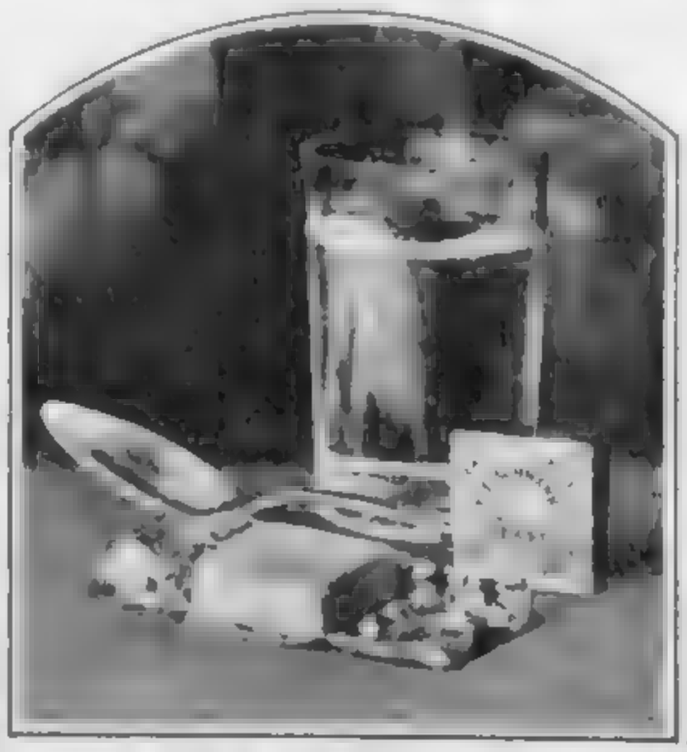
R. W. HEISER, Philadelphia, Pa.

"FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is worth its weight in gold to me for it restored my health. I look ten years younger. I also gave yeast to my little girl, who was run-down. She is now looking well, and has a splendid appetite. My husband since taking yeast is no longer troubled with constipation or stomach disorders. We are all in the best of health. I advise both old and young to try Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. CATHERINE LANCASTER, Watervliet, N. Y.

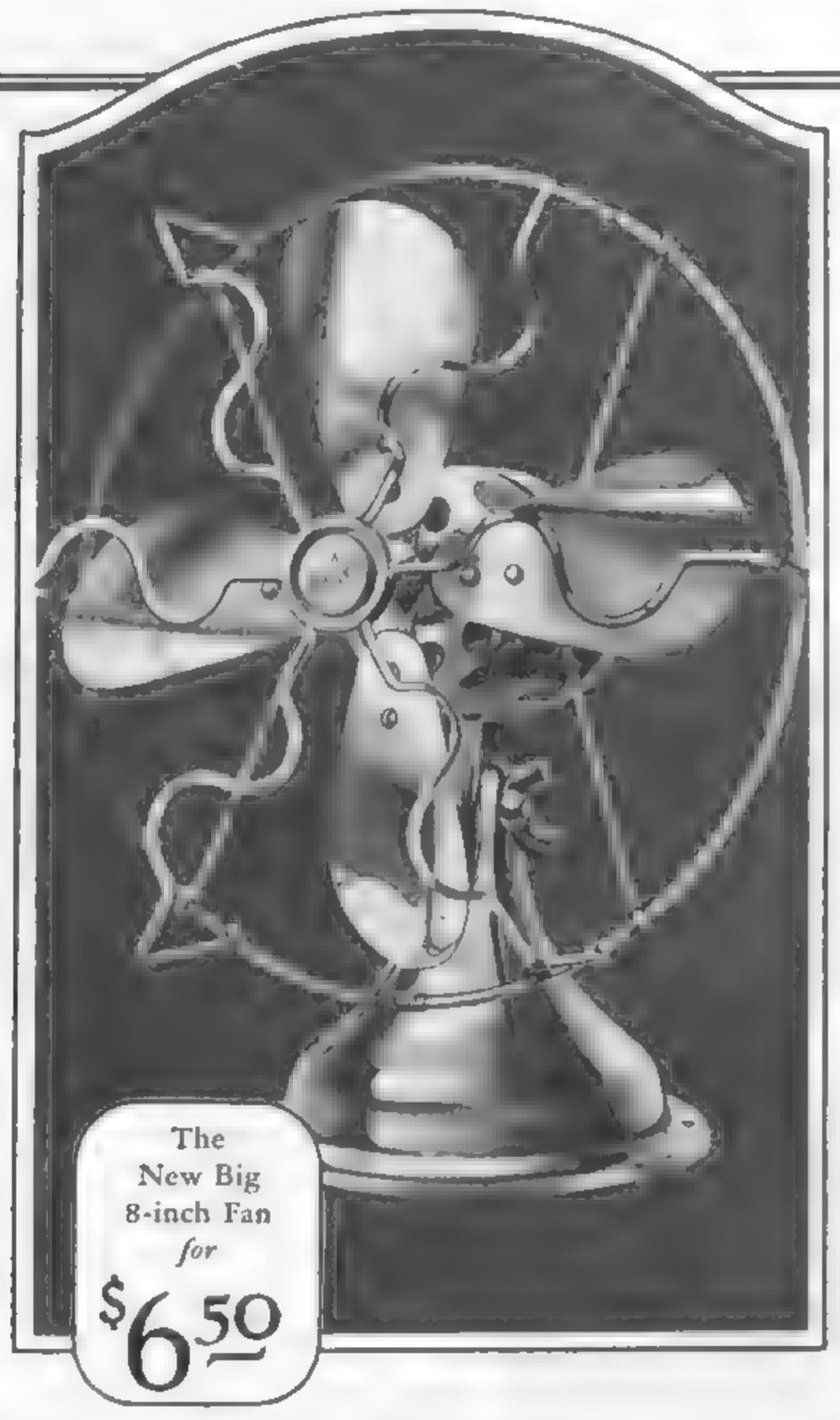
"I HAVE served in the Police Department of St. Louis for many years. A few years ago I found myself in poor health. Indigestion threatened to become chronic. On the advice of a friend I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. After a few weeks my indigestion was much less acute. After a few months it had disappeared entirely."

ARTHUR L. MCGUIRE, Capt. Comdg. 2nd Police District, St. Louis, Mo.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today

The New Big 8 inch Fan for $6.50



THIS new eight-inch fan is the fan sensation of the year It has as fine workmanship and quality as you will find in any fan of much higher price. The blades are individually mounted, and the gauge and pitch of each blade is accurate to the 1/1000 part of an inch. Each blade is then accurately balanced against every other and the slightest variation means rejection. It has the famous STAR-Rite all nickel sparkling finish. The height is over 11 inches. Price $6.50—In Canada, $7.95

The ten-inch oscillating fan is built for persons who want the very best. No other oscillating fan within this price has the features which this fan offers. Specially cut oscillating gears control and assure a constant rhythmic sweep without tremor or vibration. The motor is 100% efficient at all speeds. Three speeds insure maximum service. STAR-Rite famous all nickel sparkling finish. Price $13.50—In Canada $16.75.

The 10 inch Oscillating Fan, Price $13.50. In Canada, $16.75

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For sale wherever reliable electrical equipment is sold

If your dealer doesn't carry STAR-Rite write us for full information

(Continued from Page 70)

"Come in!" said Miss Happer's deep, slightly jangled voice.

He stepped inside and was aware of a room strewn confusedly with boxes and patent-leather portmanteaus and acrid with the mingled odor of talcum and steam heat. A feminine setting, it still kept the Happer note.

"Why, it's the Enlightener!" cried Miss Happer, and the deep voice leaped half an octave in welcome. "Do sit down!"

She was breakfasting by the window in a shell-pink negligee of some pretensions, and a little lace cap with ribbon streamers. Curious how she retained that keen air of generalship even in a lace cap with streamers!

"And now you're here, I suppose you want to know all about me," she said competently.

He nodded, making respectful but irrelevant marks on his pad of copy paper.

"Ever since a child," she began finally, "I have been passionately interested in human nature. For me people have always been the most fascinating study in the world. I was little more than a baby when I first began to observe the difference in contours and textures, to estimate motivation, actually to analyze. I was," she said, "a rather remarkable child."

He nodded. In fancy he saw her, greatly reduced in size, but essentially Miss Happer, in a neat bonnet and seated on a little painted chair exercising her uncanny gift on the infant-class teacher. Or buttoned into her pram and coldly estimating the motivation of the old gentlemen who dangled watches before her in the park. No, even at that early age the Happer look would never have encouraged watch dangling.

"My early girlhood," went on Miss Happer, "was entirely occupied with the idea of extending my knowledge to the public, though in this I was bitterly opposed by my family. . . . You know how quaint and conservative these old Southern families are."

She struck the top from her egg and smelled it frankly and skeptically, as one too well accustomed to breakfast eggs in hotels to rush into one without negotiation.

"Well, as it happened, it turned out very well," said Miss Happer, and he was aware that she referred not to the egg but to her public career. "And now my family are real Happer fans; collect all my press clippings and show them to everyone. . . . The press, I may say, has been remarkably good to me."

He nodded thoughtfully. "And your work now is ——" he suggested.

"Characterosophy," said Miss Happer proudly. "The science and method which I have developed myself. It consists in public lectures, and a very large correspondence, character analysis by mail and interpretation of photographs ——"

"Photographs? That's interesting!" exclaimed Mr. Chester, and fumbled in his inner pocket. "I happen to have one here—I wonder if you'd ——" He brought out the photograph of Mr. Soper and handed it to her with flattering eagerness.

"A friend of yours?" asked Miss Happer, and threw him a keen glance.

He looked back at her a little shyly.

"I don't think of her exactly as a friend," he said. "Not in the ordinary sense."

"I think I understand," said Julia Maude Happer archly, and bent her attention to the photograph.

"The pure gynetic type," pronounced the analyst after a moment's study.

He nodded encouragingly.

"A womanly type in the best sense," went on Miss Happer, "essentially feminine—perhaps just the least little inclined to cling. She is dependent and likes to lean on masculine strength."

She looked up and, catching gratified affirmation in the eye of Mr. Chester, took heady flight.

"Religiosity, veneration and adherence," read Miss Happer. "The organs of philanthropy and benevolence, just behind filial love, are strongly indicated. Please note, too, the development of the moral sentiments just beyond the line of the ear.

"A true woman in the lovely old-fashioned sense of the word," concluded Miss Happer. "Good; in the way a man likes to think of his mother being good. You have my congratulations."

"Thank you," said Mr. Chester simply, and putting the photograph reverently back in his pocket moved to the door.

"I should like very much to analyze your own type," said Miss Happer kindly. "It is a very interesting one. I can see a highly developed area of moral enthusiasm, and unusual mental power in the top-head region."

He covered the top-head region quickly with his hat and moved into the corridor.

"Now you will write a nice little story about me, won't you?" called Miss Happer winningly from the doorway.

"The best little story," answered Mr. Chester happily, "you ever had in your life."

At 4:30 that afternoon Millie appeared in Eva May's sitting room. She shut the door and stood there with her hands behind her, her eyes shining.

"I have a surprise for you," she said.

Eva May sat by the table taking afternoon tea and toasted crumpets. She smiled playfully and held out her cup.

"Something nice, I know," she said. "See! Money in my cup!"

Millie came over and spread the Enlightener in Eva May's lap.

"Read that!" she said.

"Slayer of Grandmother Has Bump of Reverence?" queried a large headline. And underneath, "'Sweet and Womanly,' Says Local Seeress of Chicago Killer." And there was a photograph of Julia Maude Happer and one of Slippery Annie Soper in sinister adjacency.

Eva May read the article through in silence. Not a detail of the interview had escaped the alert memory of Mr. Chester. Everything had been set down with a faithful and deadly particularity. He had spared neither himself in the writing nor Julia Maude in the telling. He had written it for a public that likes to gather its humor at a glance, and he had made it abundantly clear in the first paragraph that this was a funny story. Irresistibly funny. A story to make the city laugh from the center to the suburbs.

But Eva May didn't laugh. Emotion was visibly at work beneath her practiced calm, and the hand that set the teacup down was trembling with excitement.

"I knew something of the sort would happen," she said. "I was quite confident I could do it!"

"You could do it!" cried Millie.

Eva May nodded.

"In concentration interval last night," she said, "I had the strangest feeling of the positive forces actually in motion."

Millie laughed and came and kissed Eva May on the cheek.

"Well, it doesn't matter," she said. "The point is we've settled Julia Maude for good. No, no tea; I'm going right out."

"Where are you going?" asked Eva May.

"I'm going to get my hair waved," said Millie. "And I'm going to buy a nice little round hat I saw in a shop downstairs. And I'm going to put perfume behind my ears the way the French do. And after that I'm going to be taken out to dinner."

"Have a nice time," said Eva May, smiling. But she wasn't thinking of Millie. She was seeing herself—Eva May—a being mysterious and potent, seated at the calm center of thought, affirming, selecting, eliminating.

"You must realize now, Millie," she said, "that I was right all the time. You may worry and scheme all you like, but in the end there is nothing that succeeds like the thought force."

Millie smiled gayly from the doorway.

"Oh, yes, there is," she said. "You're forgetting. What about the love force?"

"Oh, of course, the love force," answered Eva May, and took another crumpet.

Fifty-five years of experience guides the American woman in her selection

A SMALL horse-drawn wagon probably delivered the first Horton to the first store that ever sold a washing machine.

That was back in 1871—fifty-five years ago—but it has an important bearing on what you get, for what you pay, for a modern electric washer or ironer, delivered in a modern motor truck, to the modern store today.

That first machine was a Horton.

And Horton Washers and Ironers are sold by stores today as they were fifty-five years ago.

Therein lies the determination of Horton quality and value—and quite generally the quality and value of other washers and ironers.

Quite naturally, the first mechanical washer took the natural and economical channel of distribution—maker to wholesaler, to local store, to the home.

Quite naturally, other people made washers—until today thousands of homes want modern electric washers and ironers, and hundreds of people make hundreds of kinds.

The wholesalers and stores are constantly plead with to carry and sell all these different kinds—which, of course, they cannot do.

So the wholesalers and the stores select the best of the kinds—and the others have to sell by personal canvassing or other methods.

Any other method than the natural, store-method of selling is apt to be more expensive.

If the selling or distribution method is higher in cost, then the price must be higher—or the quality lower.

Since Horton distribution through Hardware Wholesalers and Local Stores is lower in cost, Horton quality is higher. That makes the Horton price hard to meet.

Through all these fifty-five years, Horton has held the confidence of the greatest Hardware Wholesalers and the best Local Stores.

Hortons have by far the greatest natural, unforced sale of all washers and ironers.

That is why it is safer to buy a Horton from a responsible local store than some other kind from a stranger at your door.

Quality in a modern electric washer or ironer, means doing the work easily and well, doing it year in, year out, with little or no service requirement, doing it for many years.

On that score, American women, as a rule, say "There is nothing like a Horton."

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY *(Established 1871)*, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

HORTON *Washers Ironers*

SOLD BY 9049 STORES

"Chequing" the American Traveler abroad

You check your hat or coat to keep it safe until you need it.

You check your bag or trunk to be sure of getting it at your destination.

But how about your money and yourself when you travel? Do you "*Cheque*" them?

Not with the little brass checks or cardboard tags that go on your luggage, but with the magical sky-blue "*Cheques*" with which travelers, who know how to travel, always "*Cheque*" themselves and their travel funds before they start on their journey—that is:

American Express Travelers Cheques

Safe and serviceable travel funds are of first importance to anyone traveling. American Express Travel Cheques have long been recognized as the traveler's most desirable form of insured money. In your use of them you are protected against the loss or theft of your travel funds

They are as safe and as individual as your own personal checks; yet, unlike your personal checks, they are spendable anywhere, acceptable everywhere—unquestioned

But the great human appeal of American Express Travelers Cheques is the *helpful personal service* they assure everyone who carries them.

Travelers in foreign lands are amazed at the seeming magic one of these Cheques often performs. Their sky-blue color is known everywhere. It is known as the sign of "*the hand of a great service*"—the personal, the human, and the endless service of the American Express Company, with its offices and personal representatives around the world.

Before you start on your travels anywhere, "Cheque" your travel funds for *safety* and yourself for *service* with American Express Travelers Cheques.

Issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations—bound in a small, handy wallet—they cost only 75¢ for each $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS AND EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Travelers Cheques

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and literature, or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department

YOU'RE ON THE AIR

(Continued from Page 44)

Many telephones connected this with other parts of the ship. There were subsidiary control rooms near the stern that would enable navigation to continue even if the navigator's cabin were lost, and the whole route was brilliantly lighted with electricity.

We also found out the use of those little cars, or cabins, back of ours which hung from the underside of the ship. There were five of these; the first pair, one on each side, being set a little forward of amidships, another pair behind these, a fifth hanging down not far from the rudders; and all were equipped with 400-horse-power engines, attended by mechanics. From these little cars doors cut in the shell also led into the interior.

After we had examined everything to our satisfaction, one of the ship's officers asked me if I would like to try the cat's walk.

I gave him Steve Brodie's old answer: "I'll try anything once."

And once, I found, was exactly enough, for the cat's walk was this keelson, a narrow beam no more than eight inches wide and extending from bow to stern for the full 600 feet of the ship. On each side of it and between the ribs were large spaces covered with nothing but that delicate fabric. If I made a misstep and got off that eight inches, why—well, I would break right through the fabric and go down, who knows how many thousand feet!

As I crawled along, clutching the loose guy ropes which, for novices like me, railed the cat's walk, the possibilities were clearly brought home by the apertures in the fabric through which one could look down on the disappearing earth far below; and there were many of these dizzying apertures. I was glad when I got back, and amazed to see the crew taking the same journey without touching the guy ropes or even looking where they were going. They hurried along as carelessly as any young fellow racing over a dance floor to cut in on some girl of his choice.

For half-hour periods we broadcast during the seven-hour flight, but the results were less successful than at other jobs. It wasn't that the motion of the craft interfered. True, when we struck hot strata of air the helium would expand and the nose of the airship went up a trifle, and when we struck cold she would point down. But even then the officers would soon have her on an even keel.

At all other times we were practically undisturbed, having so little sense of motion, though we were going fifty-two knots, or about sixty miles, an hour, that we could and did write many letters on the writing desk in the cabin.

But we had brought only a small outfit along, just a fifty-watt broadcasting transmitter such as those used in the Army or on small vessels of the Navy, with a wave length of 425 meters; and only the towns over which we were passing heard anything of our reports.

Aerial Bloodhounds

In my New York apartment I have on hand several receiving sets, all usually in pretty good order. Still, my wife, who always listens in on these assignments, could get absolutely nothing, though the telephones near her kept ringing and messages came in from various towns on our route, from both friends and strangers, saying, "I have just seen the Los Angeles and heard your husband."

These places, by the way, gave us a magnificent reception as we floated above them, the sirens and whistles of all the factories sending up blasts to greet us, which we could catch, though afar off, while the fields were dotted with tiny specks far below us, indicating each town's assembled population.

On another such voyage, should we ever be fortunate enough to make one, we shall take a more elaborate equipment and widen the range so that an audience besides the one immediately below can hear.

Speaking of small outfits, it is often thought that amateur broadcasters occasion the regular broadcasting stations much trouble. Sometimes during our hours sparks come in—click, click, buzz, buzz—and it is ruinous to the formal program. But the equipment of the amateurs has improved in average very much of late, and such interference usually comes, at least here in the East, from the spark Morse-code outfits of the innumerable ships off the coast or out at sea. Then, too, because of the many entertainment stations on the air in the evening, amateurs are forbidden to broadcast from eight until 10:30; and these restrictions are usually observed. Whenever they are violated detection by the government inspectors is comparatively easy. Reports by mail or telephone come in from stations or owners of receiving sets who have experienced the most inconvenience; the arrows of the radio compass indicate the locality of the interference; and since in any given neighborhood there is usually but one amateur with a license, gradually the culprit is tracked down, warned, and, if the offense is continued, his license is revoked.

Their Number is Legion

The issuing of these licenses is also causing the Department of Commerce, which supervises radio for the Government, much trouble. All broadcasters, whether amateur or professional, should procure such licenses and be allotted a wave length. If two stations or a station and an amateur have the same wave length, or ones too nearly alike, they will be sure to conflict; and since the number of stations has increased rapidly, and the Government at Washington reserves a great many wave lengths for use at its own stations and for the merchant service, the number is almost exhausted. Even as I write, a certain station has appropriated another's wave length, with much resulting confusion. This particular trouble will of course be ironed out; but there are bound to be further entanglements as other stations and amateurs come into the field. And these will increase until the time when radio will be better organized and it is subjected to the process of consolidation which has affected all other lines in turn. Then the number of stations will be materially reduced and many now working independently will be combined; and conditions will be better for operator and audience and for everybody concerned.

How great these numbers are may be judged from the fact that one New York daily listed on its radio page one evening recently the programs of no less than ninety broadcasting stations for its metropolitan readers; and this was an ordinary evening, when nothing of a festival or holiday nature and nothing of national importance was featured. As for the numbers that listen in, we compiled, after careful research last January, the following significant table:

TERRITORY	NUMBER OF RADIO FAMILIES
New York	702,000
Boston	350,000
Philadelphia	265,000
Washington	160,000
Buffalo	120,000
Pittsburgh	208,000
Cleveland	175,000
Detroit	224,000
Cincinnati	187,000
Chicago	354,000
St. Louis	130,000
Minneapolis	75,000
Davenport	55,000
	3,200,000

Nor is the whole of the United States covered by the 3,000,000. Experts estimate the number of sets in use in the United States the first of the year at 5,200,000—an impressive figure that does not stand still, but is rendered more imposing each day. Multiply it by the integer that one may very conservatively consider as the average audience of a loud-speaker and you can see that the newspapers are not so far wrong when they guess at from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 as the sum total of those listening in at the big national events.

There is one curious thing about this figure and that is that this announcer was not among that first 5,000,000. It rather puts one in the class of the cobblers' families or the baldheaded barbers who so cheerfully recommend hair tonic, but during the first two years of my broadcasting experience we had at home not a single receiving set.

But there was a reason for the delay or seeming disloyalty to my profession. My wife, who has been of the utmost help in everything I have undertaken, made it a practice from my very first assignments to listen in at all sorts of gatherings. This way she could study the reactions of the crowd to the way I handled events and report these to me with constructive criticism. If we had had a set in the house, she felt she would be tempted to sit at home and not go out on these scouting expeditions.

Well I can remember the first accounts she gave—that of the small boy on the fourth floor of a Harlem flat who put his little horn on the window for the benefit of the crowd below and in addition, with charcoal and paper, improvised a score board on the windowpane; and then the remarks of the crowd outside a little store at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street when I started my first game: "Aw, he's rotten!" and the more comforting "Listen to that, bo; that guy knows baseball!" It was such indorsements as the latter, which she duly reported, that kept me at it in the beginning, when I was most discouraged.

Later the fans grew to know by name the announcers who talked to them each night, and treated us much the same as the followers of baseball do their pitchers, often cheering us by mail or telephone and occasionally panning us, as did that Pittsburgh rooter who wrote: "For the love of Mike, take McNamee out! My batteries are valuable and I can get jokes from newspapers."

That Old Pal of Mine

Sometimes the intensity of their enthusiasm was both amusing and embarrassing. After the Los Angeles assignment, I was riding back in the smoker when I heard two radio fans discussing six and seven tube sets, and then fall back on the announcers.

"Who was it broadcast for WEAF last night?" asked one, who seemed to defer to the other's vast store of information.

"McNamee," responded this mine of information; "he's good." Mentally, I thanked him for that, then cocked my ears. "An old pal of mine."

"You know him?" said the first. "Where didya meet him?"

"Oh, a lot of times and a lot of places. Had dinner with him last night."

"What does he look like?"

"Sort of light-haired 'n' a big guy like Babe Ruth—and some swell dresser."

Now I happen to be dark and of medium height and my wife tells me I'm anything but a Beau Brummell; besides, on the evening in question I had been so rushed that I had dined alone. So I thought of introducing myself, for the fun of the thing, but decided not to. I'd hate to embarrass a man like that; besides, it was just another little tribute to the almost universal interest in radio

In an earlier article I spoke of radio interference in domestic troubles. Recently I was told a story of a fan who almost lost a baseball championship.

It was in the Three-I League or one of the Western outfits—exactly which I can't

(Continued on Page 76)

Far in advance of 1926-27 conventional models

Protecting the buyer against undue depreciation

THERE, in the headlines, is the secret of the sensational sales success of The NEW STUTZ with Safety Chassis.

Thousands of these advanced automobiles have been built and sold. It has established a real record for a car in its price class!

The phenomenal demand for The NEW STUTZ has far exceeded even the most liberal expectations of its designers and builders and the Stutz factory problem continues to be one of increased production.

Naturally, the wise motorist wants to protect his investment by buying the automobile that is conceded in engineering circles to be the car of the future.

By purchasing a NEW STUTZ, the buyer protects his investment against the more rapid depreciation of less advanced models.

In The NEW STUTZ are the most advanced features of American and European automotive engineering. Improvements that we believe eventually will be adopted by other fine cars.

Today these developments are confined either to The NEW STUTZ in America, or to the more expensive motor cars in Europe.

The best time to order your NEW STUTZ is now, for, with thousands of motorists daily learning the rare roadability, driving-charm and exclusive safety features of The NEW STUTZ, a further oversold situation is imminent.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc. *Indianapolis*

Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

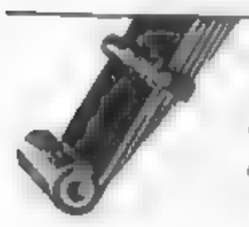
STUTZ

Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.

The NEW STUTZ

with SAFETY CHASSIS

If you break a spring



When you break a spring on your car, there's just one best thing to do:

Keep going until you get to a place where you can replace it with a Harvey Spring. Don't take "the nearest thing;" insist that it shall be a "Harvey."

Then don't worry about *that* one any more.

There are two reasons for giving you this advice. One—We make and sell Harvey Springs; we know they're good. Two—It's good advice for you to follow.

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.
Auto & Truck Springs, Bumpers, Drop Forgings
DEPT. C · RACINE, WISCONSIN
New York, 11th Ave. & 47th St.
San Francisco
489 Golden Gate Ave.

SENT FREE
"Springs and Their Care" ☐
Information on Oilers ☐
" on Harvey Bumpers ☐
Name
Street
City State

Harvey RACINE

(Continued from Page 74)

at the moment remember—but the leading club at the time had an infield all of whom were very good singers, with a taste for close harmony. The Barber-Shop-Chord Infield, it was called, and their particular favorite was Sweet Adeline. How they did love to sing it—anywhere, in the hotels, on the sleepers, on the street corners; the minute one struck up the opening note, the others would take it up.

One afternoon toward the close of the season they were playing the runner-up, the team representing a town in the same state; and between the two towns there was the hottest rivalry.

In the eighth inning the team with the famous Barber-Shop-Chord Infield was leading, three to one. The other team was at bat, two were out and one man was on second. Whether he deliberately planned it or not I do not know, but one enthusiastic supporter of the home team had rigged up a receiving set with a loud-speaker in a box back of the right fielder. Just as the pitcher was winding up, the fan switched the set on; and as luck would have it, a quartet in the studio was singing old-fashioned songs, among them Sweet Adeline. As soon as the first baseman, who was the first tenor of the prize quartet, caught the familiar notes, he tuned up; the second baseman followed suit, the shortstop and third baseman likewise.

It was very impressive, that singing, out there on the green diamond, in the setting sun and all; but meantime the batter happened to connect with the ball. Now ordinarily the second baseman could have retrieved the liner rather easily, but his ear was cocked toward the loud-speaker as he struck the top note in a tenor's most approved manner, and the ball whizzed past him. The right fielder stopped the ball; but when he threw it over toward third, though that member of the quartet had, of course, stopped his yodeling, he was considerably off key and the ball continued on its way into the stands. Two runs came in, the pitcher blew up and away went the ball game.

The Barber-Shop-Chord Infield sang no more that season. Not only did they fall out of harmony but the manager vowed that any time he heard anyone striking up or humming a song, jazz, hymn, funeral dirge or any music whatsoever, the singer would be fined twenty-five bucks. Furthermore, at the end of the season he busted up the famous Barber-Shop-Chord Infield, selling one sweet singer to a neighboring team, the remainder to other rivals. He wasn't going to take any more chances.

We have been pretty well around the country in this little story; but before we close I'd like to take you for an hour into our studio—which, after all, is home—showing you as best we can how the members of the staff and the various devices do their work under the present improved conditions.

Inside Stuff

It is all like a stage—a stage, though, with many sets, and this is the picture, after the hour is on and the program under way:

The offices where the various departments do their work during the daylight hours are now dark and silent, and the great city below us, too, is still; but the reception room, studios and control rooms, which form now the main scene of action, are aglow with light and very much alive. Cheerful hostesses greet the arriving guests in the reception chamber, furnished with soft-shaded lamps, flowers in vases and the most comfortable of upholstered chairs and couches. Here you can sink back at your ease and watch the groups of artists of all sorts and kinds and races as they come in with their music, violin cases and what not, all bustling and chattering together. They seem to take possession of the entire room. A cellist puffs feverishly away at a cigarette as he paces up and down; a little taffy-haired Austrian ballet dancer, who is one of a troupe, and tonight must do a talking single when she is fairly itching to dance, talks with her manager over last night's house; and three little black-eyed maids, a singing trio from the same troupe, are peeling oranges and joshing the Harmony Boys. It's all as good as or better than being backstage.

Now the phone rings. "Won't Mr. Werrenrath sing Mandalay as an encore?" asks someone from Bay Ridge; it rings again—"Danny Deever," requests Nutley, New Jersey; and a third telephone call comes in from a couple who cannot afford to hire an orchestra and want us to play a wedding march.

Of course all these wishes cannot be granted, but we do what we can. Whether "Werry" will be able to sing Danny Deever, with his program all arranged, we do not know, but we will convey the request to him; and as for the wedding march, we have no orchestra that could oblige this evening, but if the happy pair will put off their nuptials until Friday, we are sure it can be arranged.

Meantime doors are continually opening from other rooms, admitting busy officials connected with the program department, all hurrying hither and thither. Also, since each room has its loud-speaker, amplifying concerts from hotels or theaters of the city, from everywhere come sweet sounds above the bustle and chatter. It all gives one the impression, somehow, not of being on the outside looking in, but of being actually within a great aviary.

The Poetry of Broadcasting

But from the two central studios no sounds come out. Looking in from the reception room through the glass doors, we can see them broadcasting—a string quartet in one; in the other seven lady harpists clad in white. The bows scrape back and forth, the white fingers of the ladies' hands move gracefully over the golden strings; but you hear no accompanying music from those soundproof chambers. The reception-room loud-speaker is temporarily cut off; and the figures you are watching through the glass doors seem almost uncanny, as do dancers in a room when you close your ears to shut out the music and watch the couples go through their motions, apparently unaccompanied.

But before we pass through those glass doors to the microphones, let us first visit the control rooms. All the beauty and poetry are not in the studios; for the great control board, with its accompanying apparatus, must be itself considered a poem when one tries to visualize its intricacy, its mysterious powers and its unseen arms, which reach almost to the ends of the earth.

It is a great blackboard of the size used by brokers for stock quotations, and is punched with innumerable little holes like an operator's outfit at a central telephone station, and equipped with rubber plugs, amplifying boxes and a legion of little buttons and name plates, and dials with arrow indicators measuring the volume of outgoing sound. To the layman it all seems bewildering enough.

And if one steps behind this control panel and sees the maze of tightly wrapped little insulated wires—there are millions of them, you would swear—it would seem impossible for each little wire to carry without conflict its burden of sound to its appointed destination.

Returning again to the front of the control panel, you examine the rows of jacks, or little holes for the plugs, and see above each a tiny card bearing the name of a broadcasting station. When the plug is fitted in the jack it connects the station named on the card immediately above, by telephone wire, with one of the programs going on.

And this program may either be conducted in one of the two central studios or at some theater, hotel, clubroom or concert hall. In the latter case the program is transmitted from the outside auditorium through the microphone, by wires through the building, cables under the city streets and up again to our fourth floor. Then it journeys through amplifying boxes controlled by operators sitting at the control panel and goes out again through plug and jack, cables underground and trunk lines to some building in a distant state, is there amplified again, goes up to the antennæ and is so launched out into the night. And this process is being repeated over and over again, for the uptown program and our two studio programs are going out simultaneously, one to this group of stations, another to a second group, and the third program to still another combination.

Meantime, not only are all these myriad wires and cables busy, perfectly synchronized and under control, but many others are connected with the microphones and smaller control panels inside, and the loud-speakers. There are also telephones at work, and in this same room telegraph operators are sending out and receiving messages over other wires. One can visualize a little of the intricacy, perhaps, by standing at the control panel and looking through the glass door into the studio.

A singer faces you, singing into the microphone. The sound goes through the microphone, or transmitter, through the control panel and amplifying boxes, plugs and all, and by cable up to our plant on West Street. It is then sent back by cable to that loud-speaker to the right of the control panel and above our heads. Listen to the loud-speaker and watch the lips of the singer in the next room. The motions of his lips and the tones from the loud-speaker seem to synchronize perfectly, yet they have traveled several miles and have gone through many channels. It seems almost uncanny and ghostly again, watching him there.

And this is only one of an infinite number of processes going on in the one room under the nose of the operator watching the arrow of the dial, now softening the loud crashing of cymbals in a jazz orchestra, now bringing up that high and sweet but thin violin tone.

Is it any wonder then that we call it a poem? The perfect teamwork of operators, plant men, program makers, the mastery of all that vast tangle and network of wires, the accuracy and synchronization, the timing of programs to the split second—it is all as much a poem as any ever written, and it gives one a new respect for the achievements of man.

Dolling Up for the Mike

But meantime the programs are going on within the two studios, and we enter the magic doors. The walls are still draped with heavy hangings as they were on my first visit so long ago; but now we do not drape them solidly, for we have found that leaving spaces here and there between the curtains improves the result. The microphone, too, is no longer in a cage as it used to be, but hangs uncovered in an aluminum ring, the transmission that way, we have discovered, being much clearer.

Everywhere, scattered around, you will see an abundance of props, not only chairs, lamps, band stands and the piano but a curious assortment of timpani, xylophones, drums, harp cases and all sorts of percussion instruments owned by the band now performing, and others who have rehearsed that day and who are to perform later in the evening.

It is now two minutes to eight. There is a program going on in the other studio, as you can see if you look through the windows of the monitor's booth, which is set, like a little inclosed cabin, between the studios. In our studio the seven lady musicians have been rehearsing, with the microphone, of course, cut off, and are now busy chattering or taking a last dab with the powder puff—for women will be women even before unseen audiences. The announcer cuts short an argument between Roxy, the leader, and the soloist, who insists on playing Drigo's Serenade when Roxy wants something else.

(Continued on Page 78)

Sparks on roofs cause thousands of fires annually, often wiping out whole city areas. Protect your roof with fire safe asbestos—there is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for every type of building.

Ringing down the curtain on a national waste

JUST as the Asbestos theatre curtain drops a wall of protection between fire and its spread, so Asbestos can protect the public against the spread of that scandalous fire waste that each year is burning up a half billion dollars' worth of American property.

For the Asbestos roof combines indispensable fire safety with a permanence and economy that challenges comparison with any other roofing.

In developing Asbestos roofs for every type of building Johns-Manville has been the leading factor for a quarter of a century. If you are roofing or re-roofing, write us for full information.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc., 292 Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in all large cities. For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

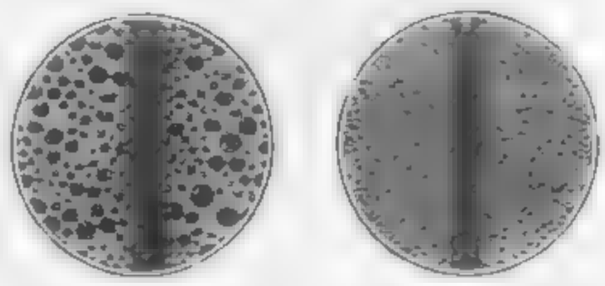
..... something to remember until you have a

JOHNS-MANVILLE *Asbestos Roof*

Quickly–it gets right down to the base of the beard

and soaks it soft with moisture

How thousands of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the bottom of each hair, making it soft and pliable —ready for the razor.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream softening a single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

WHEN you shave, does the razor pull and leave your face smarting and uncomfortable? Do you have to "go over" certain spots again and again to remove the beard completely?

Colgate chemists have found a scientific means to overcome this—a way to quicker, smoother shaving that keeps your face feeling clean and comfortable throughout the day.

It is a unique shaving method—based upon the principle of softening the beard at the base with moisture And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form, super water-absorbent —different in action and result from anything you have ever known before.

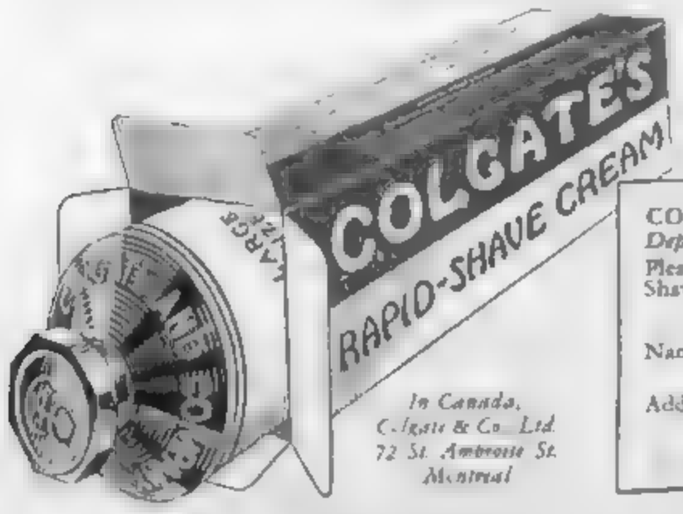
In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard.

So that the moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair. Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—makes it glide across your face without catching or dragging.

To learn what this new shaving method offers, send for a sample tube. Once you try Colgate's, you'll never go back to your former methods.



Colgate & Co. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St. Montreal

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 149-FI, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name

Address

© 1926, C. & Co.

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 76

"Apple sauce!" he exclaims, and the announcer calls, "Two minutes to go quiet, ladies, please!" There is a final whisper, then a hush, as he stands with his eyes alternately on his watch and the control panel, a little miniature of the great board outside in the control room, the red, green and white lights of which show that a program is going on in the other studio.

"One minute to go!" he calls, and there is absolute silence while he listens through his head set to the other studio. "Now he's signing off!" he says, as he hears the announcer in the other room rattling off "This is station WEAF, PDQ," and so on. "He has signed off." The minute hand hits eight and the second hand sixty—he goes by the second, you see—"Quiet! We're on the air!" And he pulls the switch, throwing on his own microphone, and plunges into a description of the seven musicians, who look properly thrilled. Then off goes his mike and he turns to the leader.

"Hit 'em!" he exclaims, and pulls the little switch on the studio microphone before which they sit; the fourteen white arms flash; and out the melodious sounds travel, over the myriad wires and from the ends of all the antennæ to your homes.

The number is ended. Switch and switch again—off goes the studio microphone, on the announcer's, the fourteen arms rest, as he tells about the next number. Then—"Stand by for your local announcer." And once more his eyes are on his watch, while a dozen announcers in distant cities broadcast to their local audiences their own particular messages. Thirty seconds—they are through—they have to be through—and switch again—"Let's go, ladies!" And again the fourteen white arms sweep the golden strings.

Now enter the monitor's booth. It, too, is soundproof; in it you are as snug as in a cabin at sea. Through the loud-speaker comes the program from the next studio, to which the monitors listen to see if all is going well. And now the other announcer in the second studio is at work, cutting on or off his switches, with his eye on his watch and the signal lights.

He is through calling off the alphabetical stations which he enumerates several times through the hour. It is ten minutes to nine. Another feature is about to go on, and silently another group of musicians steal in, lay their coats on chairs in the rear of the room and take out their instruments. The announcer sees a cigar in the mouth of the new leader. Swiftly it is seized and confiscated, for no one must smoke in the studios. However, it is a dry smoke, and the leader cannot conduct without it; when the announcer's back is turned he retrieves it and quietly distributes the sheets of music, smiling in triumph.

Modesty in the Truly Great

And now the octet is through switch again. The new band is announced, and each performer gives a little grin as he hears his amazing talents described over the microphone. There is a little skirl, and they are off. The pianist rags on, and the leader's pencil—which he uses for a baton—marks the time, his fingers and eyebrows twitching in amusing unison.

Meantime the control man has not been idle, for not only is he watching the dials and working the amplifiers but he is listening to the loud-speaker above his head, and also through his head phones to a plant man uptown reporting conditions.

So on through the evening the studios and the reception rooms outside are filled with the arriving and departing groups; and, as on the stage of the world, when the half gods go the gods arrive, the featured singer of the evening comes on—a famous diva from the Metropolitan, a dear old lady whose name you would instantly recognize, and who has been making the world happier for fifty singing years.

Like all the truly great, she is very unaffected, and modestly clad in a brown street dress, the graying hair showing about the simple lace collar. As the announcer, it is both my duty and privilege to greet her; and she remembers me, for once I had the honor to sing in a great hall on the same program with her.

That afternoon we had rehearsed her, showing her where to stand and how to get the best tone effects; and she had been very jolly. What was it she had said? Oh, yes—"You don't scold enough." She meant it too; she wanted so much to do the right thing.

The big studio is now empty, and going within, she warms up a little, with the microphone silent. And she is in beautiful voice this evening, too, but very nervous.

She shows it when at last she stands waiting before the microphone and is announced to the world. For she clenches her fist a little and roguishly shakes her head when she thinks our praise of her to the radio audience is a bit superlative.

And now she, too, is off, losing for the time a little of her nervousness in action. And she is a picture, standing, not as she does as the majestic Erda on the stage of the Metropolitan, but with arms akimbo; again she passes a hand swiftly over her forehead or touches her hair as if she thought it might be disarranged—all little signs of the strain she is undergoing.

The Ordeal of Silence

The number over, she looks to us monitors for approval. She has sung all over the world, but this is an ordeal for her, greater than any appearance at Covent Garden or the Metropolitan.

One monitor's face looks through the pane of glass in the booth. He is undemonstrative, and she says, like a little girl, "That man does not like me."

I appreciate what the feeling is, that longing for applause, or some responsive substitute, for not long ago, on one of the concert tours, which I take sometimes between broadcasting evenings, I sang in a hall where there was not a sound when my first numbers were over—only vague whispers.

In the intermission the manager came around. "Going great," he said; but I couldn't believe him. Later he explained it: "This is a religious community," he told me, "and the rules of the sect forbid handclapping."

I accepted the explanation, which, curiously enough, was true; but none the less, it was difficult to do my best before that silent audience.

So, turning from the mike, "I'll kill him if he doesn't," I said, referring to the undemonstrative monitor; and to set her at ease, "for you sang beautifully, madame. It came out wonderfully."

But the mike is on again, and she is swinging into the wild strains of the Erlking, now bending forward eagerly to the microphone in the more tender passages, or stepping back as she swells into a fortissimo, again signaling, with frantic hand behind her, to the pianist to accelerate the tempo. And magnificently does the noble voice ring out; she is no longer the kindly faced little mother, but the great diva compelling the admiration of a world.

The last note ends and the diva is lost in the little mother once more, with kindly creases in the face and innumerable little twinkling wrinkles.

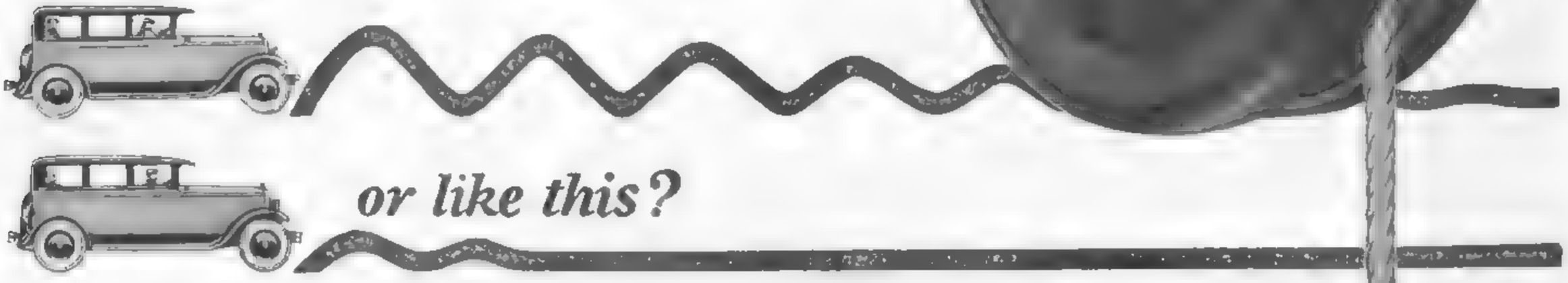
But there are five minutes left of the hour; she smiles—no nervousness now—and chooses for the encore the old, old Silent Night, Holy Night, loveliest of all the melodies that have come down through the ages. To a million homes and millions more of listeners the sweet tones are floating through the night. Who of her audience can fail this evening at least to sink peacefully into slumber?

She is through. The last note dies away. The switches are off; the little signal lights go out. It is time to sign off—"Good night, all!"

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. McNamee and Mr. Anderson.

How does your car take the bumps?

Like this?



or like this?

Weed Levelizers *level the road as you go*

Please study the above diagram. The first line shows how your car jounces up and down when it strikes a bump without Levelizers—how it throws those in the rear off the seat.

The second line shows how quickly and smoothly Levelizers flatten out the rebound—without any sharp jerks—without the dizzy bobbing of your radiator cap.

Squash rebounds at the start—

Levelizers do this at high speed or low, with either balloon tires or cords. And on smooth stretches, Levelizers allow free spring and tire action—there's no feeling of stiffness or jerkiness.

Levelizers require no adjusting or oiling, as they have no bearings to bind and squeak. Actuated by a heavy steel cable which does not stretch or fray.

You are sure to like your car better with Levelizers—they make riding luxuriously easy. Find out for yourself how wonderfully Levelizers work. If your dealer hasn't them in stock as yet, please write to us direct for further information.

Made and recommended by the makers of
WEED CHAINS
and
WEED BUMPERS

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada: DOMINION CHAIN CO., *Limited*, Niagara Falls, Ontario
District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco
World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

WEED Levelizers

No Wonder She's Proud of It!

AND ANY WOMAN would be proud to serve as attractive and appetizing a dish as ice cream served the Sealright Way—luscious, round slices that tempt the eye and lure the appetite! And so easy, simple, and neat to serve. No messy spooning or handling. No wonder the Sealright Way is so popular in the country's best homes!

Hold container under cold water an instant

Remove top, press bottom evenly with thumbs

Then cut in attractive round slices to suit

Only Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers make it possible to serve ice cream the Sealright Way (See illustrations at left). Sealright Containers are a distinct improvement over any other paper container for ice cream, and all moist foods. Sealrights are practically air-tight. They keep the cold in and the warm air out. Ice Cream keeps firm longer, and looks and tastes better when served from a Sealright. And fortunately, most progressive merchants now use Sealright Containers. The name "Sealright" is stamped on the bottom of every genuine Sealright Container. Try your favorite ice cream today in a Sealright. Get it on your way home tonight or order it from your dealer in a Sealright.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc. Dept. A6 Fulton, N. Y.

Eat More Ice Cream!

SEALRIGHT
Liquid-Tight
Paper Containers

WE WANT TO BE WEAKER, AND WHY

(Continued from Page 57)

essential, we are going to ask everyone here tonight to please shut his or her eyes for about three minutes and let his or her past life pass in review before him or her, and ask silently "Is man or woman the weaker mentally?"—secure in the belief that this brief pause for reflection will bring from your conscience just one answer, which is the right one if it's the same as ours.

We have studied the most profound authorities on the psychology of men and women today, and a careful analysis of those authorities leads us inescapably to find as follows:

That Natural Complexion

Woman, to appeal to Man, must spend the best hours of her life applying first a good cleansing cream which will dislodge the dirt from the pores and stir up the natural oil, rubbing it off with a soft cloth, and then applying with the tips of the fingers El Bunko Face Food, again rubbing lightly for two or three hours with a rotary motion about the eyes, corners of the nostrils and those telltale wrinkles around the mouth; polish briskly for about fifteen minutes with a damp cloth and apply to the whole surface No-Dent-O Enamel, finishing with a light dusting of Kerchoo, the face powder that comes in all the better colors. And this is only part of it. Two hours a day should be sufficient to keep the nails from being too revolting to a man, although he is considered by these experts to be as sensitive to carelessly kept cuticle as he is to the condition of your gums, girls. The hair, too, is important, the appearance of a single gray one often causing a man to take back his ring, according to the best statistics. Handsome and rising young Americans have been known to offer themselves to a woman solely because she uses the delicate and deliciously fragrant O-Phew-O, and to leave her flat because she said her feet hurt her or kept right on ordering chicken salad. But we see by your faces that you know these vital statistics as well as we do; so let us turn to the other side of the picture and find, by the same token, that: Man, to appeal to woman, must—read something good fifteen minutes a day. And one word more before we drop this subject once and for all. Is there any explanation, except the right one, for the fact that men alone are allowed to eat at banquets while women are isolated in the gallery to listen to the speeches? Thank you, that will be all, gentlemen.

Point V, or politics, convinces us that any weakness women might previously have had along these lines—and, mind you, we're not taking back a word we've said in admitting this—is rapidly being overcome by education. All over the country men are educating us in the proper use of the vote—something that they seem automatically to have acquired at the age of twenty-one. Daily before each election, by circulars, radio and noon-hour talks by awfully attractive men with lovely eyes and strong faces, in temporarily unrented little stores, we are being taught to vote for fine, clean, upstanding men. Now personally, we are just enough of a meany to rebel one of these days and vote for a good, dirty, down-sitting bum—but that's neither here nor there.

What we see in all this propaganda is a plot for men to pass the buck to us in politics as they have in other walks of life, and if we don't watch out we'll find ourselves, as usual, doing all the difficult and intelligent work while they get the money. So far, all we've got out of our vote is the fun of telling our age twice a year, and some seeds.

And this brings us to our conclusion, although how we ever got here, goodness only knows! When all is said and done, which we very much doubt ever will be on this subject, and it has been proved to the satisfaction of all parties that woman is not the weaker sex—what does it get us? Exactly 0 in round figures. Look at the happy, contented women about you, who marry the very biggest butter-and-egg men, have diamond wrist watches and plenty of time to get their faces lifted—who are they? The strong, self-reliant ones? Or the ones who don't do a darn thing? Very well, then. And this is our big idea. Let us vessels be weaker! We have the name, let's make man give us the game! Personally, we know we're too tired to go on playing much longer with the old rules.

Thus it is that when the present Congress convenes it will be greeted by a bill—presented through what is called in Washington the proper channels, with laughing emphasis on the adjective—which will read as follows.

To Weaken Weak Woman

Whereas, therefore, in as much as, be it resolved, to wit, that the President of the United States shall this day thereunto affix his seal and appoint a commission to consist of three Republicans, three Democrats and the new senator from Wisconsin to drown all girl babies who have not naturally curly blond hair and blue eyes that fill easily with tears.

May heaven help man when the world is full of really weak women—they're the only kind he never could manage—and hurrah for our side!

Police Mr. Snipkins—"Here, Madam, Take My Seat"

So that's it!

ALL of a sudden it dawned on him.

For a long time he had felt that things were being said about him behind his back.

Now—he had actually overheard it.

And said by men whom he had regarded as his best friends in the business!

Maybe they were right—he didn't know. But at least he would find out and apply the right remedy.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS — use LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LIKE A BAMBOO POLE

You know what you can do with a bamboo fishing pole. Bend it almost double, and it won't break. Balance a 20-foot pole on your little finger—it weighs almost nothing. Dip it in the river—water will not soak into it. Now we have made summer hats out of fine thin stripe of bamboo bark.

Amazing New Kind of Hats

Wonderful, Cool Comfort

ONLY 75c to $1.00!

These hats weigh almost nothing. Their lightness will amaze you. They have the beautiful texture and soft flexibility of fine panama—so easy on your head you hardly know you're wearing them. Tou[illegible] can be rolled up to fit pocket without crushing or losing their shape. Rain proof—wash them when dirty—they last years. Each hat equipped with a patented buckle on the hatband makes head size loose or snug instantly. Always comfortable, always light, always cool.

Choose one of the hats described below. They are priced at only 75c to $1.00—both amazing bargains

THE KOKO-KOOLSTER
For Sports Wear

The practical outdoor hat for golf, tennis, fishing, boating, camping and beach wear, etc. Flexible brim shades eyes, but cannot blow down and shut off vision. Gay sports colored band; bound edges; popular shape. Rolls up to fit pocket. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct on approval. Simply mail the coupon.

THE KOKO-KOOLER
For Outdoor Wear

The ideal hat for the country gentleman or any man who has to be out in the sun. Broad shady brim. Almost as light as a bandana handkerchief. Rain proof. Neat lock-stitched edges can't ravel. See your dealer. Get the coolest hat comfort you have ever known. If your dealer can't supply you order direct on approval. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon.

Mexican American Hat Co.
Dept. G-43
18th and Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

DEALERS: Order one dozen each on approval. They sell on sight. Get these extra profits. Return hats if not satisfied. Write or wire

Mexican American Hat Co.
Dept. G-43, 18th and Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
( ) KOKO KOOLER, price $ 75, size .....
( ) KOKO KOOLSTER, price $1, size .....
Send me the hat checked above. On arrival I will pay postman (plus a few cents postage). If not satisfied I will return it, and you will at once refund my money.
Name
Address.....
My Dealer's Name

OUR BEST CUSTOMER

(Continued from Page 4)

effected. Last year, 1925, our exports to Great Britain were $1,032,000,000 and our imports were $412,000,000. We sent to Great Britain $304,000,000 of unmanufactured cotton; more than $100,000,000 of pork and lard; and $38,000,000 of wheat, besides the large quantities which went through Canada. Our imports from Italy amounted to $102,204,930, while our exports were $205,149,578, of which more than $91,000,000 was unmanufactured cotton and over $27,000,000 was wheat and flour.

In the case of Germany the figures are also illuminating. In 1923 Germany took

Secretary Mellon

from us $150,000,000 of cotton. With the adoption of the Dawes Plan in the latter part of 1924, and the establishment of a proper financial system, our shipments of cotton to Germany increased in that year to $223,000,000, and in 1925 to $246,000,000. It is easy to see from figures such as these that the United States, and its farmers in particular, have a very real interest in the stabilization of Europe.

Sense, Not Sentiment

Most of the countries in Europe are making determined efforts to get their finances on a sound basis. The burden of taxation there is very heavy, and has been greatly increased since the war. Even the smallest incomes are taxed at rates which would seem excessive in this country. In Italy, for instance, more than 99 per cent of the revenues from income taxes would be lost if exemptions were allowed such as are provided in our 1926 Revenue Act. In Italy a married man with an income as small as forty dollars a year, and in some cases as low as sixteen dollars a year, is taxed; in Belgium the exemption begins at $225; in France at $650; in Great Britain at $1125, and in the United States at $3500. In this country a married man with an income of $4000 a year pays $5.63 tax. In Great Britain he pays $382.50, in Belgium, $413.25; in France, $569.40; and in Italy, $812.18.

Such taxes are the inevitable aftermath of war. They are part of the price which not only this generation but future generations must pay in liquidating the cost of that great struggle which for four years devastated the world. They accentuate the difficulties of reconstruction, and reconstruction is always a long, hard struggle. War, on the other hand, is a supreme effort, in which the individual subordinates everything to winning the war. But with peace, this union of all in a common cause disappears. Selfishness and controversy again arise, shattering the illusion of national unity and making more difficult the problem of reconstruction.

It is for these reasons that a nation's effort to win the peace seems so much less effective than its effort to win the war. But we are making progress steadily, if slowly; and in America we can feel that the nation has passed safely through the period of postwar reconstruction and is in a position now to tackle the other problems which are ahead of us.

There is, of course, a moral obligation to help other nations, as far as we can, in getting back on a peacetime basis. The United States has not been and is not insensible to this duty. But in the end we shall be of most help if our financial policies toward Europe are backed not by sentiment but by sense, and if those

Ambassador Berenger

policies are directed not toward ameliorating merely present hardships but toward laying the foundation for a prosperity that will be permanent.

Let Someone Else Do It

ABOUT six months ago, the company with which I had been employed since leaving the university merged with another concern. The man under whom I had gained my experience had died, and it was quite natural that the new head should prefer his own lieutenants. I was told my services would no longer be required.

Now a man who has worked at one job for ten years and who has never had another can scarcely be expected to qualify as an expert job hunter. It's your restless one, who flits from position to position as a bee from flower to flower, who learns to pour the mellowed words into the employer's ear.

My experience had been gained in a rather specialized industry, which meant a considerably narrowed field for job hunting

I did the usual things. I wrote letters, I wore out shoe leather, I filled out innumerable application forms, but the days and weeks passed, and at the end of two months I was so thoroughly discouraged that I had about made up my mind to throw my specialized knowledge to the winds and take the first job that offered.

The Weakness of Self-Praise

Then one day, quite by chance, I happened to meet an old friend of my father's—a man who had won wealth and position as the head of a great advertising business.

"What?" said he. "Still out of a job? A man of your experience! Why, I thought you would be snapped up by the first firm you would apply to. Maybe you don't know how to go about selling your services.

"No matter how modestly you worded your letters, the readers always said to themselves: 'If this fellow was as good as he says, why wasn't he retained? The merger doesn't explain everything.' I know and you know the underlying reasons behind your removal, but how could you satisfactorily explain these things to a prospective employer. He would only suspect there were things he was not being told.

"What you need is a sponsor to send out your applications under his own name. There is all the difference in the world between a man recommending himself and being recommended—between self-praise and the praise of a disinterested person.

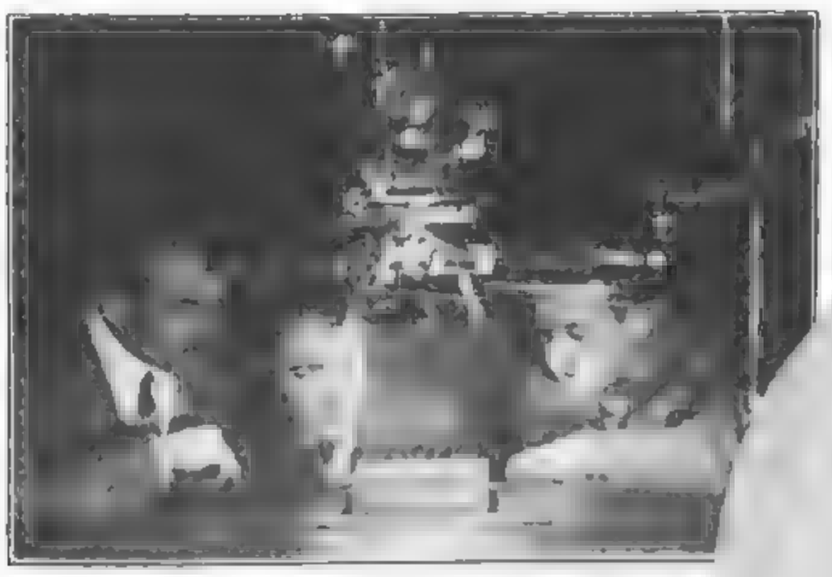
"If I were to meet with misfortune in business and it should again become necessary to sell my services, I most certainly would not do it myself. I would go to an influential friend or to my attorney and induce him to do the recommending for me. I have seen this method used again and again, and it rarely fails."

The advertising man and I composed a form letter. Under his signature it went out to the very same concerns I had canvassed so fruitlessly and three of them expressed an urgent need for a man whose experiences had been similar to my own. Within a week I had been named to a job which both in pay and in opportunity was superior to my old one. Should I be in my present position if I had been unable to find a person to vouch for my capabilities or willing to make them appear desirable?

One of my friends tried this method with similar results. When my friend had been working in the much-wanted position for some time he asked the personnel manager why he had been unable to get the job on his own representations.

"Because we couldn't make up our minds as to your fitness," he explained. "We had a great number of applicants, four or five of whom could presumably fill the job equally well. But when Mr. Blank wrote that letter telling how good he believed you were, we didn't look any further."

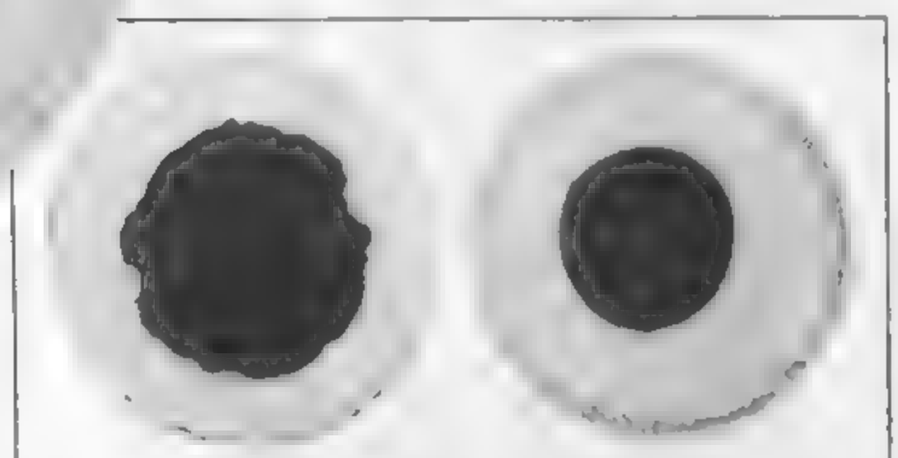
This incident fully convinced me that when it comes to hunting for the better kind of position, it's oftentimes wise to let someone else do it. —J. LEROY MILLER.



The putting accuracy of a golf ball depends absolutely upon the trueness with which the center of gravity is positioned in the center of the ball. And only the X-Ray can disclose what has actually taken place in the making.

Below are X-Rays of two golf balls other than "U. S." Royals. They are typical of some fifty or more in our records. Note the uneven centers. The result is a center of gravity which does not coincide with the center of the ball. This can only mean erratic action on the green. Compare with the clean, round center of the "U. S." Royal at the left

Above is a typical X-Ray (enlarged) of a "U. S." Royal. The black center is the heart or "pill", note its trueness and its location at the absolute center of the ball. The dark gray circle is the soft rubber jacket around the pill. The light gray circle is the "core" of yards and yards of the finest rubber thread. The outer gray circle is the cover. From center to cover a custom-made golf ball.



These are not "U. S." Royals

Under the X-Ray, Golf Balls keep no Secrets

When it comes to *putting accuracy* you can say, "A golf ball is no better than its *center of gravity*."

Unless the center of gravity is located at the *exact center* of the ball and *stays* there, you cannot expect accurate putting.

A ball will not roll true simply because the *outside* is spherical. The *inside* must be true as well.

What the X-Ray shows

The X-Ray has shown that the inside trueness of a golf ball cannot be taken for granted.

And it has shown that the exclusive "U. S." method of manufacture does insure a ball with an *accurately centered* and *fixed* center of gravity —and, therefore, a true roll to the cup.

The periodical X-Ray check-up of "U. S." Royals is a regular procedure with this Company. It helps to maintain the reputation of the "U. S." Royal as the *truest putting* golf ball.

Prove it for yourself—

Try a "U. S." Royal the next time you play. Note the improvement it makes in your putting.

No ball will give you longer distance.

No ball has a tougher cover, better finished or painted.

Play one round with a "U. S." Royal—and we know that you will play it for the rest of the season.

No ball made, either in this country or abroad, no matter at what price it is sold, is a better ball than the "U. S." Royal. Buy them from the professional at your club or from any authorized dealer, 3 for $2.50, 85c each.

United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

"U.S." ROYAL

The True Putting Golf Ball—Great Distance—Tough Cover

A Wise Investment

Federal Tires have a wide and firmly established reputation for quality and endurance.

The Federal line is so complete that there is a tire for every purpose regardless of what car you drive and what work it must perform.

The Federal line includes these famous highgrade tires:

Federal Double Blue Pennant Tires in Balloon and High Pressure Types—extra service, extra quality tires.

Federal Double Blue Pennant Truck Tires—extra endurance tires.

Also Defender—a low priced tire which offers unusually good value and the security of the standard warranty.

FEDERAL TIRES

SILENT STEVE

(Continued from Page 9)

smarting sensation in his eyes and nose. The tellers and clerks behind the partition that separated them from the public part of the bank seemed to be choking and sneezing and running about in the greatest confusion. At the rear of the public section of the bank Steve caught a glimpse of the man in the blue suit taking something from his little satchel. Steve recognized at once what it was. It was a gas mask, similar to the ones he had known in the Army. The smarting in his eyes increased and he ran out the door and up the street, coughing violently and with tears running down his cheeks.

Right behind him were the other customers who had been in the bank, and several of the tellers. All of them were coughing and choking, and one of the tellers started to shout in a hoarse voice, "Help! Help! They're robbing the bank! They're robbing the bank, and they're using gas!"

Hundreds of people began to gather in the green. The policeman with the freckled face ran to a green box on a post at the corner and talked hurriedly and excitedly into a telephone. He then pulled out an automatic pistol and advanced cautiously toward the door of the bank. But before he got nearer than fifteen or twenty yards, he coughed, put his hand over his face and drew back.

The crowd grew larger and gradually closed in until the people in front began to smell the gas. At once they began to shout warnings: "Look out for the poison gas!" This cry was taken up by others in the rear and a wild scramble to get away began. The freckle-faced policeman had taken a position behind a parked automobile and was grimly waiting, his automatic in his hand and his eye on the door of the bank.

Steve had retreated northward along the street that formed the western boundary of the green, and now found himself one of a group of excited citizens gathered in front of Jones' Hardware Store, which stood at the northwest corner of the green, where the Post Road came in. Steve wiped his eyes with his handkerchief and found that the smarting sensation was almost gone. The gas was evidently tear gas, which is violently irritating but lacks the permanently injurious effect of mustard and phosgene.

There was a sudden terrific roar, as from an airplane motor, and someone shouted, "The tank is starting!" Steve looked up and saw the tank move slowly from its position and turn clumsily into the street. Clouds of blue smoke came out of the exhaust, and above the roar of the motor he could hear the clanking of the steel track shoes on the pavement. Slowly and ponderously the great machine ran up on the sidewalk and stopped directly in front of the bank door, facing north toward the hardware store. One of the steel shutters in front was opened a few inches and three or four little round objects were thrown out. The policeman behind the automobile fired four shots from his automatic as the iron shutters slammed shut. The little round objects exploded and threw out dense clouds of white smoke so thick that the tank and the whole west end of the green were completely concealed from view.

"Smoke bombs!" said somebody in the crowd. Then there came a strong whiff of gas, and Steve and the rest of the people with him retreated around the corner. Evidently the bombs had contained gas as well as smoke. Far at the other end of the green Steve could see other groups of people beating a disorderly retreat before the smoke and gas. The street traffic was in a tangle and from all directions came sounds of confused shouts. Then came the sound of a siren and a bell, and an automobile patrol wagon arrived with the chief of police and twelve uniformed men. The wagon stopped at the corner where Steve was standing and the freckle-faced policeman ran up to report. Steve and a number of other men crowded around to listen.

"What's all this?" asked the chief.

"They're robbing the bank," replied the freckle-faced policeman. His voice was husky and he was rubbing his smarting eyes.

"Who's robbing the bank?" asked the chief.

"Them guys that was fixing the tank. I bet that letter from the War Department was a forgery."

"Never mind about that," said the chief impatiently. "Just what have they done?"

"One of them must have sneaked in and set off some gas bombs in the bank," said the policeman.

"That's right," said a man in the crowd. "I'm one of the tellers. I was in there, and a couple of minutes ago there came a lot of explosions all of a sudden, and the whole place was full of gas. I ran out as fast as I could, and so did all the rest of us, I guess. Didn't have time to shut the vault or anything."

The teller coughed and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

"All right," said the chief sharply, "what happened next?"

"Then," continued the freckle-faced policeman, "they ran the tank up there on the sidewalk and threw out a lot of smoke and gas bombs. I shot at them several times, but it was no use at all. Bullets are no good against that armor. They all must have gas masks, and they are probably loading the tank with all the dough in the place."

"How much is there in there?"

"There are lots of negotiable securities," said the teller, "besides several hundred thousand dollars. We have to carry a lot of cash for the weekly pay days in the mills."

The chief looked around the corner. Steve and several others also took a look. The area in front of the bank was still covered with an immense mass of dense white smoke and the smell of gas was strong. The far end of the green was filled with excited citizens who wanted to see what was going on but were afraid to come very close.

The chief spoke to one of the patrolmen. "You go to the City Hall," he said. "Tell Mayor Harrison I advise him to call up the governor and get one infantry company and one battery of the National Guard here as fast as possible. Tell them to bring gas masks."

He turned back to the rapidly increasing group of men behind him.

"Any of you men that want to volunteer your services," he said, "come into the hardware store. All others stay out."

He walked in the door on the Post Road side of the store, followed by the policemen and a couple of dozen citizens, including Steve. The chief spoke to the hardware man, who immediately turned over to him eleven shotguns and eighteen sporting rifles, which he said comprised the entire stock of the store. These, together with ammunition, were immediately issued to the policemen and citizens. Steve stepped forward for a gun, but there were not enough to go round, and he was left out.

As soon as the arms had been distributed the chief quickly divided the men into four parties, each in charge of a policeman.

"This is the idea," he explained, talking very rapidly: "Just now those damn bandits have the upper hand. We can't go into the bank—we can't go near it, even, on account of the gas. Probably they are putting the bank's money into the tank now, and before long they'll drive away. We can't hurt them as long as they're in the tank, and I doubt if we can stop them from going anywhere they want. But we'll get them in the end. A tank like that can make only about two miles an hour, so all we have to do is to follow them, and get them whenever they try to leave it.

"You"—he turned to the policeman in charge of the first group—"will be the advance guard. You will keep your party at a safe distance ahead of the tank. If it turns a corner, you will have to circle around and get ahead of it again.

"You"—he turned to the two policemen in charge of the second and third groups—"will be right and left flank guards. As long as the tank is in the city you will move along the streets parallel to the one on which it is traveling. You will keep abreast of it at all times and watch carefully in case they try to abandon it and get away with the swag through back alleys, back yards, over roofs or through houses.

"I will take the rest of you as rear guard. And remember, don't try to shoot at the tank. Don't get too near it; but keep it surrounded and if any of the men try to get out, shoot 'em. If you need automobiles, don't hesitate to commandeer them. And turn back all traffic; keep the streets clear.

"All right. Advance guard, take station out front here in the Post Road. Left flank guard, in the alley behind the bank, and make sure they don't escape the back way. Right flank, across the green. Rear guard, come with me. Let's go!"

He strode out of the door, followed by his armed escort. Steve and the hardware man were left alone in the store.

"That tank seems headed in this direction," said the hardware man. "I have dynamite here. I'm not supposed to keep it in town, but I have it, and I believe it's a lucky thing. How about putting a box of it out in the street and exploding it as the tank goes over? If we could blow off one of the tracks, the thing would be helpless, wouldn't it?"

Steve nodded and followed the hardware man to the back room of the store. They loosened a board on top of a box of dynamite, fastened a detonator to a couple of lengths of wire and stuck it in the box. Then they carried the box to the front of the store, and holding their breaths on account of the gas, dashed out and deposited it in the middle of the street, with the wires trailing back into the store. Running back, they connected the wires to a battery box with a switch on top and sat down to wait. After five minutes, which seemed like five hours, they heard the motor of the tank beginning to roar. The hardware man peeked out. "Here they come!" he said.

He and Steve retreated to the rear of the store, taking a position from which they could look out through the plate-glass windows and see the box of dynamite.

The clanking of the track shoes on the hard pavement became distinctly audible, the roar of the motor grew louder and louder, and finally the front end of the tank came into view. But suddenly it stopped about ten yards away from the little box. Steve noticed a slight movement in the muzzle of the machine gun which protruded from the front. Slowly the muzzle was lowered until it pointed directly at the box. There was a sharp putt-putt-putt followed by a terrific explosion and the sound of falling glass. The bandits had exploded the dynamite at a safe distance from themselves, and the only damage done was the breaking of several dozen windows, including, of course, the big plate-glass front of the hardware store.

The tank resumed its march, clanking on past the store, turning left onto the Post Road and continuing toward the west, completely wrecking a couple of parked automobiles that happened to be in its way. A hundred yards behind came the chief of police and his rear-guard party in the patrol wagon. Behind the chief was a disorganized mob of sight-seers, too timid to advance very close but too curious to stay away. From dozens of windows excited spectators looked down at the show.

Steve left the hardware man inspecting the broken windows and ran across the park and through the streets beyond to the City Garage, where he proceeded to crank up the tractor which he operated for the city.

This tractor, as has been stated, was an old ten-ton artillery model. It was a powerful machine, designed to pull heavy guns;

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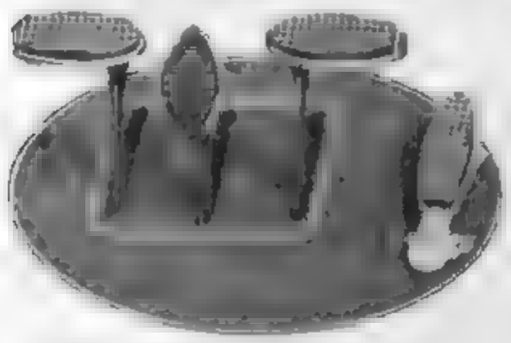

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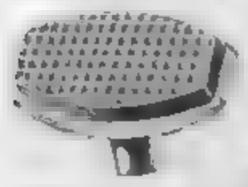

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and instead of wheels, it ran on two steel tracks similar to those used on the tank. As it had been intended for wartime use, the motor and radiator were protected by a large hood of three-eighths-inch nickel-steel armor plate, sufficient to stop rifle bullets, machine-gun bullets and shell fragments. This armor was intended to protect the vital parts of the machine when parked at the front. As artillery is not expected to move while under fire, there was no armor for the driver. However, by crouching low in his seat he was protected by the large hood against any fire coming from directly in front.

Steve drove the machine out of the garage, turned west and proceeded along the Post Road in high gear at his maximum speed of about five miles an hour. This was not fast, of course, but it would be enough to overhaul the clumsy two-mile-an-hour tank. As he passed along the north side of the green, Steve could see hundreds of sight-seers gathered about the front of the bank. Apparently the gas had by this time been largely dissipated by a gentle breeze which had just begun to spring up. Steve continued along the Post Road, following the direction which the tank had taken. The streets were filled with little groups of excited people discussing the robbery. Some of these shouted at Steve, but he paid no attention. In the outskirts of the town, about a mile from the green, he came upon the chief in his patrol wagon, waiting just behind a place where the road passed over a small ridge. The chief held up his hand, Steve stopped and the chief came over.

"What's the idea?" asked the chief.

Steve pointed to the hood in front of him. "Armor," he said.

The chief looked at the tractor with interest and came to a quick decision. He stepped over to the patrol wagon, took a repeating rifle from one of the men in the party and came back, accompanied by the freckle-faced policeman who had been in front of the bank when the robbery started.

"Take this," he said, handing Steve the rifle. "They've shifted their machine gun to the rear of the tank, so we haven't been able to follow very close. But with that armor you can do better. This man will go with you. Keep as near as you can, but don't get hurt. If they try to unload anywhere, fire at them from behind your armor and delay them until we can get into position to fire on them too. All right, go on and good luck to you."

The freckle-faced policeman, who carried a rifle of his own, climbed onto the seat and Steve started forward. As they went over the crest Steve saw the tank rolling along slowly and heavily about half a mile ahead. He bent his head low over the handle bars, but there was no fire from ahead. Evidently the bandits did not have unlimited quantities of ammunition and did not care to waste it on anything so far away. Steve held his speed at five miles an hour and gradually closed in to a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The machine gun on the tank opened up and there was a loud clang as a bullet struck the armor in front of the radiator. Steve at once put the tractor in low gear, the tank drew away a trifle and the machine-gun fire ceased.

Apparently the chief's orders to turn back traffic had been well carried out. The Post Road, usually crowded with cars, was now deserted except for the tank, the tractor and one lone automobile far ahead, which Steve took to be the advance guard, as the chief called it. To the right and left Steve caught occasional glimpses of men running along and hiding behind every house or tree or bush that would give cover. These apparently were the flank guards. Certainly the chief had his prey nicely surrounded, but the ring of men that was doing the surrounding was so widespread and the gaps were so large that it was doubtful whether it would prove effective, especially if night should come on before the chase ended.

After about a half hour the tank turned left off the Post Road onto a small side road which led due south a mile and a half to Cleveland Point, on Long Island Sound. As the tank proceeded down this road the machine gun was gradually brought more and more into a position where it could deliver a flank fire at the two men on the seat of the tractor. Steve therefore swung his machine part way around to the left and stopped with the armored hood between him and the bandits. As he waited he saw the distant advance guard abandon their car and start running across country to regain their position in front of the line of march. As soon as the tank had crossed the first little rise in the ground and was out of sight, Steve continued.

In about half an hour they reached the shore just to the east of Cleveland Point, a slightly elevated neck of land which extended a half mile or so out into the Sound The road followed the shore out the eastern side of the point and back on the western side.

The tank rolled along out to the extreme end of the point and stopped. Steve closed in to about three hundred yards and also stopped. The road at this point was very narrow and was hemmed in on the left by the water and on the right by a steep bank about twenty feet high.

Steve took a cautious look at the tank ahead. On one side of it, at the top of the bank, a small clump of bushes waved gently in the wind. On the other side, at the edge of the water, was a small landing stage.

"Look!" said the freckle-faced policeman suddenly. He pointed out over the blue water of the Sound, and Steve saw a powerful motorboat coming in at high speed. As the boat approached the landing stage the policeman fired at it over the top of the hood. At once the machine gun on the tank replied. For perhaps thirty seconds the bullets rattled on the armor, and in the lull that followed Steve could hear a gentle dripping sound. The front armor had been penetrated and the water was running out of the radiator. Steve put his hat on the muzzle of his gun and lifted it an inch or so above the hood—where it was promptly shot to pieces. Steve and his companion were covered so completely that it was impossible to do anything. It was evident that they would have to change their plan of action if they wanted to prevent the transfer of the money to the motorboat.

Steve put the gears in reverse and backed away several hundred yards until a bend in the road brought the bank between him and the bandits.

"I'll go back and get orders from the chief," said the policeman. He jumped out and trotted back along the road.

Steve looked around. The bank at the place he had stopped had a slope of about forty-five degrees—too steep for an automobile but not for an artillery tractor. He shifted into low, swung around, opened the throttle wide and went roaring up onto the little grassy plateau which formed the center of the point. Once on top, he went into high and headed directly for the clump of bushes which marked the position of the tank.

But before he had got well under way, he was greeted by the familiar putt-putt-putt and bullets were once more clanking against the armored hood. A machine gun had been established in the little clump of bushes; Steve had seen the flash just before he ducked his head to safety behind the hood.

He put his hand on the clutch lever to stop; then suddenly changed his mind and pulled open the throttle as wide as it would go. As he advanced, the rattle of bullets on the armor almost deafened him. The water in the radiator was now completely gone. The motor was getting hot and beginning to knock and slow down. But it didn't stop. Slowly and steadily the old tractor rolled along right up to the little clump of bushes at the edge of the bank.

Just before it got there Steve grabbed his rifle and jumped. As he did so he had a brief glimpse of a machine gun and tripod being crushed under one of the tracks, and a man darting sidewise out of the path of the tractor and disappearing down the bank. Steve rolled over two or three times in the grass and then sat up at the very edge of the bank, just in time to see the tractor go over. The bank here was almost straight up and down, so that the tractor shot out completely clear of it. For a long moment it seemed to hang suspended in the air; then it landed with a terrific crash on the farther edge of the tank, slowly rolled over and dropped into the water, crushing the motorboat and the landing stage as it went.

There were two men on the stage and two more in the boat. Steve saw them dive to safety just in time. In front of the tank, the man who had operated the machine was limping about in an excited way. The left-hand track of the tank had been broken in two where the tractor hit, and the two ends had slid off the supporting rollers to the ground. There were no more machine guns in evidence; apparently the tractor had crushed the only one the bandits had.

Suddenly Steve realized that he was still holding his automatic rifle. Lying down in the grass, he pointed it over the edge and commanded the man in front of the tank to hold up his hands. The man obeyed. Two more men crawled out of the wrecked tank. The four men who had dived into the Sound clambered out one by one and they all meekly stood in front of the tank with their hands in the air—the four mechanics in overalls who had run the tank, the man in the blue suit and two men who had manned the motorboat—seven in all.

Ten minutes later the chief of police appeared, advancing cautiously with a small detachment of police and recently arrived National Guardsmen. Steve beckoned them to come on and pointed silently to the seven bandits. The chief advanced, took them in charge and then turned around to congratulate Steve. But Steve had slipped away and was on his way back to town for supper.

The stolen money was recovered intact. The city bought a new tractor for Steve to drive. And two weeks later when the president of the bank, at a monster mass meeting, gave him a large silver loving cup engraved with the words "Millport's Hero," Steve made the first and only public address of his career.

"Hero—applesauce!" he said. "I couldn't let them guys rob that bank. I had ten dollars in there."

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THE DREADFUL NIGHT

(Continued from Page 31)

He held himself aloof from them, watching Newbert, alert against any possible attack; and the dog now was at his feet, down at charge, hind legs gathered under it ready for a spring. Newbert put a log upon the fire, on the dying embers, and the log broke into flame. He looked at Nell and he saw that she was pale and shuddering, and he made her sit down in a chair where her face was shadowed. Molly, at this, also sat down; and after a moment Newbert imitated them, so that only Vinik himself was left standing.

He seemed reassured at this; and, surprisingly, he smiled; smiled in the polite fashion of a cultivated man.

"You must have understood," he said, addressing Molly—"you must have understood that it was not chance which directed me to this island; that I knew to whom it belonged. I did not intend to intrude upon you at this hour." She made no reply, unable to dissemble.

"It is thus," he said, with a gesture of his hands, spreading them before him as though he would elucidate. "It is thus," he explained. "I am an old friend of Madame Capello." His eyes were for an instant glassy. "A very old friend," he repeated, and the dog growled rumblingly.

"She has confided in me," he continued, and Marco seemed reassured. "She showed me once a jewel which she had, and I sought to purchase it from her. She said then that she would never sell it; but I came this evening to see her, to persuade her if I could, and she had sold it to Mr. Main."

His eyes were on Molly, and she nodded, her color fading faintly. "Yes," she agreed.

He fumbled in his pocket. "She had still his check," he told her, almost eagerly now, his words coming more swiftly. "See?" He produced it. "It has been wetted," he confessed. "But I have it here. I have bought it from her, you understand. And I wish to buy this jewel from Mr. Main. I will give him back his check and another for the same amount. That will satisfy him, no doubt?" His tone was appealing, eager, full of a curious hunger.

"You mean the emerald," Molly said gently. She found herself curiously unable to be afraid of this man, this madman, this maniac with a woman's life staining there his sleeve. He was so wistful a figure, so eager, so appealing, and there were upon him such marks of the torment he endured. His lips twisted as though with a paroxysm.

"The jewel Mr. Main bought from her," he conceded.

Newbert relieved her of replying. "Mr. Main ought to be here in the morning," he suggested. "I expect he'll be glad to make a profit on the stone."

Vinik shook his head sharply, so that it moved like a hammer striking upon stone.

"But I am in haste," he cried—"in great haste. I wish to conclude this and be away at once—away."

Molly said, with a little smile, "My husband loves a bargain. You had better not let him see how eager you are to have the stone. Are you a dealer? Do you want to sell it again?"

He hesitated, biting at his lips; and then he spoke swiftly, the words rushing as water rushes over the lip of a tilted pail.

"I was a dealer, a jewel smith," he said, his voice low and trembling. "This stone—it was in my hands, and then it vanished, and the blame fell upon me, and my honor was gone, and my liberty." His hands at his sides twitched and jerked; his eyes looked beyond them. "Years!" he exclaimed. "Year upon year! And torment upon torment! Racked and wrecked! My honor and my life gone—so!"

The last word was sharp; he was still; his voice like a cry ceased as abruptly as the water ceases to flow when the pail is set upright again. Yet his lips trembled with unuttered words, and he shuddered where he stood; and the great dog Marco, at his feet, looked up into the little man's face and whined; and then, with a curious contortion, the beast twisted himself around and half rose and licked his master's hand. They could hear his tongue rasp in the silence.

Molly said pityingly, "And you wish to recover it, to set yourself right again?"

"Right?" he cried. His voice rose, strained and harsh, and he laughed, and that was terrible. Then once more the flood of words broke from his lips, pouring and rushing.

"I am penned in it!" he cried. "Shut up in it! Prisoned in it! Many years of my life! Ten, twelve, fifteen. I lost the count of them. And many hours of pain, till I lay sobbing and they forbore so that I might live for pain again. And all my youth, and all those things, those great deeds I hoped to do; and love and hope and dreams. Set that right?"

He laughed again; he moved toward them, the dog stirring now at his side, standing there, nuzzling at his hand. And the man's face was contorted, his lips twitched, and they became wet and dripping.

"I want to destroy it," he cried, in a voice like a scream. "Beat it with hammers, and grind it and burn it and blast it and stamp upon its dust, till no man can say it ever was!"

He checked himself abruptly, and he looked at them one after the other with suspicious eyes, with intent and searching eyes, examining their souls, seeking to find therein any spark that would fulminate the forces pent within him—any least derision, any suspicion, any accusation. And they sat as still as stones—Nell in her shadowed chair and Molly beneath the lamp, her eyes benign and pitying; and Newbert on the wicker seat, hiding his readiness and his resolution behind a friendly little smile.

About them the great house was still; above, the grotesque chimney towered, the distorted bowlders grinning down upon them; and in the silence Newbert heard the bat squeak overhead. He could hear many little sounds; it was easy to imagine that he heard others. Something like a movement on the veranda outside; a leaf blown there perhaps; and the thumping a canoe makes when the water tosses it lightly against the wharf alongside which it lies. Vinik was looking at him, piercing the depths of his eyes, and Newbert cleared them of every shadow. But he listened just the same; wondered if it were possible that Paul was come, that there was someone watching through the window. Marco would know—Marco the dog. When Vinik drew back, Newbert looked at Marco. But the dog's attention was all upon its master now, and the beast was troubled, whining faintly; and Newbert saw that its tail drooped and tucked forward.

"It knows he is sick," he thought. "It knows his madness."

He spoke softly: "All right, Marco!" And the dog looked at him with steady intentness, and then turned back to Vinik again.

Vinik seemed satisfied that there was no offense in them; he drew back and wiped his hand across his brow.

"You will think me mad," he said, smiling wearily. His eyes darted from one to the other. "This that I say may wear that sound to you. But I tell you this small jewel robbed me of everything. If I can find it and obliterate it I will be a man again." He struggled inwardly. "It came to Madame Capello," he explained. "And one day she showed it to me—a little unset green stone, like a drop of poison. I begged her to sell it back to me," he cried, and his voice rose bitterly. "Begged her! She thought me insane," he ended in a whisper.

They had lost all sense of the strangeness of this hour. Nell still trembled, still shuddered with fear; that brown stain upon his arm was burning before her eyes; she could not forget it; fought to keep her eyes away from it, yet found them forever stealing back again to the horror there. Yet there were moments when she felt, too, that vague pity and sorrow which moved Molly so deeply. The older woman yearned to the pitiful little man, even while she shrank from the fires which burned in him. She had momentarily the impulse to give him the emerald—considered this, hesitated from fear that the frenzy which possession of it must inspire in him would precipitate a madness that would destroy them all.

Only Newbert remained alert and dispassionate. He was sorry for the man; but also he perceived in him potentialities of deadly peril. He was not sentimental; the life of a newspaperman does not conduce to sentimentality. A reporter has few illusions. Newbert could be sorry for Vinik, and stern too. The man was a pitiful figure, but an enemy of society all the same. And so far as this immediate situation was concerned, he was a destructive and dangerous man whose madness might at any moment be let loose. When that moment came it would be for him, Newbert, to act. He had little doubt of his ability to handle Vinik; the madman was, so far as he could see, without any weapon. Only the dog, the great dog, this Marco, was his ally; and Newbert, perceiving this, spent his every effort to plant doubt in Marco's heart, to win some hold there for himself, so that if the test came Marco might perhaps be uncertain what to do. He might have advised Molly to give up the emerald; but this seemed to Newbert outside his province, wholly her affair. If she wished to cling to it he must do his utmost to protect her in that attitude. He might consider surrender wise, but he could not say so when that surrender would be at her cost instead of at his own.

"I loved her," Vinik said suddenly, in the hush that had fallen. "When she was young we loved—she and I." His voice was low. "But they had ravaged me and twisted me and racked me; I had no youth to make her love me now."

He turned a pace aside, came back with swift impatience.

"Give it to me!" he said suddenly, his eyes burning. "Give it to me—here, now, in my hands!" His lips twisted. "Give the thing to me!"

He was leaning toward Molly; and Newbert, to draw him away, said, "Mr. Main ought to be here soon."

But at the same moment, Nell, driven frantic by her fears, cried, "It isn't here! It's gone!"

He had swung to Newbert; he jerked round to Nell now.

"Gone?" he challenged furiously.

"Mr. Main took it to Boston," Nell insisted. "He did! He did!"

His arms curled up and Newbert got swiftly to his feet behind the little man, ready. Vinik's arms curled up, the fingers bending like hooks.

"She said that!" he said hoarsely, in a voice like a snarl. "She said that! When I would have it from her!" He laughed in a terrifying fashion, with a sound like a shriek at the end. "And she was frightened too!" he screamed, in Nell's very teeth. "Frightened too! You're frightened now! You look like her! You look like her!" Yet he made no move to touch her; and Newbert held his hand, and the great dog whined at Vinik's heel.

"She was frightened, and she ran!" Vinik said, his voice sinking, shuddering. "She ran!" He flung his arms high, triumphantly, madness full upon him now. "She ran away, along the hall; but we came upon her, Marco and I!"

Nell's stiff lips opened; she was huddled back in her chair and her dry throat split in a strangling scream. In the moment's silence after, Vinik spoke again.

"Stopped her screaming, there!" he said, in a dull, low tone; and Marco, at his heel, sick with the sickness that rode his master in this moment, turned back his head and uttered a low, moaning sound like a distant, smothered, mournful howl. Nell screamed again, cowering from him, and Vinik, rigidly, bent toward her. His hands reached out for her, and Newbert moved to grip his arm.

As he moved he spoke to the dog. "Steady, Marco!" he said. "He's all right, old boy." Then to the man, soothingly, "Now, Vinik!"

The storm in a moment more must have been loosed but for Molly's word. She said quickly, yet in a steady tone, "Still, Nell!" And to the madman: "The emerald is here!"

He whirled toward her, stared into her eyes, stood rigidly there, and what he saw in her glance seemed to quiet him.

"You're not afraid!" he mumbled gratefully.

She shook her head. "No," she agreed. "And you may have it if you will. I'll fetch it for you now."

She would have risen. "No! I! Where?" He was shaking like a great tree before it falls.

"In the fountain," she said. "It's in the fountain."

Nell coiled away from him, pushing her chair away; she slipped out of it along the flank of the chimney. Newbert sighed a little, felt a great lift of relief. And Marco the dog was at his side; and Newbert touched the beast's neck and felt the hackles rise. Yet Marco submitted to the touch; and Newbert's fingers stirred behind the beast's ears, and he whispered, "Good boy!"

"Fountain?" Vinik challenged.

"It's outside," Molly explained steadily—"out on the mole; a boy with a spitting goose and a basin around. There's water in the basin."

"Where is it?" he challenged. "Quickly, where?"

"I'll have to show you," she suggested. "We'll get lights—a flash light—go and find it now." And again she moved to rise, but he was writhing with impatience.

"Where is it?" he insisted. "I want no lights. Be quick! Tell me!"

"I dropped it in the basin," she explained; "on this side, toward the house. You'll feel it on the bottom there."

He left her then, wrenching away, bounding away; he crossed to the door at a single leap; and Marco, startled and attentive, watched him go. The dog seemed uncertain what to do, looked at the three, then after his master again. But Vinik reached the door and wrenched it wide and was through; and by accident or by design he whipped it closed behind him, so that it banged explosively.

Molly had come to her feet; Nell darted to Newbert's side. The dog, at the door by this time, sniffed at its crack, scratched at the sill, barked uneasily.

And then, outside, they heard a cry and a rush of feet, and upon this a hoarse and maddened shout. Almost instantly thereafter, and before they could move, a shot rang in the night, and the shot was drowned in a great confusion of sounds and cries. Nell screamed again, clutching at Newbert's arm.

Then Newbert, watching, saw Marco wheel and rise from the floor in a great bound, fair at one of the windows toward the mole. The dog struck the glass and burst through, carrying the frame before him, bent in blind and desperate devotion to his master's aid.

XII

THIS abrupt turn of events struck the three persons left in the living room with such an impact of surprise and bewilderment that for a moment they were helpless, unable to move, unable to understand. When the dog flung himself through the window Nell felt her knees sag under her, and she would have fallen but for Molly's

Continued on Page 93

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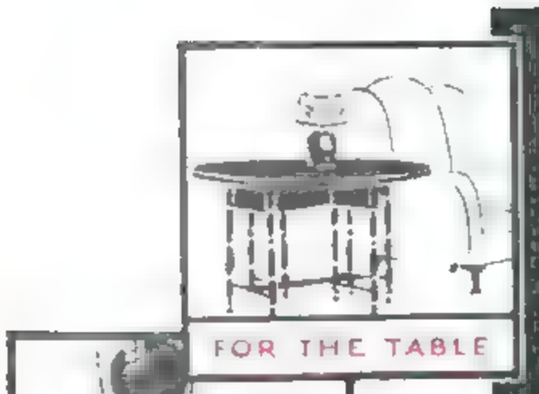
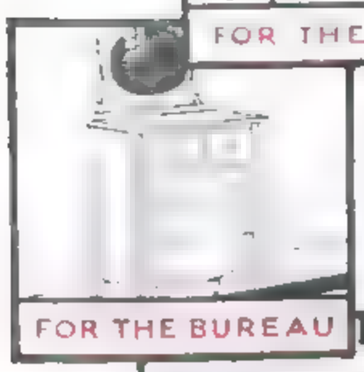

FOR THE TABLE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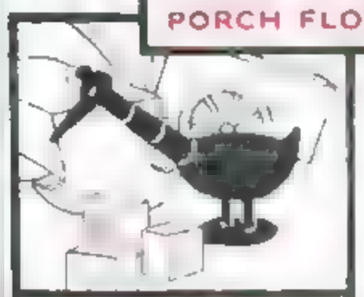
ON FURNITURE

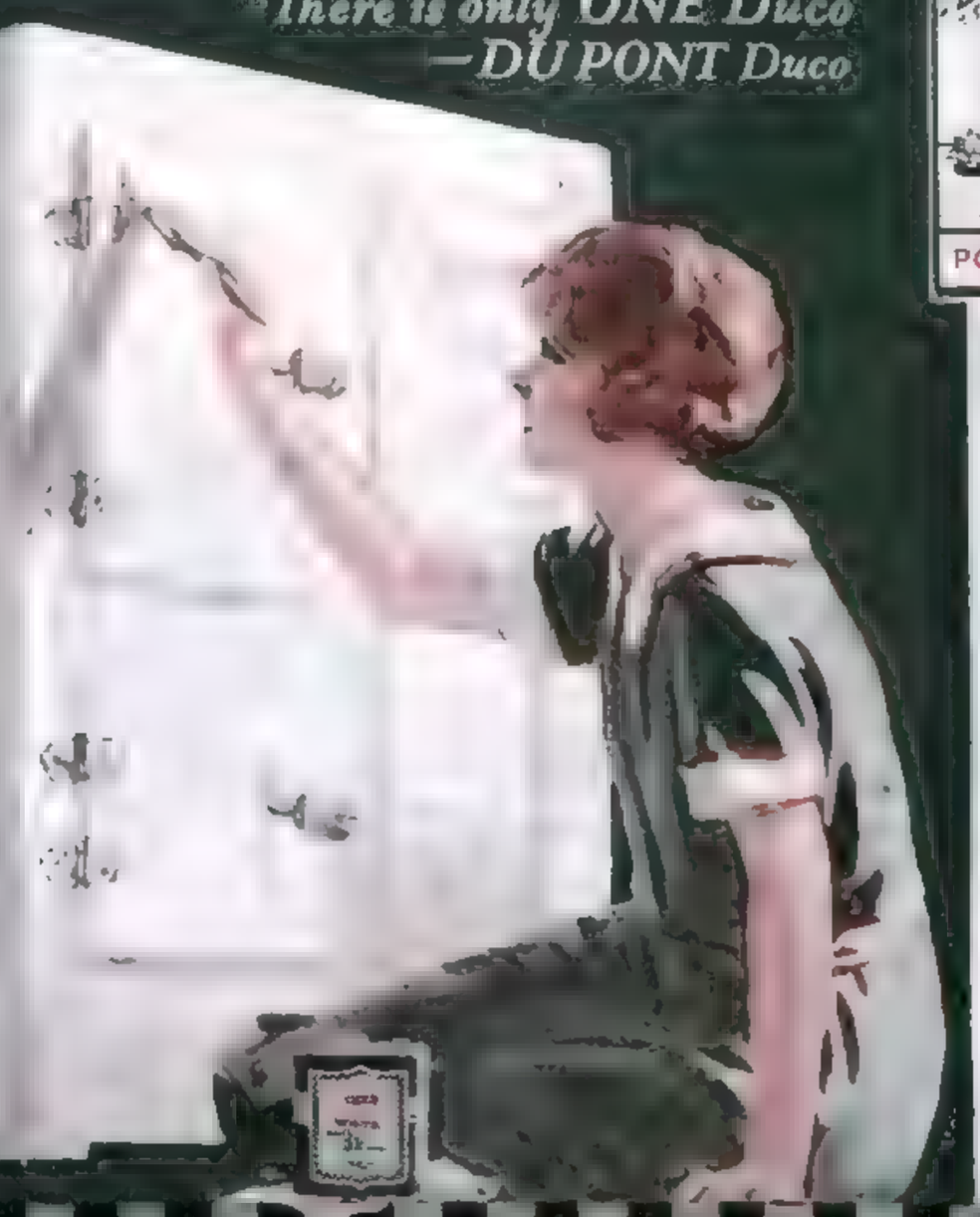
PORCH FLOORS


PRESERVE THE TOYS

THE FAMILY BUS

PORCH FURNITURE

IN THE CELLAR



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JIMMY
the Courtesy Man

(Continued from Page 88)

quick arm around her waist. Newbert was the first to recover himself; he moved uncertainly to the door—the night outside was hideous with sounds of strangling struggle—and Nell, from Molly's arms, called to him swiftly, "No, no, Jim! Don't go out there!"

He looked back and saw her terror, and he came to her side, touched her arm.

"It's all right, Nell," he said reassuringly. "It's all right now."

She tried to manage a smile. "I know," she agreed. "I'm a fool. But—don't go out there now, Jim. Please!"

He turned his head uncertainly, listening, and they also listened. The confusion of conflict was silent now; they could hear nothing save the barking of the dog, muffled, remote, frantic.

"He's in the lake," Molly said softly. "He's jumped off the mole."

"There was someone out there," Jim reminded them. "Someone shot. Vinik didn't have a gun."

"Don't go out!" Nell begged. "Let's not bother them if they don't bother us. Stay here, Jim."

Jim shook his head, smiling at her. "I—think it's finished now," he suggested. "Hear the dog! He can't find his master; that's a bark of distress."

"I've got a flash light here in the desk," Molly remembered, and fetched it; and Jim touched Nell's arm.

"Come along," he urged. "There's nothing to hurt you, Nell."

"I think we're fools to go out there," she protested. But she had no thought of being left behind; so presently they went together, Molly sweeping the way before them with the flash light's beam. It rested upon the fountain, the boy with his spitting goose; and it covered all the surface of the mole, revealing nothing. She even turned the ray up into the hemlock tree beside the steps, among the empty branches there. Then they went forward, down to the sandy level of the mole and to its outer end, and stood there by the balustrade, searching the surface of the water with the flash light's beam.

Marco the dog was there, swimming this way and that, barking incessantly in a frenzied and pitiful fashion; behind his head a wide ripple spread as he quested to and fro, and the water surged before his great chest. Now and then he lifted himself half out of water, as though to look about; and their eyes followed him, fascinated by the fury of his efforts. It was Marco who first saw the canoe, a little way off, floating half awash; and the dog swam to it and tried to climb into it, and discovered its emptiness and abandoned it again.

And Jim said quickly, "I'll go get a boat—get out there."

"There's nothing to do," Molly reminded him. "There's no one in the water anywhere."

"I can pick up that canoe before it drifts off," he suggested, and he ran back through the veranda and along the path toward the boathouses. Nell made a movement as though to follow him, but Molly checked her.

"No, stay with me," she said. And Nell submitted, stayed. They watched the dog, tirelessly casting this way and that; and presently Newbert came in his skiff, passing just beneath them.

Molly called, "There's something in the water out there, Mr. Newbert. The dog picked it up in his mouth a minute ago, and dropped it again—something light colored."

"Where?" he asked. "I'll get it."

"I'll keep the light on it," she told him.

So he followed the beam till he came to the thing, and Marco saw the boat and raced to its side. Newbert spoke to him.

"It's all right, old man; he's gone," he said. "I'll lift you in here." And he sought to catch Marco by the scruff of the neck, but the beast swung away to continue his search again.

Then Jim came to the thing Molly had seen, and picked it out of the water; a cap, floating, water-soaked and half submerged. Molly called, "What is it?"

"A man's cap," said Jim thoughtfully. Vinik's head had been bare. The reporter dropped the cap in the bottom of the skiff and backed toward the canoe, floating now some distance below the mole; and he came to it and caught the painter and secured it to the ring in the stern of the skiff and started to row back toward the mole again. At about the same time, down the lake, he heard the exhaust of a motorboat, and looked that way and saw its red and green lights; knew it was headed for the island.

By the time he reached the base of the mole it was much nearer, and he called softly to Molly, "You've seen the boat, Mrs. Main?"

"It's Dill's," she said quickly. "I know the sound. Yes, we've been watching it."

He realized that Marco was no longer barking, and he asked them, "Where's the dog?"

"He came ashore," said Nell. "He went racing up along the shore, through the trees."

Then Molly leaped atop the balustrade above him, and she stood there, waving her arms toward the boat, now no more than a hundred yards away.

"He can't hear us anyway," she explained in a matter-of-fact tone, curiously in contrast with the jubilation of her gestures. "There's no use shouting."

"Is it Dill?" Nell asked, and then a hail came across the water.

"All right, Molly? Everything all right?"

Molly leaped to the ground; she began to run, hurrying to the wharf.

"It's Paul!" she called back in ecstasy. "It's Paul!"

Paul had a tale to tell; a tale that under other circumstances might have engrossed them. When his train reached Laconia one of the men in the express office in the station boarded it and sought him out and gave him a message purporting to come from Molly.

"She sent word to tell you one of the children was sick and she was driving down, and for you to come right down on the train," the man explained.

Paul's train met the down express at Laconia; there was no time to question or to telephone. So three minutes later he was on his way back to town again. At Concord he tried to telephone, but the call failed to go through in time; and between Manchester and Nashua, maddeningly, the engine broke a connecting rod and they were delayed, expecting every minute to move on, for a matter of two hours or more. In Nashua he tried to telephone again, got the manservant at home and learned that he had been deceived.

"So I hired a car," he concluded. "And I heard about Madame Capello's being killed, there in Nashua; and Raleigh had told me enough about the emerald so I'd have worried about you anyway; and this scheme to keep me out of the way made it look worse." He laughed with a great relief. "I tell you, I burned up the road, coming up here, Molly."

And his arm tightened around her where she sat there at his side on the wicker seat before the fire.

Dill grinned in agreement. "I'm going to say he was in a state," he declared, "when he got me out of bed."

"And I had a flat tire below Concord," Paul added. "And then Dill's blasted boat wouldn't start." He hugged Molly close and kissed her. "Nothing ever looked better to me than the sight of you standing on the balustrade out there."

"I knew it was you," she said gently, happily; and Nell made a scornful little gesture.

"You couldn't see a thing," she declared.

Molly only smiled. "But I knew," she said again.

Marco came scratching at the door then; and Newbert let him in and he raced through the house, tongue pendent, panting heavily. Newbert sought to quiet him, but he paid no heed to any of them. He searched the house, and then departed again; and a little while after he must have given up his quest at last, for they heard him howl, and when they looked out he was sitting on the balustrade above the lake, his muzzle pointed to the sky.

Molly said gently, "Poor fellow!" And Paul added, "He's a big brute."

"That's why he scared us so," Molly agreed.

It was in a fashion more or less disconnected that Paul got from them the story of the night.

He had already had from Dill the details of the murder.

"They located the negro maid at Concord," he told them. "And they found that this madman bought his boat in Lakeport a week ago. The girl saw him come to Little Dog, and he terrified her so that she simply ran away. She's still half insane with fear."

"I know exactly how she feels," Nell declared; and they all laughed at that, and Nell laughed with them.

The cap—that cap which Newbert picked up in the lake, served to resolve in their minds the final mystery.

When she saw it Molly said, "I saw a man wearing that cap, at the landing this morning."

Jim looked at her quickly. "I've seen it before too," he declared. "Chap that had it on came and sat near us in the restaurant the day Raleigh and Paul and I had lunch together. Remember, Paul?"

"I didn't notice," Paul confessed. "Take your word for it, Jim."

"He heard me say you were coming tonight," Molly explained to her husband. "Heard me at the landing this morning."

"Yesterday morning," Paul reminded her. "It's almost four o'clock now."

Dill offered a word. "He asked me a pile of questions, too, Mis' Main," he explained, "after you'd left. But I never thought anything about it."

"That canoe he had belonged to the Randalls," Paul said. "They've gone home. He probably broke into their boathouse." He added, for Newbert's benefit, "It's just opposite us, on the point over there."

"Molly and I heard a canoe," Nell exclaimed, "when we came up from the landing right after dark! It was over toward the channel. That must have been him. He'd probably been on the island ever since."

Molly said eagerly to Newbert, "You saw him; it must have been him you saw, outside the billiard-room door."

"I saw him after that," Jim confessed, "at the kitchen skylight. Thought I was imagining things. My head was swimming pretty badly anyway."

"And it must have been him that locked us in Molly's room after we first saw the dog," Nell suggested.

Paul nodded. "He was probably listening outside when you told the other man where the emerald was, Molly," he guessed. "I expect he jumped back to the fountain and started to grope in it, and this other chap came out and found him there."

He hesitated, imagining what must have happened.

"Probably he got down into the canoe, jumped down, and the crazy man jumped down on top of him, and they had it out there," Paul went on.

"Water deep there?" Jim asked, and Paul shook his head.

"Be able to locate them probably," he said practically. "Not more than twenty feet anywhere near the end of the mole." He added, "Wonder if they got the emerald."

"I hope so," Molly confessed. "I can't help hoping the poor man got it before the end."

Paul laughed. "Well, I don't," he commented. "I've cabled the chap in Rome and he's mighty anxious to get it back again. I don't want to keep it now; but wouldn't you rather sell it to him than have it at the bottom of the lake?"

Molly smiled faintly. "You're a thrifty soul, Paul," she commented. "I suppose you're right though."

"Well, we can have a look for it in the morning," Newbert reminded them; and he added whimsically, "That dog's getting on my nerves. I'm going out and try to quiet him, make friends with him."

"I'll go with you," Nell suggested, rose to come to his side. He looked down at her for a moment, and then he nodded.

"Fine!" he agreed. "Fine! We'll both go."

When they were gone, the door closed behind them, Molly smiled up at Paul, smiled at Dill across by the fire.

"They've been through a lot together," she said in faint amusement.

Paul chuckled. "I shouldn't wonder if they were going to go through a lot more," he suggested, and Dill cackled and slapped his hand upon his knee. And a moment later the dog ceased his grieving; but Nell and Jim did not come back into the house for a considerable time. When they did, Paul and Molly were drowsing comfortably there before the fire, and Dill was frankly asleep, his head back, his jaw fallen slackly. The dog came at Newbert's side, and Newbert's hand was on his neck; and when Jim and Nell sat down together on the seat beyond the fire the dog curled at Jim's feet and slept.

Only, the beast whined pitifully in his slumber now and then.

A little after daylight, searching in the fountain, they found the emerald; and later that day others would discover what was left of the madman. But of the man with the amusing cap no other trace than the cap itself was ever found, and none of them ever knew whether he lived or died.

When Dill announced that it was time for him to be going home to milk his cows, Newbert went with the little man to telephone his paper, and he took Marco along. Dill offered to take Nell home at the same time, but she shook her head.

"Molly may need me," she explained. "I'll stay a little while." And she added softly, looking at Newbert, "Besides, you'll be coming back again."

The reporter met her eyes and smiled, and nodded quietly.

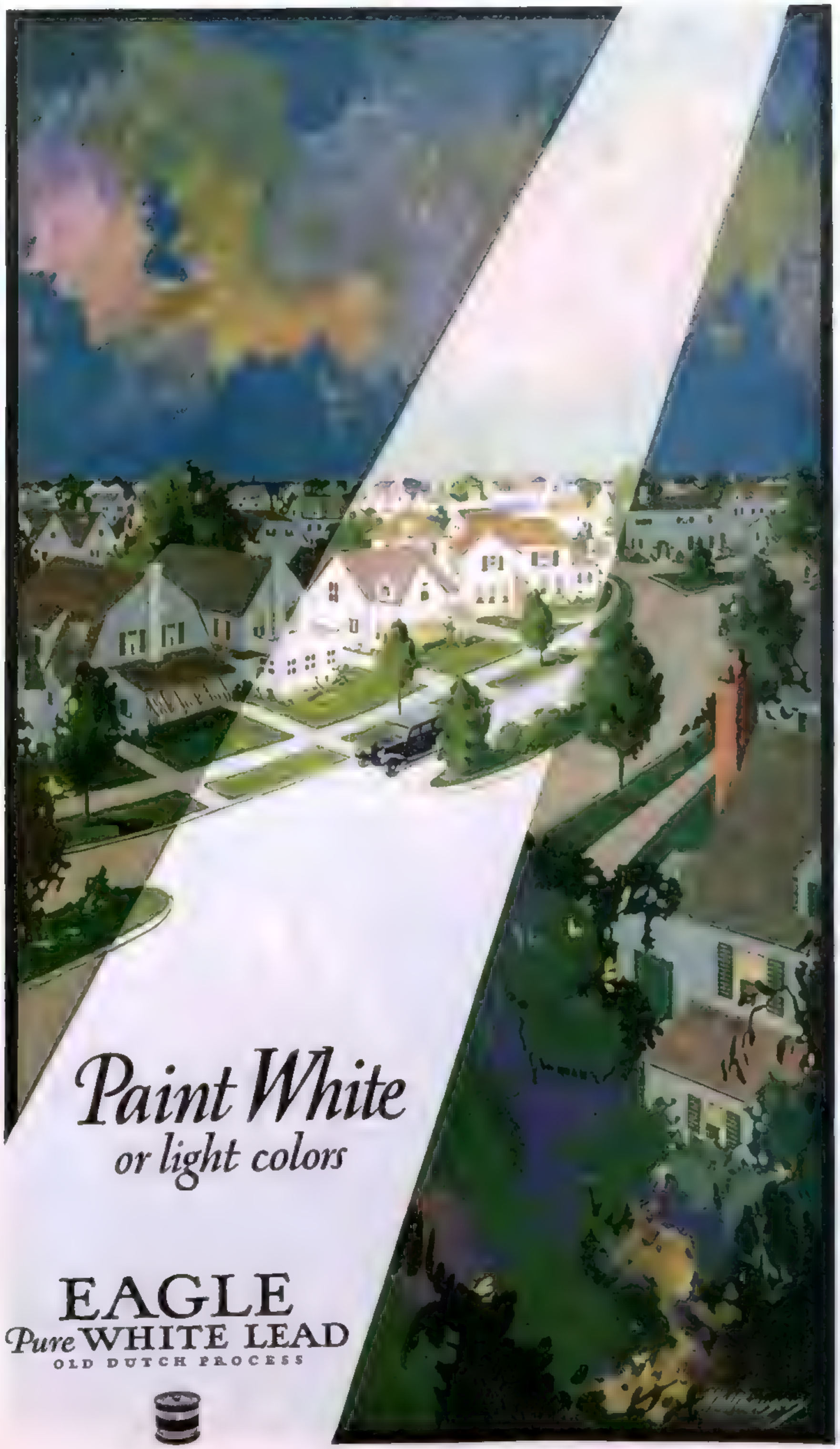
"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I'll be coming back to where you are—right along now," he said in a proud and steady tone.

Dill, priming his engine, chuckled secretly. "Get in if you're coming, young fellow," he commanded, and Newbert and the dog stepped into the little boat. Newbert sat in the seat beside Dill; Marco crouched on the after deck, his muzzle on the shoulder of his new master. And the boat backed out into the lake and turned and puffed away. As they passed the mole the dog stirred uneasily and whined; but when Newbert spoke to him the creature seemed comforted; he dropped and lay still. Behind them the island, the foliage, gay in its autumnal coloring, lay smiling in the sun.

"Quite a squall of wind we had last night," said Dill conversationally at last. "Don't know but it was as wild a night as I ever see on the lake for a spell there."

Newbert nodded, his eyes remote. "Yes," he agreed; "yes, it was bad for a while." About them lay now the mild and gentle waters, all serenely blue; and beyond, the lovely hills. He added comfortably, "But it's all right now."

(THE END)



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THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALCOOLY

(Continued from Page 33)

They may not prove anything much; but, you see,
They can hold up your trial for a year, maybe three.

"Now thirdly, suppose that our alibis fail;
Your mental condition's the next thing to nail.
Step up, Doctor Thiever."
One bushy-chinned beaver
Came stolidly forth. "Though the doc's no deceiver,
He's awfully skilled at erecting dream palaces
Round a good murder, by psychoanalysis.
Speak to him, doc."
With a tick like a clock,
The scientist talked through his whiskery shock:

"Dreams, dreams—
That's what he has.
Sometimes sweet ones, indiscreet ones,
Sometimes jazz.
Dreams of breezes, bottles, cheeses,
Pork and tropical diseases;
Dreams of hope and soap and places
Stirred by senatorial races;
Dreams of flivvers full of slivers;
Dreams of love and larded livers.
Pay your fee, pay your fee,
Black or white's the same to me,
Since my diagnosis formal
Shows the subject is subnormal,
Proves with marvelous agility
Moral irresponsibility."

"Shucks! Shucks!
Let's see his brain!"
Cried the taller with the smaller
Chin-grown mane.
"Cut that modern psycho-phony.
I'm the expert testimony.
Take your choice, judicial daisy;
Shall I prove you sane or crazy?
Lucid mind like Stephen Leacock's
Or a bad dementia praecox?
Pay your fee, pay your fee,
Wild or tame's the same to me.
I've a list of book-learned jabber
Clear as mud and thin as clabber,
Fancy words that work like fury
On the ordinary jury."

"You see!" cried the lawyer. "These men are my sample.
I've hundreds of others. Our service is ample.
Witnesses? Say! We'll bring in a processional,
Some of 'em amateur, others professional.

"Now fourthly; suppose that you do go to jail,
The court is a grouch and refuses you bail.
Then our Ladies' Auxiliary Criminal Aid
Will flock to the prison with pink lemonade,
Orchids and violets,
Sonnets and triolets——"
"Whew!" sighed the justice, restraining his tears.
"I've sat on the bench nearly twenty-one years,
Exerting my powers,
Yet never, no never,
Has anyone ever
Offered me flowers."

"Isn't it beautiful! Now we're in shape
To call in assistance and stage your escape.
A manicure set and some dynamite tape,
A rope ladder swung from a forty-foot wall,
Just a wee little fall, that's all.
When next you show up you'll be robbing a train
Or looting a drug store in Kennebec, Maine.
It's charmingly simple——"
Good Fudge showed a dimple.

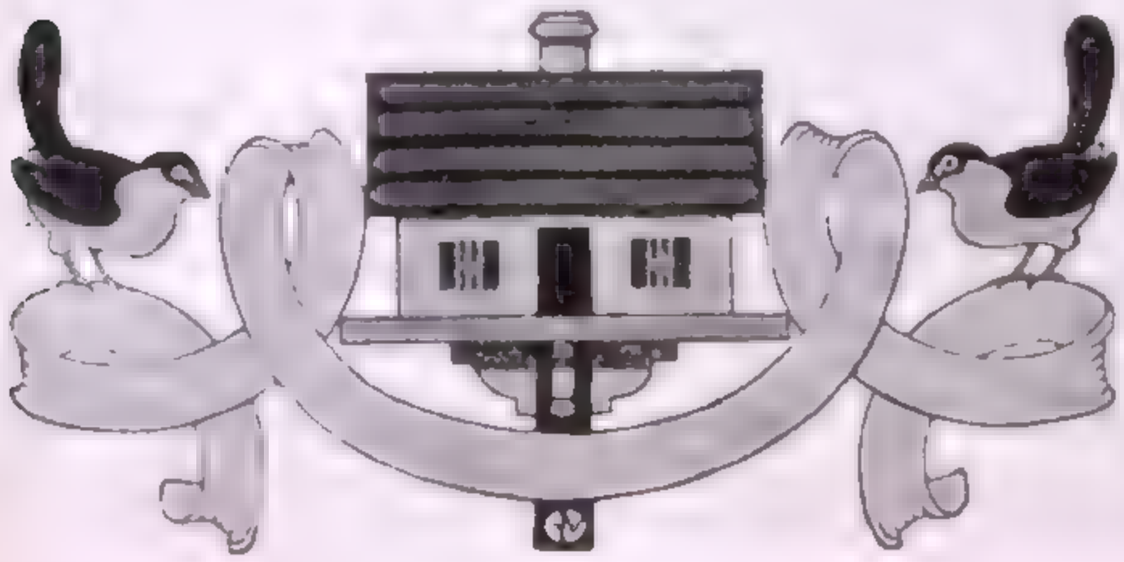
"But, sir——"
Bur-r-r! 'Twas the telephone jingling.
His conscience all tingling,
The justice snatched out, put it close to his ear.
"That you, Mr. Justice? What's all this I hear?
I'm the chief of police, sir. Patrolman McCann
Reports that you recently murdered a man.
How very distressing!
But ain't it a blessing
To know you'll be saved from both jury and judge
By that eminent advocate, Scipio Fudge?
Don't worry too much, sir, or be apprehensive.
You won't be molested,
Or even arrested;
With Fudge on the job that would be too expensive.
Good luck and good-by."

"My eye! Where am I?" What a cry!

A Happy Ending

"MY EYE! Where am I?" At the cry
The eminent jurist sat straight up in bed.
In the door stood his wife and she registered dread.
"Silas, the horrible noise you've been making——
Goodness, the doors and the windows are breaking!"
"No," said the justice, firm clinching his jaws,
"The things you heard breaking were merely the laws.
Murder and thunder!
Arson and plunder!"
"Try to be calm!" begged his wife. "I don't wonder
Your dreams are so bet
That you're all in a sweat.
I've warned you before. What it all goes to prove is
You're going too much to those bloodthirsty movies."

But out in the street in his cotton bandanna,
An exile from Italy cranked his piana;
Having completed the tune Rusticana,
He told what he had—e. g., No Banana.



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PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK CITY.

SUDS

(Continued from Page 13)

I've told you what is developing in our business. My job is sales, and I know. I can feel the jump that's coming, and it's coming soon. Of course we won't show much increase in net this year. We've been spending too much money. But we'll show you what to expect next year."

"Horace, there are thirty or forty points more to be made in Sorden Soap," Clark said positively. "I have more stock than I've had at any time, and I'm not through. It will sell well above par. Keep that in mind and don't let anyone talk you into selling yours."

"What about buying more?" asked Tindall. "I have over ten thousand profit now in that 500 shares you got me to buy at 52. Why shouldn't I buy more? Over in Perry's office they're watching me to see whether I cash in or go deeper. They think I know things."

"J. D. Perry & Co.? Do you have your account there? Perry's is a good old house. Friends of yours?"

"Bill Perry and I were in college together. We're great friends. He's always pounding me for information on Sorden. He swears I knew more than I told him when I bought that 500."

"Have you mentioned my name to them?" Clark asked.

"No. You told me I was to say nothing about your interest in the stock."

"And I still tell you that. But if Perry is a friend of yours I may be able to give him a little business. Have him come in and see me. I suppose he is Jefferson Perry's son"

"Youngest son. The old man's away. He's been getting married again. I'll tell Bill to look you up."

By such means here and there Braxton Clark strengthened his fences and made new clearings for what was to be done. He planned to work quietly in Sorden, and to that end he wanted to use many brokerage firms for his business. He saw how the carrying of small amounts of the stock by each of the many would leave him less conspicuous, less vulnerable, than the carrying of large amounts by each of a few. Two or three or even four thousand shares of Suds would not be burdensome to any stock-exchange house of fair size. Ten or twelve thousand, however, might make the largest of them restless and watchful if his margins were not kept fat. And he could not tell yet what buying he might have to do to protect his position when the Sorden coterie was free to sell.

Young Perry came promptly, eager for the account that Horace Tindall told him was to be had. Clark granted it with open-handed generosity. For a time, he said, his dealings would be chiefly in Sorden Soap. With certain associates he was devoting himself to that, and his trading would be active enough to make the account profitable. At times he might want Perry & Co. to carry for him as much as, say, 3000 shares of the stock. Or they could make the limit smaller if that was too much for them. No? Very well then, 3000. Margins? Oh, any fair margin requirement. Say, 20 per cent of the market value as a beginning. Satisfactory? Good! And one thing more. The name of Braxton Clark must not leak out of the Perry office in connection with transactions in Suds. That must be understood.

So Bill Perry, and the Bill Perrys of other stock-exchange firms, went cheerfully away from the skied office in the Syndicate Building, happy in the prospect of this new business, so satisfactorily margined and so definitely promising succulent commissions. But no one of them knew about the others when they left Braxton Clark there watching the pygmy ships and waiting for whatever was to happen in Suds.

For a while nothing happened, which was almost disappointing. Settlements were made with the Sorden group and the agreement lapsed, but no selling came from that quarter. Clark had prudently sold enough of his cheaply bought shares to provide buying power for use if needed, but no need for it arose. After a time, then, he began to spur the stock again. It responded readily, reassuringly. Presently he had it keeping pace once more with the market's continuing quickstep, and the gossips promptly restored Suds to the list of bubbling darlings for which they were prophesying delightful news—a larger dividend, perhaps; or a special distribution of unexpected earnings; or even a merger with a bigger and better company. Suds crossed 80 gayly, dropped back somewhat for a day or two, surged forward again, and reached 85 at a smart gait. Then, quite suddenly, insistent selling appeared.

Clark had no difficulty in identifying it. It came from the larger interests in the Sorden company. It was forceful selling, and it was troublesome because it was untimely. He fought its pressure vigorously, bold where he might well have been cautious, feeling that he dared not give ground now. Three weeks later Suds reached 90; but Braxton Clark stood flushed and stretched, bearing a load of 45,000 shares and his strength all but spent.

Here was the crisis he had known instinctively would come sometime. Once safely past it, he could see full success for his daring; but he must find help quickly, without showing his weakness. His accounts had become overloaded and thinly margined now. His brokers—eighteen firms by this time—were pressing for reductions in the lines they were carrying, or, if not that, for additions to his equities. But the last of his resources had gone into that final vigorous buying, counting on Sorden's dash to new high prices to excite others to buy. It had not done so. Already keen-nosed guerrilla traders on the stock exchange were scenting stalemate in Suds and doing damage with their sniping short sales. He must check that, and soon. He must find a way to drive them scuttling for cover. Or he must run himself, and he knew the running would be disastrous. The buying demand for Suds had not followed this last rise. The market for the stock was woefully thin. The selling of even a fraction of his holdings would mean trouble. It might mean catastrophe for him.

But Braxton Clark made his way out of the pinch by utilizing materials that were at hand—the foolishness and cupidity that were the fashion of the season. There were men, many men, who had been fawning upon him of late, knowing him to be playing strongly and winning somewhere in the market game. At his club, at a dinner party here and there, in the foyer, in the locker room, they were jocular, shoulder-slapping, insinuating desire to be told intimately of this or of that. They were prosperous men, most of them—lawyers and merchants and idlers and what not—all playing the stock market as they would have played baccarat, flippantly but greedily, spending for baubles and show what they thought they were gaining. They were his social acquaintances, to be sure, even his friends. But they were fair marks in an emergency, and anyhow they would have more than an even chance to win. He turned to such as these.

There was, for illustration, Horace Tindall. "Horace," said Clark, telephoning, "if you want to make a little side bet on Sorden, I'll give you a chance. Take it or leave it, but this is confidential."

"Uncork it," said Tindall eagerly.

"I've got Sorden just where I want it, Horace. These damn traders have been fighting me lately, slamming the market with short stock. I've picked up about all they've put out and I'm ready to run them in. They'll pay through the nose to get back what they've sold. Now the stock that I've scooped up lately has cost me an average of 83. If you want some of it at that, I'll let you have it. Suds is 88 on the tape now."

Tindall said quickly, "Let me get this straight. Do you mean I can have Sorden at 83—five points below the market?"

"Yes. You can have it at what it cost me. But you'll have to agree not to sell it until I say you can. I can't afford to give you stock at 83 and let you sell it right back to me at 88. You will have to keep it until I say you can sell."

"All right, and fair enough. How much do I get?"

"Up to 2000 shares. Make up a little pool of your friends, if you like, and I'll let you have that much. You see, Horace, I've got more than my proper line at the moment, and I'd rather place the excess with men like you than to hand it around down here or peddle it out in the market where it might get in my way. But you will have to let me know today and take up the stock tomorrow. I expect to have Sorden jumping by the end of the week."

"Give me an hour or two," Tindall begged. "Sorden five points below the market and a jump in sight sounds good to me."

The bait was better lure than Clark realized. They snapped it up readily, Horace Tindall and his friends and a dozen others. They clutched 1000 shares here, 2000 there, and among them they lifted half, or nearly that, of Braxton Clark's burden. Moreover, they held it aside from his path, as he made them agree to do.

This was freedom and strength again, and the jacking up of Sorden Soap's quotation was speedily resumed. Clark had buying power now, and he had the help of enthusiastic advertising of Suds by the Horace Tindalls among whom he had planted new expectations. Also he had the certain prospect of covering buying, urgent perhaps, by those speculators who had been worrying him with their short sales. Steadily he worked the stock higher, buying persistently, selling prudently now and then, but always buying again and swelling the volume of his holdings. One by one, enterprising brokerage firms were added to the list of those carrying his accounts, until at last there were twenty-six of them.

Twenty-six stock-exchange houses buying and carrying Suds for Braxton Clark while all Wall Street saw the stock's sturdiness as the work of a pool! An affluent pool, naturally. A pool of insiders and friendly bankers, no doubt. All shares were performing gayly at the behest of pools just then. Why doubt that this buoyancy of Suds was as highly bred? When the stock, with measured steps, reached 100 and immediately pushed on with quickened pace to 110, no dweller in Wall Street would have credited the clearest proof that one unknown man alone was the force beneath this impressive rise.

But Braxton Clark knew, and knowing, slept but little at night. He knew how insecure Sorden's height was and how little buying was appearing beyond that which he himself contrived. He knew how far he yet was from harvesting the profit that now stood far above a million—on paper and fully employed. And he knew that besetting difficulties were increasing. His brokers were protesting against his steadily growing lines of Suds, reminding him of the limits once agreed upon. Here and there a bank's loan clerk was curtly refusing to value the stock as high as its market price when lending upon it as collateral security.

Then, too, Horace Tindall and his like were bothersome. They pressed him for permission to collect their savory gains on the shares he had let them have cheaply a little time before. But he fought against that with angry refusals or persuasive assurances of higher prices to come. For he could not have the weight of such selling on the market now, nor afford to have the current supply of Sorden enlarged. His safety lay in that—in the limited amount of Suds that was available to be sold.

Suds set its new record at 110 one afternoon just as the stock market closed. The gossips chattered excitedly of impending news of vast importance and a snooping newspaper reporter decided to investigate. He burrowed his way into Nelson Jarvie's office, where he asked questions.

Jarvie said, with stiff indignation, "I don't know anything about it. I have nothing to say."

"Refusing to deny sounds like confirmation," grinned the reporter, and waited.

After a time Jarvie said sharply, "I will tell you this much: The only announcement the Sorden Soap Company could possibly make would be this." He slid a typewritten sheet across the desk and added, "It's a preliminary report of the company's earnings for last year. It shows less than four dollars a share earned on the common stock. I haven't any reason to suppose that this year's net profits will be any better. You can tell that to Wall Street with my compliments."

Which the reporter did next morning, with appropriate emphasis upon the absurdity of a market price of $110 for a stock with such miniature earnings. It was also emphasized that no other news concerning Sorden Soap, its business or its stock, was in the offing.

Wherefore Suds began the new day at 105 and forthwith plunged to 99 while Wall Street gasped. But at 99 the slump stopped suddenly, as squads of Braxton Clark's twenty-six brokers became insistent buyers. With no great delay the price reached 105 again. When the market closed Suds stood once more at 110.

Wall Street, dancing on, said, "That's no stock to be short of. There's something doing there. You could see that in the comeback it made today. It's awful scarce in the loan crowd. You may see fireworks tomorrow."

They who had gallantly sold, and were now short of what they sometime would have to buy in, said with scorn, yet nervously, "That pool got under Suds today, but that doesn't mean anything. It can't stay up. Earning less than four dollars and selling at 110! Bunk! Watch it tomorrow!"

Twenty-six stock-exchange firms, each unheard by the others, said perspiringly, "Now this won't do. It's gone too far. We can't carry this much Suds for him, and we won't. We need more money, and he'll have to take up some of this stock or sell it out. And he'll have to do it tomorrow."

Braxton Clark, standing at his window in the sky, said to himself grimly, over and over, "Now I've got them! I've got Suds cornered! There isn't as much as 40,000 shares loose, and tonight I've got more than 60,000 myself. Tomorrow ——"

He stood looking down on the river far below, where little craft streaked this way and that, and among them a great black-and-white liner swam majestically upstream toward her Chelsea moorings. Dotting her rails were tiny figures that he knew for home-comers, and he thought of how tomorrow some of these would be at the tickers again and watching the leapings and boundings of Sorden's price with startled eyes. But they were motes now, and he could not know that two of them, set close together, were even then coming to talk of this same Sorden stock as they stared at the great window-pierced cliffs that were Wall Street.

"Keep quiet for a minute, Jeff," gaunt old John Sorden was saying, as he frowned and pointed. "Keep quiet for a minute and we'll be able to hear those fools raising hell in there."

"They're through for today, John," Jefferson Perry reminded him. "It's after three. But they'll be at it again tomorrow." He was a pompous little man, wearing his white mustache smartly pointed upward, and garbed as befitted a bridegroom of six months.

(Continued on Page 101)

"Those Quiet Evenings at Home!"

ANY place is better than home when boys are boys and girls are worse!

And no place is better than home when the Paramount Picture is over and everyone is full of "gee-whizzes" and "how'd you like that part where . . .? etc., etc., etc."

The famous Judge Ben Lindsay of Colorado says that motion pictures are the best safety valve for emotions of young and old alike ever devised, which is, perhaps, why any family is better company for itself when it has experienced all the healthy excitement of "the best show in town," a Paramount Picture!

Don't sit through a siege at home but besiege the theatre in force. Doctor Paramount will show you the silver lining of life.

Richard Dix in "SAY IT AGAIN"

Richard Dix mistaken for the missing heir to the throne of the mythical Kingdom of Spezonia. Imagine what happens when the populace finds out! But leave it to Dix to scrap his way out and win Alyce Mills, the blonde Princess, too, in spite of the royal family and a revolution! A fast romantic comedy and action all the way. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Story by Luther Reed and Ray Harris.

W. C. Fields in "IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME"

An Edward Sutherland Production

Meaning "Never give a sucker an even break." With Louise Brooks. From J. P. McEvoy's "The Comic Supplement." Adapted by Tom J. Geraghty.

Raymond Griffith in "WET PAINT"

with Helene Costello and Bryant Washburn. From the story by Reginald Morris. Screen play by Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Arthur Rosson.

Bebe Daniels in "THE PALM BEACH GIRL"

with Lawrence Gray. A fast moving comedy of Florida, from the story by Byron Morgan and the play "Please Help Emily." Directed by Erle Kenton

"GRASS"

A nation in trek across a savage continent. Recorded by Merian Cooper, Ernest Schoedsack and Marguerite Harrison Titled by Richard P. Carver.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

RELAX

NURMI—the greatest middle distance runner and long distance runner of all time, up to the marathon route—introduced the system of starting each race from a relaxed position. He put no strain upon his nervous system and his muscular system by tautness or over-tenseness. Strain, like worry, is one of the great destroyers. He discovered that ease and repose helped to build up the pliability which leads to speed and stamina. He keeps relaxed up to the starting gun and this study in relaxation has been a big factor in bringing him more world's running records than any one man ever held before. His mastery of relaxation has kept both nerve and muscle fresh for the winning spurt.

Grantland Rice

UNTIL Nurmi showed the way, no one thought of the practical value of Relaxation in winning races. Until Stabilation showed the way, no one thought of the rest-value and health-value of Relaxation in Motoring.

We are creatures of habit. Years of motoring with every nerve and muscle on guard against the sudden thrusts and throws of spring-recoil, built up the habit of tension. We came to accept fatigue as a necessary result of motoring.

Even when you ride in a Stabilated car, you probably will not relax at first. Old habits are too strong, but gradually, as you realize that the expected thrusts and throws do not come, a new habit will assert itself. You will sit back, relax and rest. Then each moment in your car will be refreshing, invigorating instead of tiring, a source of energy instead of fatigue, a means to health.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, Twenty-fourth and Locust Streets, PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

Relaxation is possible only when you know that no force can throw you. The only way to prevent any force from throwing you is to resist each force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented — and Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.

Such pre-eminent cars as Cadillac, Chrysler, Duesenberg, Franklin, Isotta Fraschini, Jordan, McFarlan, Peerless, Stutz and Willys-Knight, are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring.

The Magic Sack—

GOOD ROADS—FARM BUILDINGS WAREHOUSES—SKYSCRAPERS

—all out of the magic sack of cement!

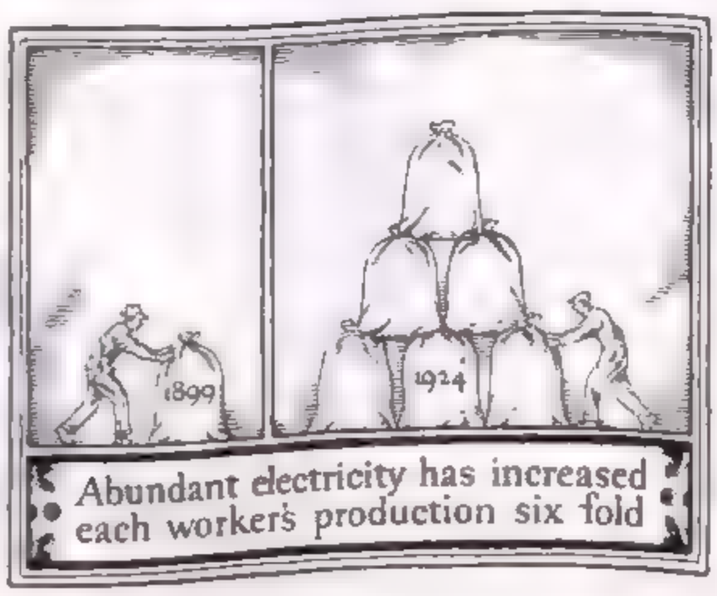
THE United States produced in 1924 well over a half billion sacks of cement, for which the largest single use was in the construction of good roads.

How much these roads have helped to make us a nation of neighbors needs no repetition. But the means by which the cement industry made such roads possible are not so well known. Though only five times as many workers are employed, the production of cement has increased thirty times in the last quarter century. The lion's share of the work is not done by men but by electricity—its use has increased more than fifteen-fold.

In other words, the harder, coarser tasks of cement making have been shifted from the shoulders of men to the tireless shoulders of motors—a lasting economic gain.

There should be more industries of which a similar story might be told, for American business has found a way to accomplish the seemingly impossible—to pay the highest wage and still maintain the lowest costs. Through the applications of electricity, the productive power of each workman may be so increased that, single-handed, he outworks the old-time "gang" and receives more than the old-time foreman's wage.

The General Electric Company's monogram is found on the motors that run the grinders, weigh the cement and sew the sacks. As in so many other industries, these initials have helped men to see that electricity works at lowest cost in money and human strength.



Abundant electricity has increased each worker's production six fold

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 96)

"Just fools!" growled Sorden, glaring under his heavy gray brows. "They've gone crazy again. We'll all suffer from it."

"I've told you why I'm coming home, John," said Perry importantly. "I've been through all this before. It's A B C to me. I'll take the wheel now. J. D. Perry & Co. is going to heave to."

"Jeff, they'll call you an old fool and you'll be ashamed to confirm it," John Sorden said. "In a day or two you'll be telling me I'm wrong about Sorden Soap because you hear it's going higher still. I wonder what it did this afternoon. My last wireless said it was rallying from the break."

"John," said Jefferson Perry seriously, "I haven't asked you this before. What do you figure Sorden is really worth? What would be a fair price for it?"

"Possibly sixty, probably fifty." The old man blazed suddenly. "But damned if I'll pay a dollar over forty for any of it!"

"And it's above par. It should be time to sell that, John."

"Didn't I sell as much as I dared around 85? So did the others. I've told you this man Clark has us puzzled. We thought he was only a gambler, but he may be trying to buy the company away from us. Find out who he is and who he's working with, Jeff."

"It's curious that I never heard his name until you mentioned it here on board. I'll try to place him for you. Braxton Clark! He must be new."

"If this is nothing but speculation in Sorden the banks are to blame," said old John angrily. "If they're lending on it at these prices, some of them will hear from me."

"You'll start a riot if you do that, John," Perry warned. "Better go slow."

"There will be a riot sometime. It might as well be now. If you find any of our stock in your office, Jeff, you'll do well to get rid of it."

Both Jefferson Perry's sons—Wall Street called them Young Jeff and Little Bill—were at the pier to greet their dapper sire and their sprightly young stepmother, so that discussion of business affairs was not delayed. Little Bill helped himself recover from the maternal kiss by saying, "Dad, this was the biggest day the firm's ever had."

"So?" queried Jefferson Perry, cocking an eye on his youngest. "How are your loans?"

"Well ——" began Little Bill.

"You'll think they're high," put in Young Jeff.

"They were nine million when I left London and I cabled you to cut down," snapped their parent. "What are they now?"

"Well ——" said Little Bill.

"They're over ten," said Young Jeff.

"Hell's bells!" Jefferson Perry turned to his wife. "Didn't I tell you it was time to come home?"

"We're in good shape," asserted Young Jeff.

"We can't turn down good business," protested Little Bill.

"I can," declared the senior partner. "I've been through it all before. It's A B C to me. Where's Guthrie?"

Guthrie was the fourth of the Perry quartet of partners, and the mechanic of the firm.

"He'll be at the house after dinner," said Little Bill.

"We'll go over things then," promised Young Jeff.

"Somebody will have to look after the trunks," announced Mrs. Perry sharply, and the order was obeyed.

Later, when they had dined and Guthrie had come bearing figures to be read, the storm broke across the library table. Jefferson Perry was irritating with his peppery insistence that the time had come for heaving to, and Little Bill, resentful, called down the lightning.

"But I don't see what you're worrying about," he protested. "Everything's all right with us. All the margins are in fine shape. There's only one unsatisfactory account in the office tonight and that will be fixed up tomorrow."

"Whose is that?" asked his father with no great interest.

"Clark's," said Little Bill. "It's a wonderful commission maker for us—Braxton Clark's."

The senior was suddenly erect. "Braxton Clark's!" he repeated sharply. "Sorden Soap?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

Jefferson barked, "How much Sorden are you carrying for Clark?"

Guthrie mumbled, "Too much," and Young Jeff said uncomfortably, "He rather loaded us up today."

"But only overnight," Little Bill explained hastily. "We decided this afternoon that we'll make him reduce in the morning."

"I asked how much," rasped Jefferson.

"It's over seven thousand shares tonight," said Guthrie nervously.

"Seven thousand?" cried Perry incredulously. "Seven thousand? With Sorden above par?" They squirmed as he glared at them in turn. "And what might this Clark's debit be?" he demanded of Guthrie.

Guthrie said miserably, "With today's business it is just about seven hundred thousand. Of course that's too much."

"Think so?" inquired the senior, with new icy calm.

"The arrangement was a 3000-share limit and a 20 per cent equity," Guthrie explained.

Little Bill said impatiently, "Oh, we know well enough that 7000 shares is too much."

"Oh, do you?" demanded Jefferson, turning on him. "And do you know that it's 7000 shares too much? Do you know that? Seven thousand too much and it goes out of my office tomorrow—all of it."

"But, dad ——"

"I said all of it goes out tomorrow!" the old man roared.

"Do you want to kill his business for us?" cried Little Bill hotly.

"Yes," said Jefferson Perry.

"But we can't do that to Clark on such short notice," Young Jeff urged in dismay.

"Who can't? I can. You stay home and leave it to me. I know this business. I've been through it all before."

"You'll have to give him time," said Guthrie. "Reasonable notice, you know, or he'll sue."

"Will he? Well, he won't be paying his lawyers with my money. I'd rather have him sue me than have to sue him. That account goes out tomorrow. Get this Clark on the phone."

"Tonight?"

"Certainly tonight. Where does he live? He must live somewhere. Get him on the phone, one of you. Or do I have to do that too?"

Presently they sat silent, listening while Jefferson Perry rasped his ultimatum at the telephone.

"I won't argue it, Clark," he snapped finally. "I know this business. Nobody else seems to, but I do. It's A B C to me. Agreement? Rubbish! If there ever was one, you broke it. You're over in stock and under in margin, and I don't give a damn anyhow. Twelve o'clock, noon, tomorrow. By then I want instructions where to deliver your stock and get payment for it, or I want selling orders from you. I want one or the other or I'll sell out every share we're carrying for you. That's final and that's all."

He crashed the receiver into its fork and looked around at them.

"It's A B C to me," Jefferson Perry announced truculently.

Suds made its first appearance at 112 that next morning, and the tickers showed it to be hovering uncertainly around 110 when Braxton Clark strode into the office of J. D. Perry & Co. just before noon. One who knew him would have seen lines in his face that were not usually there, but his voice was confident, as always.

"I shall need a little more time," he told them in his forceful way, smiling his assurance. "I am arranging to have the account taken over as it is, but ——"

"By whom?" interrupted Jefferson Perry brusquely.

Clark said smoothly, "I will let you know in due course, Mr. Perry—tomorrow."

For a long moment the two men held each other's eyes. Then Jefferson Perry, sitting erect, said grimly, "It won't do, Mr. Clark. Do you want to handle the selling of that stock, or shall I do it?"

Clark's mouth tightened. "You won't wait?" he asked.

"No."

"How much do you want sold?"

"Every share of it."

"But—is that necessary?"

"Every share."

Braxton Clark shrugged his shoulders. His open hands lifted and dropped hopelessly.

"Do the best you can with it," he said. "If you're rough, you'll hurt yourself as well as me." He turned abruptly and left them.

On the stock exchange Young Jeff Perry sold more than 4000 shares of Suds before the price reached 104 and the avalanche began.

Then, suddenly, the market was full of sellers, competing savagely with one another to seize what bids appeared. The price was 96 before Young Jeff sold the last share from Braxton Clark's account. It was 90 when raucous gongs drowned the din of shouting brokers and ended the stock market's day. The collapse of Suds had begun impressively.

Unsmiling men, angry-eyed, came singly and in couples to the topmost floor of the Syndicate Building that afternoon, but Braxton Clark was not there. Later, at night, he faced them together at an appointed meeting place.

"You've got all I have," he told them, while their sullen eyes watched him suspiciously. "You've had it all for some time. Every dollar I had went into Sorden long ago. Every dollar I made as the stock went up stayed in it. The inside crowd quit me at 75. I went on. Later they sandbagged me with all they could spare. I took that and went on because I couldn't do anything else. It wasn't hard to keep it moving up, with all of you so anxious for business. But I never was able to let go, or even to lighten up very much. I believed that somewhere I could create a market and cash in."

"Create it with our money!" someone cried angrily.

"I thought I had it last night," Clark said. "Last night Suds was actually cornered. I had the thing in my hand, I tell you. But you all crowded me, cramped me, and one old man came back from Europe to stick a pin in me. Why? To save himself of course. He told me last night that he knew this business better than anyone else. He said it was A B C to him. It looks as if he was right."

"Who was that?"

"It doesn't matter. Now I'm in your hands. I'll do anything you say, but I haven't any money or property to give you. I don't know how much any of you sold today, but I know there still is a great deal of Suds in my accounts. And of course every account shows a deficit tonight. I'm sorry, but you'll have to decide for yourselves what to do—how to protect yourselves. That isn't impudent. Neither is it cold-blooded. I'm broke. What else can I say? What can I do?"

They went away with bitter words and threats, and next day they were colliding with one another in the market as they strove excitedly to rid themselves of Braxton Clark's stock. By reason of their collisions, Suds dropped plummetlike to 71. And on the third day still more of this hot competition to find buyers who were all but nonexistent carried Suds to 48. Down from 112 to 48 in three days, and no bottom yet!

Wall Street shuddered as other pyramids swayed, and there was a rush to shore them. But the dance was on, and the dancers cried, "Forget it! This market's too big and broad and strong to be hurt by one little crack like that. Forget it and come on!" Failures threatened, but the times were lush and means to prevent them were found. Wise counsel came forward urging sanity. The wounded ones were brought to agree not to make one another's wounds deeper. The selling of Suds ceased by agreement. The collapse was over.

Buried deep in the débris were Horace Tindall and the fawning men and all those others who had been so eager to bet that the mirage had substance. The wails were loud and varied. Horace Tindall, showing his dejection to Little Bill Perry, said irritably:

"I get it everywhere, and particularly in my happy home. Every night it's the same question. 'Why didn't I sell out? Why didn't I sell out?' And when I tell her he wouldn't let me, she laughs. But, Bill, I couldn't break my word to him, could I?"

"I should have broken it for you," said Little Bill. "I should have made you sell out, Horace. But I was blind too. Everybody was. Dad was the only one with any sense, and I thought he was an old crab. D'you know, I think we were the only firm of the lot to get out with a whole skin? When we were through selling Clark still had a little balance coming to him. I took a check for it over to him yesterday."

"How's he standing the gaff?" asked Tindall.

"He shows he's been through the mill, but what do you suppose he said? He told me he was getting ready to move out of that office he's in, and I asked him if he had any plans.

"'Plans?' says he. 'Why, now that I'm broke I plan to be a fool.'

"And when I asked him what he meant by that he picked up the tape and said, 'I'm not going to make these ups and downs any more. I'm going to guess them.'

"D'you get that? Why, Horace, I'll have Clark trading in our office again inside of sixty days—if the old man will just go back to Europe for a while."

"Trading in our stock?" demanded the vice president of the Sorden Soap Company incredulously.

"Well, Suds is down from 112, you know. Looks rather cheap around these low prices, doesn't it?"

"I don't know about that," said Horace Tindall. "When you get down to the facts why should it sell any higher?"

Beautiful Interiors Possess a Subtle Charm

They take advantage of the pleasing proportions and the interesting play of lights and shadows in good woodwork

SOME women say, "I want woodwork that is plain; nothing fancy for me," and they pick out doors and windows and trim that make a beautiful interior impossible. All the money in the world spent on furniture and rugs and draperies cannot then make an attractive home for them.

They forget that there is a difference between plainness and simplicity. For instance, recall the old Colonial homes and old Colonial furniture. They were simplicity itself, but not plain, in the sense of being bold, flat and crude.

The woman who earnestly studies good architecture and tasteful home furnishing in her desire to have a beautiful home, will soon learn to appreciate the beauty of good proportions and the interesting play of lights and shadows seen in all good woodwork. Note, for example, the *subtle* beauty of the door trim illustrated and described below. It is far more beautiful than a wide "plain" casing which architects so often class as crude.

Lights and shadows in woodwork are produced by moldings. Moldings in woodwork, when properly handled, make it interesting, beautiful. They relieve the monotony of flat surfaces and coarse, sharp edges.

But it takes an artist to design woodwork that employs moldings correctly. That is something that must be left to people who *know*.

That is why the Curtis Companies went to architects of highest standing for Curtis Woodwork designs. Men who have designed woodwork for some of the most beautiful houses in America, lent their talents to designing woodwork forms of the same high standard suitable for houses of all types and prices.

The balusters, risers and stringers of this stairway in the home of Mr. Henry S. Register, Jr., in Baltimore, are painted like the rest of the woodwork in the house, but the newel post, hand rail and treads are stained. The resulting contrast is most agreeable and the effect is in keeping with the best Colonial traditions. This Curtis newel C-921 is of just the right size and shape to make this treatment successful, and the smooth, gently tapering balusters C-943 harmonize perfectly with it. Note also the graceful "easing" that joins the hand rail to the newel. The Curtis Woodwork for this home was furnished by Geo. Helfrich & Sons.

You can therefore depend upon Curtis designs making the correct use of moldings. Curtis designs are *right* from every standpoint of good architecture and interior decorating. They are authentic, beautiful, charming. This is true of every Curtis item—doors, windows, trim, stair material, cabinetwork, exterior woodwork.

Good design has not added one cent to Curtis Woodwork prices

Good design has not added one cent to Curtis prices. Curtis Woodwork is not high priced

THREE CURTIS DESIGNS HERE

This inviting breakfast nook is in the home of Mr. Glenn Fenton, in Homeland, Baltimore, Maryland. The dining alcove set is C-742, the casement windows are C-1030 and the trim around the door opening shows casing C-1651. A cross-section of the casing is illustrated in the drawing below. Study this drawing and the photograph very carefully and note how the delicate beauty of the casing is produced by the skillful use of the right curves (moldings) on the surface. One slight variation in the curves on this surface would make a tremendous difference in the effect, since it is all a matter of lights and shadows. Moldings are also used on the dining set and the casement sash, and here, too, they make all the difference in the world between good design or beauty, and just "millwork," or mediocrity. The Curtis Woodwork designs in Mr. Fenton's house were selected under the supervision of Cyril H. Hebrank, architect, and were furnished by Geo. Helfrich & Sons, dealers.

Painted from a photograph taken in the home of Mr. J. C. Patterson, on South Road, Mt. Washington, Baltimore, Maryland; Paul M. Hesser, Jr., of Philadelphia, architect. The Curtis Woodwork in Mr. Patterson's home was furnished by Geo. Helfrich & Sons

because every item is produced in large quantities. So, in spite of the many points of superiority, Curtis Woodwork often costs no more than ordinary millwork, and often considerably less when such expense items are included as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job.

Every article of Curtis Woodwork is manufactured in advance of your needs. Confine your selections to Curtis designs and sizes (consult the Curtis dealer on this important point) and there will be no errors in production and no disappointments so common with made-to-order millwork. And every Curtis article is not only of known design, but is uniformly of the same construction as every other similar article. Because all are made by one manufacturer, and according to definite standards of construction.

See the Curtis Dealer nearest you

Go see some Curtis Woodwork and judge for yourself. The leading lumber dealer in your town probably handles the line and has some in stock or on display. He will also show you his Curtis Catalog from which you can select the designs and sizes to fit your plans; or write for a free copy of "Curtis Woodwork," 32 pages of interesting information and ideas for homebuilders. It also helps in remodeling.

Permanent Furniture in the Bedroom

You have undoubtedly observed in many expensive homes, numerous pieces of built-in furniture. They are a part of the house itself, a permanent factor in the lives of the occupants —not mere pieces of furniture to be moved about at will or removed entirely on May first. Nothing so bespeaks the character of the home *owner* as the quality of his built-in utility items.

And what piece of furniture is more deserving of dignified treatment as a part of the architecture of the house than Milady's dressing table? Now-a-days, when personal appearance counts for so much in social life and there are so many delightful aids to beauty, a dressing table of the kind shown here is needed in every well appointed bedroom. It recognizes the importance of the ritual of the toilette and makes provision for all the accessories.

A full description of the design and construction of this Curtis article (C-810) is contained in the Curtis Catalog. Behind the six-panel Colonial door (C-302) to the left of the dressing table is a wardrobe for hanging clothes; while the door to the right conceals a chest of trays, like a highboy, for laying other garments out flat. This whole unit, as produced by Curtis, is marked by perfect proportions and a tasteful use of moldings that enable it to give a subtle charm to the whole bedroom. The doors should correspond in design to the others used in the room.

Moldings—an important detail

Note the photographic "close-up" on the right of a small portion of the dressing table illustrated above. This shows the panel underneath one of the swinging side mirrors. Now look at the detail drawing. Your architect will know what this drawing means. He will recognize it as an "F. S. Section" through the rail enclosing this panel. In plain language it is a full size drawing (reduced here) of a cross-section showing the character of the moldings used in this Curtis dressing table at this particular point.

What a story it tells! For here in these little moldings, in these little curves—in these small flat surfaces and sharp edges, lies much of the beauty of this large piece of permanent furniture! They are responsible for the delicate play of lights and shadows here and there. They are what make the whole cabinet truly beautiful in detail as well as in general proportions and design.

Any shop, any carpenter can make cabinetwork. But how about these finer points that distinguish woodwork that is truly beautiful? Only architects who have made a special study of these fine points can "detail" a piece of woodwork like this Curtis design. Just any moldings, any curves, won't do. They must be *right*. And to have these important small matters right in Curtis Woodwork, men who know were asked to help.

Now homebuilders and architects and interior decorators everywhere know that when they build with Curtis Woodwork, beautiful interiors are bound to result! So you, when selecting the woodwork for your home, can have the satisfaction of knowing that if you use Curtis Woodwork the most critical eye will have nothing but praise for your woodwork and commendation for your taste.

CURTIS WOODWORK

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau, 433 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law, however, does prevent others from using our trademark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, moldings or interior woodwork—bears the CURTIS trademark

1866 CURTIS

Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa, Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa, Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin, Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co Topeka, Kansas; Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago Illinois, Curtis Companies, Inc., Eastern Sales Office 25 W 44th St., New York City. *Curtis Companies Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa*

DOORS · WINDOWS · FRAMES · MOLDINGS · TRIM · STAIR PARTS · BUILT-IN CABINETWORK

Health
may become a shadow
unless you guard
The Danger Line

To women who value charm, this new knowledge is vital

SO OFTEN women lose charm because of trouble with their teeth! *And not only the charm of a gleaming, attractive smile. . . .*

For we know now that the radiant allure of health itself has no more treacherous enemy than tooth decay. Physicians and dentists tell us that thousands fall victims to serious illness—heart and nervous disorders, rheumatism, premature old age—through tooth decay and gum infection. And too often these ills result not only from neglect, but from *erroneous methods.*

"Brushing not enough," authorities warn

For modern dental science has discovered that *merely brushing the teeth is not enough.* It is also necessary to neutralize the acids that form every day in everyone's mouth—acids which attack the teeth and the gums.

Authorities state that most serious dental troubles start at The Danger Line—where the teeth and gums meet. The edges of the gums form tiny V-shaped crevices there. Food particles collect in these crevices. Then they ferment; acids are formed that cause decay and also weaken the gums, making them easily subject to disease.

Keep these acids neutralized. Keep the teeth clean and the delicate gum edges strong and healthy. Then you will be practically free from danger of serious dental troubles.

Protects for hours

Many dentifrices clean the surface of the teeth, but they do not neutralize the acid between the teeth nor protect the V-shaped crevices along The Danger Line

The Squibb Laboratories realized this several years ago. Upon the advice of prominent dental authorities, they developed a new kind of dentifrice. A dental cream that not only cleans the teeth perfectly . . . *but that also protects the teeth and gums against dangerous acids.*

Physicians and dentists long have recognized that Milk of Magnesia is the most effective of all products for neutralizing those acids which attack teeth and gums. Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of this safe, pleasant antacid—enough to neutralize all mouth acids *with perfect safety.*

Mild—pleasant—effective

Squibb's Dental Cream is pleasant to use too. So mild and soothing that it could not injure the gums or teeth of the youngest child. And of course it cleans beautifully! It is as safe a guardian of the glistening charm of your smile as it is of the health of your mouth.

Why not avail yourself of its safe, effective protection? Don't let your health and charm remain another day in the shadow of The Danger Line. Get a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream—made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—today. Use it tonight. Then you may be sure that your teeth and gums are safeguarded. At druggists—40 cents a tube.

TRY THIS SIMPLE TEST—Tonight, just before going to bed, take a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in water, swallow a part of it—and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth feels. The Milk of Magnesia will not only have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but sweetened your stomach also. The same result may be obtained by using Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

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In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly. . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

18

KENAI

(Continued from Page 38)

and in the green pockets, while perhaps fifty head were scattered on the benches immediately below us, any of which we could have bagged within half an hour. But we turned to the right and held our level, ascending slightly, and held to this course hour after hour, eventually turning to the right again and topping out on the main ridge in mid-afternoon. We were above all the sheep in this country, which is an advantage that largely offsets most other factors in sheep hunting.

A magnificent view unrolled before us, jagged peaks thrusting up on all sides, the canyons between wedged apart by tongues of the great glacier that spread out for fifty miles. This vast frozen sheet was named Harding Ice Cap in honor of the President's visit to Alaska. Far below us the silken thread of the South Fork meandered through open green bottoms above timber line. The hills on the far side of the river, instead of mounting ever higher toward the head of the stream, suddenly sheered off in a tremendous dizzy drop, to flatten out in a broad rolling plateau so far beneath our own lofty perch that its folds and hollows concealed nothing from our view; similar, in fact, to peering down upon the corrugations of a bungalow roof from the top of a skyscraper across a city street. And this, though appearing to us as a flat prairie, was the home of many sheep. At least two hundred animals dotted its expanse.

We knew, too, that there were sheep scattered all along the side of the mountain which we were about to descend, and that we would come out above various bands. The uppermost of these, a fair ram, was within sight perhaps six hundred yards below us, and I was sure that others were near him. The point of descent lay down the course of a semicircular sag that might well be compared to half of a funnel, and a ewe was bedded within a hundred yards of an outcropping point of rock which was the only possible cover between myself and the ram. I feared that she would stampede at the first sight of me and startle all those unseen ones below in her flight. But there was no choice. Waiting until the ram strolled out of sight beneath a wave of ground, I began a cautious descent, glancing fearfully at the ewe, but eventually I reached the rocky outcropping and sprawled flat upon it to peer cautiously over the edge.

Some three hundred and fifty yards below stood eleven rams, a wonderful picture and one which I shall not soon forget, but there was not a stick of cover between us, and to render matters more difficult, there were three ewes bedded a short distance below me and in a direct line with the rams. The rams were moving round the side of an intermediate ridge that pitched down into the funnel, and once round its crest they would not reappear until they were five hundred or more yards away.

Pretty Shooting for Homely Game

I used an old-fashioned .33 rifle that throws a big slug with knock-down abilities but which has not the velocity of the more modern high-power .250, .256, .280 and .30 calibers and is consequently less efficient at long range. I seldom shoot at anything above two hundred yards. A mountain sheep's natural inclination is to take to the peaks when alarmed, to go up rather than down; and when shot at, if unable to locate the direction of the sound, they will sometimes mount straight toward the hunter if he is above them, though this rule is by no means infallible. I held well above the back of the largest ram so that the ball would strike the gravel beyond him and possibly turn the sheep into a stampede up the hill to me. He whirled and looked curiously at the rocks and I knew that the ball had struck just above his back. The rams turned, walked back some twenty yards toward me and halted. This time I pulled just above his back, hoping to hit him, and he went down in a heap as the heavy ball took him squarely through the shoulders. The rest of the rams moved out of sight beneath a shoulder and I congratulated myself on a scientific bit of sheep hunting.

While waiting for Judd to come down I looked over the point of rocks and discovered that the three ewes were out of their beds and feeding on the sidehill a hundred yards below me. The ewe whose flight I had feared had also risen from her bed, now accompanied by a lamb, and was regarding me as if her suspicions were roused at last. We descended to the dead ram, only to discover that the remaining ten had huddled beneath the shoulder and were waiting for a better view of us. We approached within forty yards. They appeared a bit embarrassed but undecided what to do about it. At last one had an idea and moved slowly off. The others seemed to consider this a reasonable solution and followed suit. Of all the languid creatures I ever saw those rams took the blue ribbon. After all my elaborate caution and making one of the best shots of my career, I could have bagged the whole bunch with a shotgun.

Everything But a Roof

It amused yet irritated me to recall my stealthy maneuvering to keep out of sight of various bands of sheep during the day so as not to alarm the countryside. When we had skinned out the head, dressed the meat and slipped into the shoulder straps of our packsaddles, several of the rams were still feeding within easy rifle range. Descending some two hundred yards down the mountain, we came out on a rim and there, thirty yards below us, feeding on a narrow sloping bench, were fifteen magnificent rams. They were sufficiently alarmed to trot off for a dozen or more paces before slowing again to a walk. The three largest rams that I saw on the Kenai came over a side ridge within twenty-five yards of us, stared for the space of a full minute, then broke into wild flight, but stopped to feed within a hundred yards. Rams, ewes and lambs appeared on all sides, above and below us. Never have I witnessed anything like it.

This tameness is not surprising in a way. I do not mean that this is a virgin region where the sheep have never seen a man; far from it, for Indian River and its tributaries have been trapped to death. It is simply that the few hunting parties that penetrate the country annually have no need to go that far up for their heads and anyone after meat would not consider packing it for that distance when it is so easily secured nearer to the lake. Through this combination of circumstances the sheep are so seldom molested that they have become extremely tame.

A bear prowled in the green bottoms beneath us, and while I was watching it a wolverine broke cover on a bench near the top of the brush line three hundred yards below, traveling with its peculiar buckling lope. This was the second of these animals I had seen on the Kenai. Earlier in the season I had gone from Seward to Kenai Lake and down its twenty-eight-mile length by boat, then footing it to Russian River. While moving down the lake a dark speck that threw a wake behind it indicated some animal swimming across our course. It proved to be a wolverine and Charley Hinde bagged the animal with a .22 rifle. I had not previously suspected that a wolverine would undertake such an extensive journey by water.

The descent seemed interminable, the mountain excessively steep, with bad rim rocks and treacherous slides, but at last we attained the bottoms and headed downstream. Just at dark we reached the first trees, a few stunted cottonwoods. Two of them, with trunks some five inches in diameter, whitened and dead, stood near a rock three feet high by five feet in length.

"Made to order—wood, windbreak and reflector," I remarked, slipping the straps of my packsaddle.

Judd grinned and nodded. "Everything but a roof, and it's going to rain," he predicted. "For the last two hours I've been wondering when you'd wake up to the fact that we wouldn't get within miles of our blankets tonight; and a man would break all four legs and sprain his back in the first hundred yards traveling by night in this sort of going."

"For the last two hours I've been fondly hoping to find wood," I said. "No matter how humble, a fire is still a cheery little thing."

So we sat with our backs to the rock, the fire at our feet, shoving the two slender trunks forward as the butts burned to ash; and it rained a little, but only a light patter. Discomfort is relative. In our siwash camp of the preceding night the thought of our bed rolls far down on the lake shore had been inviting. Viewed in retrospect from our present overnight habitat, the single blanket of the siwash camp took on a semblance of relative luxury. Still, the experience of having wandered among mountain sheep where I could have bagged twenty head with a shotgun was worth it. Somewhere round four A.M., with the first streak of light, we started on. The going was tough and the packs seemed heavier hourly. Later we heard that there was a trap-line trail of sorts swamped out high on the sidehill on the far side of the river, but we didn't know it, and I have seldom seen worse jungles of alders than those we laboriously threaded.

It was mid-afternoon before we pulled into the siwash camp to find a note—written with a sharpened bullet on a strip of cartridge box—to the effect that Pence and Caldwell had killed three rams but had left them in order to reach camp before dark and had gone back to bring them in. "Thanks for the blankets. We put in a good night; how was yours?" They returned before dark to fall upon the sheep meat and the last of the rice that Judd and I had cooked against their arrival, and the next morning we started on the return trek to the lake.

Crossed Trails

The rest of the party had moved camp to the mouth of Birch Creek, some twelve or fifteen miles away, leaving the clinker for us. Stewart, Byrom and Bryan had killed five rams, and the first-named two, and also Johnson and Schmidt, had each bagged a bull moose. When we reached Birch Creek the party was packing for the return trip.

Another outfit, that of Mr. Beaulieu, of Winner, South Dakota, who had bagged sheep, moose and bear, had just left for the outside. Weeks later I traveled with Mr. and Mrs. Beaulieu from Juneau to Denver, and a check-up of photographs with unmistakable landmarks revealed the fact that Beaulieu had killed a large ram in the pass that Judd and myself had threaded at ten o'clock in our first morning out of the siwash camp and within a few hundred yards of where Pence and Caldwell had secured their rams while returning that way in the evening. The tracks on the sheep trail had been made by this party.

Another hunting outfit, that of Mr. Naylor, of San Diego, was breaking camp to accompany the army party to the outside. As the hour approached I found myself loath to leave this country after so short a stay, so I arranged with Judd to return with his partner, Ed Kadgen, for another two weeks. Retaining a tent, I waved farewell to the three boats as they started off down the lake loaded with friends, trophies and meat.

Birch Creek was simply littered with bear signs, with the tracks of many big brown bears among them. Toward evening I wandered up country for some two miles,

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It's really the way to restore the lasting luster and to bring out the rich beauty of DUCO and the lacquer finishes
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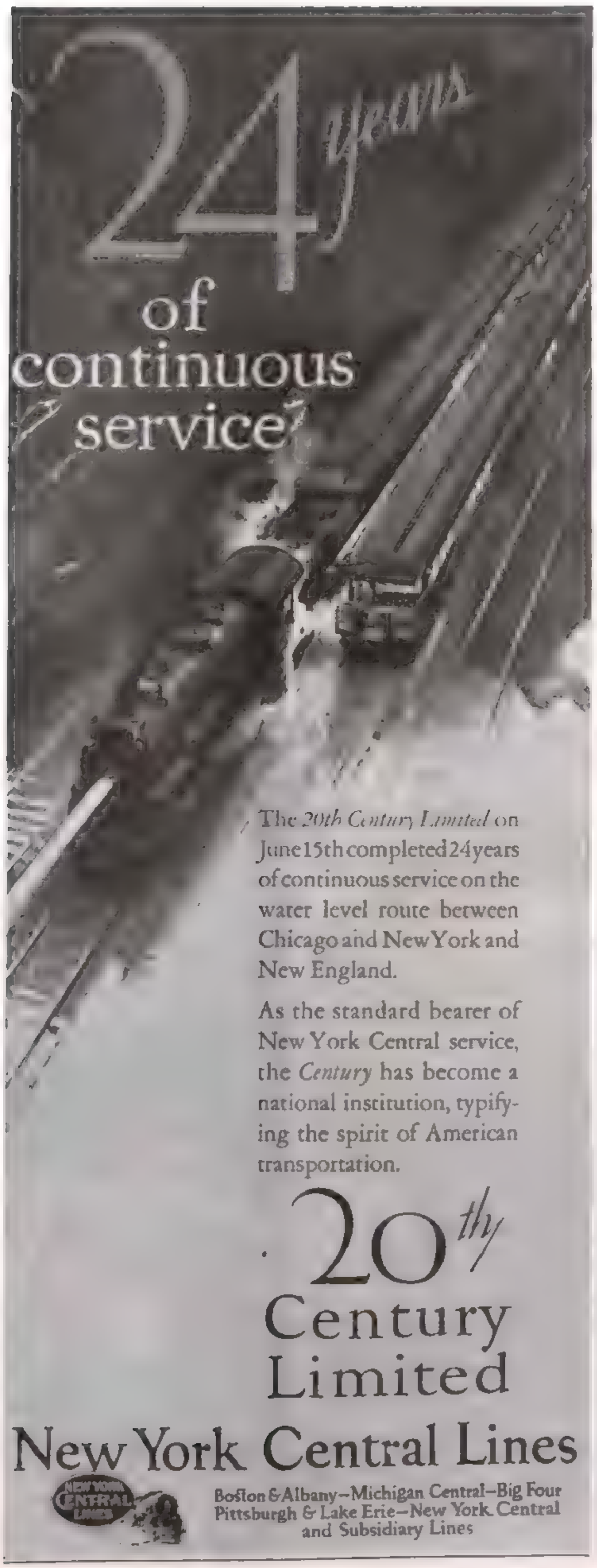

The *20th Century Limited* on June 15th completed 24 years of continuous service on the water level route between Chicago and New York and New England.

As the standard bearer of New York Central service, the *Century* has become a national institution, typifying the spirit of American transportation.

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Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
and Subsidiary Lines

mounted a drift jam and watched a long open wash for bear, hopeful of bagging a big brownie. There was scarcely a square yard of this wash that did not show a bear track.

The subspecies of Alaskan brown bear that inhabits the Kenai Peninsula is smaller than the bears of Kodiak Island and the Alaska Peninsula. A ten-foot hide is about the record for the Kenai.

Birds of prey haunted the spot to feed on the last of the salmon. Half a dozen bald eagles occupied the top of snags; hawks, large and small, flapped lazily from one tree to another. There was a conclave of the raven clan, their varying notes of converse dominating the otherwise silent countryside. One of these big black fellows, winging high overhead, indulged in acrobatics, pitching upward at a steep angle, then folding his wings and turning a series of flips before spreading them to steady himself. A pine squirrel, up later than his fellows, trilled defiantly from close at hand. Rabbits emerged by the score to thump round the bottoms. A great horned owl floated to a dead trunk some distance away, a smaller owl occupying a snag above me.

A Live Idea in Fur Scarfs

The tent stood at the edge of the timber, facing the lake, while a little open flat on the right extended to the creek. To this opening the rabbits swarmed at dusk, and two great owls resorted to it for a nightly hunting ground, arriving before dark and taking their posts. Never a morning but what partially devoured carcasses testified to the success of their hunting. One of them made a kill before it was quite dark and repaired to the top of a stump before the tent, held in silhouette against the lake as he tore at his prey.

The second morning I discovered a big bull moose some two miles from camp and at first glimpse I tossed up my rifle almost instinctively, then weakened. Sheer indolence has prevented me from killing considerable game. I pictured myself engaged in the heavy labor of packing a thousand pounds of meat into camp and decided that if I must kill a moose it should be after the return of Judd and his partner so that the work might be shared instead of falling entirely on me.

It gradually dawned upon me that the bears had quit the fish creeks for the berry patches and had no intention of returning for so much as a last bite of salmon. A cloud-burst had ripped out a sand wash, running from the base of the hills four miles away to the margin of the lake, and a rabbit could not cross this expanse without leaving its trail for all to read. Littered from one end to the other with old bear tracks, not a bear crossed it in the first four days of my stay, so on the fifth day I followed its course back into the hills and climbed out on the benches where the country was largely open, with only occasional bunches of trees. I located two bears with my glasses, neither of them of any great size, and two bull moose, one of them a giant.

I loitered so long that night caught me before I reached camp, but after attaining the devious course of the sand wash I could travel without risk of breaking my neck. A driving rain soaked me and the storm increased in violence. After reaching the tent I began to fear that a tree would fall on it, for occasional sharp reports, muffled by the screech of the wind and the hammering of the breakers on the lake shore, testified to the fact that a good many were going down before the drive of the wind. About midnight a falling birch knocked down one rear corner of the tent and I was forced to go out in the rain and repair the damage. That storm raged for two days and nights before it began to abate, by which time I was heartily sick of it.

Almost every day I saw moose, jumping one big bull within a few yards of camp. Another bull with a great spread of horns crossed an opening just ahead of me on one occasion. There was good meat in camp and my inclinations tend toward creatures that wear good pelts rather than to those that sport great heads of horns. A good piece of fur always intrigues my interest and rouses my cupidity; not so with antlers. As long as there was meat in camp the moose were quite safe.

I found two fresh lynx tracks on the lake shore near camp. These, along with a few other lynx tracks, a couple of mink tracks and the two wolverines previously mentioned, were the only bits of fur sign encountered on the Kenai. Once rated as a great fur country, it has been almost trapped out. It was noted as the home of very fine silver foxes and I visited several ranches where the animals were of native Kenai stock.

The pens at one of these ranches were full of beautiful Kenai silvers and their half-grown pups. One female fox, Chummy, has the freedom of the premises. During my stop at the ranch, the proprietor's wife wore Chummy round her neck, the only time I have seen a lady adorned with a living silver-fox scarf. Some eccentric movie star might create considerable comment by wearing the beautiful Chummy round the streets of New York.

But in a wild state the foxes of the Kenai are now very rare, as is all other fur. Not one beaver sign did I see on the Kenai, nor yet an otter track. I was told that it was once a great marten country, but that these animals had been entirely trapped out. Fur is at such a low ebb on the Kenai that it seems that the restocking of such animals as beaver, muskrat and marten would be necessary before it can again come into its own as a fur producer.

Judd had expected to return with Kadgen in some five days. Each evening I expected to find them in camp on my return from the hills, but when ten days had rolled by without a sign of them, I began to think maybe an accident had happened to the boys while trying to run the Cook Inlet in a small open boat.

In case they had lost their boat in the equinoctial storm of a few days before and were stranded on some tide flat, it might be weeks before they could get back to some outfitting point, secure another boat and come up the Kasilof.

A Hungry Man's Paradise

My grub was low. Butter, bacon, lard, beans, sugar, coffee and canned goods had been eaten up. I do not mean that I faced starvation. Far from it. Alaska is a bountiful region in the autumn, abounding in both big and small game, fish and a great variety of berries. In two days I could have put up sufficient meat and fruit to last me through the winter, by rendering the fat of bear or porcupine provided myself with both lard and light, and there was a pothole in the creek within a hundred yards of camp where I could have pulled out fifty trout any time I liked.

A man must be blind in both eyes to make a success of starving in that country, but a straight diet of unshortened corn bread and meat was growing monotonous, I had nothing to read, and, worst of all, my tobacco was vanishing. For several days I had been rationing myself on five improvised cigarettes per day, a little tobacco rolled in wrapping paper.

On the twelfth day, convinced that an accident had befallen Judd, I decided to strike out for salt water on foot, estimating that it would require four days' travel to reach the fox farms at the mouth of the Kasilof.

After cooking several pounds of sheep meat and corn bread and assembling my effects, including sleeping robe, canvas tarp, toilet articles, extra clothing, glasses, a few cooking utensils, camera, films, ax and rifle, I lashed them on a packsaddle and headed down country. Being unfamiliar with the geography, I rather anticipated encountering some stream of considerable dimensions flowing into the lake, perhaps necessitating

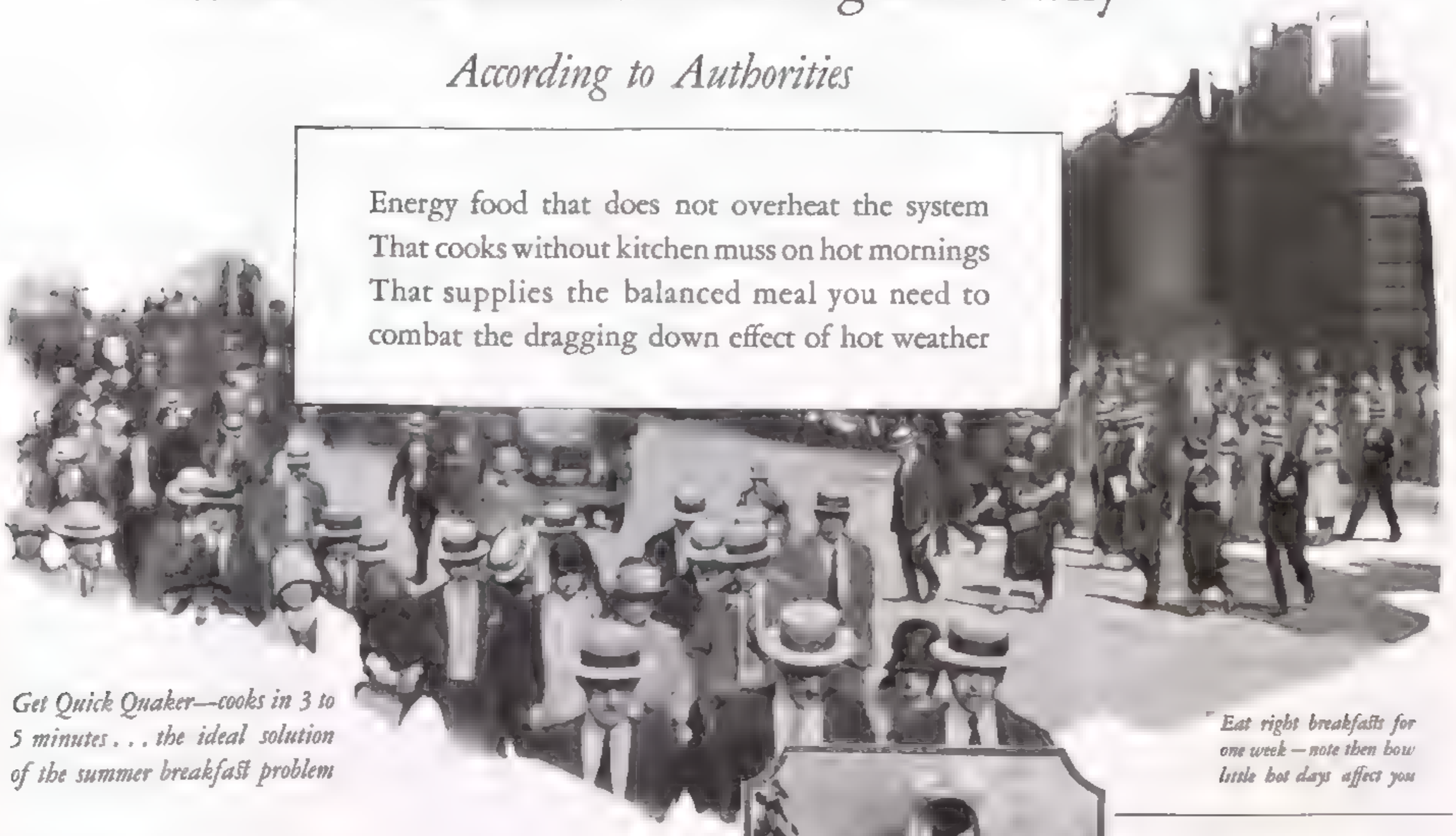
Continued on Page 108

Eat and Keep Cool

What to eat summer mornings—and why

According to Authorities

Energy food that does not overheat the system
That cooks without kitchen muss on hot mornings
That supplies the balanced meal you need to
combat the dragging down effect of hot weather



Get Quick Quaker—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes . . . the ideal solution of the summer breakfast problem

TO feel right on hot days, you must start every day with right food. Your system needs the same food elements in summer that it does any other time of the year. You may require less food in *volume* but not in *kind*.

That means your summer breakfast must be rightly balanced. Must supply protein, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamines and "bulk" in balanced combination.

Start your days that way for one week. Note how little hot weather seems then to bother you. This applies both to children and to adults.

No kitchen muss—no bother.
Ready in 3 to 5 minutes
—no hot kitchen

Delicious and tempting. Quick Quaker now is the regular summer breakfast in millions of homes.

It's ready in less time than the coffee—no stewing or frying hot summer mornings; cooks without heating up the kitchen.

It is an energy food that does not overheat the system. Fights the dragged out feeling summer brings by supplying an excellent balance of protein, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamines and "bulk" in a form that feeds you well without the overheating qualities of some foods.

Supplies the balanced breakfast children need for long days of summer play. All authorities urge parents to correct haphazard summer diets. This supplies the ideal food—energy food that does not overheat

Stops kitchen muss on hot mornings—ready in 3 to 5 minutes...no hot kitchens

It's the ideal summer breakfast; the food you need in most attractive form—and prepared without cooking, muss or bother.

Try it. You will be delighted.

Eat right breakfasts for one week—note then how little hot days affect you

Try it cold

Prepare this way

Thousands serve this unique chilled breakfast—a delightful summer dish

2 cups of Quick Quaker, 4 cups of water, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 level tablespoons cocoa and 4 of sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bring water to a boil. Add cocoa and sugar mixed to a paste with boiling water; then slowly stir in the oats. Cook 3 to 5 minutes. Add vanilla.

Serve hot or cold with cream. Wonderful chilled, molded and served in slices.

All the rich Quaker Oats flavor is retained in Quick Quaker—cooks in three to five minutes.

Why go on with less nourishing breakfasts? Quaker Oats and milk is the dieteticurge of the day

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 106)

the dropping of a goodly tree across some deep channel and lodging the top in the shallows. But great as is its size, Tustumena Lake seems fed mainly by fordable streams, so the ax proved an unnecessary addition to the weight which was already greater than I relished the thought of packing.

Just after noon, while threading an open bench to avoid the alders above and below, a big bull moose stepped from the brush some forty yards distant and faced me. While wondering if I could unlash the pack and bring the camera into play before he made off, the bull headed straight for me. The running season was on and his heavy neck was swelling; the little eyes, set high in his head, blazed meanly and he flopped his upper lip with loud sucking pops.

The Kenai is perhaps the best moose country in the world and the bulls are tame, so his lack of caution was nothing at which to marvel, but it was the nature of his advance that was most surprising. I should imagine that a bull moose that is spoiling for a fight would indulge in pawing and head-tossing activities. Instead, the action of a slow moving picture is the nearest approach to an accurate description of his deliberate advance. It might be termed stealthy, as if the interminable period between the lifting of a foot, its advance and ultimate planting were designed to convey the impression that he did not move at all. Slowly he twisted his head until one great antler swung straight down, almost touching the ground, while the other, directly above it, pointed skyward. Never had I seen such an odd pose assumed by an antlered animal and am still at a loss to account for it.

A moose cannot see well, and the wind was from him to me so he could not get my scent, and as his head gradually swung back, inch by inch, to a level position, and the advance continued, I felt that he had mistaken my movements for those of a rival bull moose, so I stood perfectly still, wondering how near he would come before observing his error and breaking into panic-stricken flight.

When he had approached to within fifty feet I lifted my voice. "Fend off, old sport, fend off!" I advised. He failed even to flinch. Several shrill whistled blasts and the metallic accompaniment of pumping a shell from the magazine to the chamber of my rifle served neither to retard nor to accelerate his advance.

Saving His Life by Losing His Nerve

It is quite easy for me to sit in a chair and discourse in academic fashion to the effect that attacks by a moose are so infrequent as to render such danger practically nonexistent, but with my feet bogged in reindeer moss and a fifty-pound pack on my back, facing this malevolent monster, it proved somewhat more difficult to maintain firm convictions. At thirty feet I pulled between his eyes and in another second would have killed him, but with a tremendous burst of speed he veered past me and crashed through the alders down the slope. It seems certain that this was not a case of mistaken identity and that he recognized me for a human being, but was nevertheless bent upon picking a quarrel until his nerve failed at the last moment. It is probable that if I had turned to beat a retreat to cover he would have jumped me.

Just before dark I met a small black bear that stepped from the alders only to whirl and reenter them so swiftly as to leave me with an impression of unreality. Returning to the lake shore to bed for the night within the edge of the timber, I was roused about midnight to listen to the stuttering notes of a distant motor boat—just a few beats, then silence, and upon repairing to the water's edge there were no further symptoms. Nevertheless, a signal shot brought an instant response and presently a ray of lantern light wavered upon the water as a motor boat rounded a timbered point some two miles distant.

The party consisted of Judd, Kadgen, Bill Worcester and Merl La Voy. They had been searching the lake shore for me since arriving at my ex-camp on Birch Creek in the evening. The equinoctial storm had forced them to seek shelter behind Fire Island and remain under cover for a number of days before venturing forth.

La Voy, who was cited in a previous article as having been a member of the first party to scale Mt. McKinley, is a free-lance motion-picture artist and for fifteen years has wandered continuously over the world, filming crowned heads and peasants, scenes of peace and of carnage and war, living among the Solomon Islanders for six months and with the bushmen of Australia for a year and a half, now returned for a two-year hitch in Alaska. Having put in some little time with him previously, I knew him for the most entertaining of companions, so, although my allotted stay of an extra two weeks on the Kenai had expired, I decided to go back into the sheep country with La Voy.

The Home of the Porcupine

The following day found us back at the head of the lake at the site of our first camp with the army men. Captain Stewart had told me how to locate the camouflaged lower end of the trail that led up to the little overnight trapping hut; Bill found it, and we took five pack loads of equipment, mine being the lightest, and ascended to the spot in a few hours. Judd and Kadgen returned to the lake while the rest of us, after a hasty bite of lunch, set out to discover sheep for La Voy's camera. I attained the point of a high divide above the head of Fox River, and rambled above several dizzy canyons, ideal sheep country but with no sheep in it. One ram was the total count.

There are more porcupines in this region than in any other I have visited. From five to twenty were within sight at all times. The porcupines of my previous experience had seemed to live almost exclusively on a diet of lodgepole bark, but these Alaska fellows fed upon a considerable variety of vegetation and seemed to pass up the spruce. They fed upon leaves, various weeds, cut down elderberry plants and devoured the younger stalks, pith and all, and now, in common with the bears, were out above timber line on a berry spree. Without actually viewing the spectacle, it is difficult to conceive of the tremendous quantity of berries in Alaska. Our boots were smeared with them, and out among the stunted six-inch berry plants above timber line it was actually difficult to find a spot to sit down without planting oneself on a quart or so of fruit.

A bluish-barred, narrow-winged hawk—goshawk, I believe—dove down behind a ridge, and a flock of ptarmigans took wing. Veering back that way ten minutes later, I watched the hawk tearing to shreds the hot meat of its prey.

The next day low-hanging clouds and rain made photography impossible, so we remained in camp to await Judd and Kadgen, who were to come up with additional supplies. Bill and I located four different bears feeding above timber line a mile or so from camp.

The following morning, though it was still storming, we packed equipment for a side camp some miles up country. A mile out of camp a big bull moose wandered out onto a ridge some fifty feet above me, his antlers wavering in the fog. We pitched La Voy's little silk tepee far above timber line overlooking a deep rugged canyon, its head blocked by a tongue of the glacier, from the foot of which a stream flowed as a glittering thread through the bottoms. Towering peaks rose on all sides, swathed with snow, while the great ice cap flowed on endlessly—a marvelous picture.

We found the nights sharp, somewhat below freezing in this lofty camp, and bad weather, fog and rain attended our efforts to film game. Then, too, the sheep were by no means so abundant or tame as in the country at the head of Indian River. La Voy counted one hundred and twenty-five head on the benches just across the canyon from the tent. Far across the tongue of the glacier on the Indian River side we could see several hundred others. On the far side of a deep narrow cross canyon three rams alternately fed and reclined within rifle shot of the tepee throughout the day. Several bands, the largest numbering some twenty head, inhabited the benches below us under the rims. I spotted a bear in the bottoms with my glasses and presently one of the boys located three others.

The alders, and below them the cottonwoods, quaking asp and birches, were assuming colorful autumn tints. The ptarmigans were taking on winter plumage and almost half of their garb was milk-white. They were congregating for the winter, and now, instead of consorting only in stray coveys, they covered the rocks in flocks containing hundreds of birds. It afforded a thrilling picture when a big flock of these game birds rose with a thunderous roar of wings and soared across the hills, their white-and-red bodies flashing. The big hares, too, were bleaching out and would soon wear a white coat to blend with the snow that ere long was destined to blanket the Kenai.

This camp was above brush line, too high to secure fuel, so we lived on cold food. A chilling drizzle descended for several days, a blanket of fog obscuring the view during the short intervals between squalls of rain, rendering adequate photography either of game or of scenic effects impossible.

A moving-picture concern had sent La Voy a duplicate of the hat of a famous star, and requested that he secure a number of scenes among the rugged pinnacles and ice fields of Alaska. I have seen numberless ten-gallon hats of all shapes, sizes and hues, but this bonnet would take the blue ribbon for dimensions. The company had been in a rush for such film and had sent on several urgent messages, not realizing, perhaps, that one may be in Alaska and yet be as far from any spectacular mountain country as the plains of Kansas are removed from Pike's Peak. But La Voy was in real mountain country now and so was the hat. Whenever the fog broke away for even a few minutes' time Bill donned this gorgeous headgear and doubled for the distant star, posing on the rims of dizzy canyons and peaks, but it is doubtful if those exposures will accurately portray the really magnificent character of the country, for even at the best of times during our stay there were tattered shreds of fog flirting with the peaks and blankets of it obscuring the valleys.

And Still It Rained

I had become addicted to trailing round the country with Judd, as he is an excellent companion, so I descended to the trapper's shack, barely large enough to house two men, and sent Kadgen back to take my place at the high camp. We had brought no meat with us and had not deemed it advisable to shoot up the higher country to secure a sheep, with the possibility of alarming the others before the weather cleared so that they might be filmed, and a moose would prove of such dimensions as to make it difficult to get the meat out to the lake from this distance. Some miles below the upper camp I shot the head off a ptarmigan.

After a day or so sloshing round in an increasingly heavy downpour of rain, we descended to the lake shore. That same night the others arrived, having been routed from the high camp by the storm without having been successful in filming sheep.

The Kenai has many features that will prove attractive to tourists and sportsmen, both by way of marvelous scenic effects and the excellent hunting and fishing. Both Seward and Anchorage are desirous of making a bid to induce visitors to stop over instead of hurrying through on the railroad to points of less interest. Also adjacent to this country is Prince William Sound. While my own several visits to the sound were but incidental, leaving me with but a general impression of its exceeding beauty, La Voy has intimately explored the Port Wells section of the sound and proclaims it the beauty spot of the world, with scores of long narrow inlets, high walls crowned with perpetual ice, while dozens of live glaciers discharge their age-old freight into the sea.

It is La Voy's pet dream to see this Port Wells country developed as a national park, with lodges and chalets located at strategic points, the transportation, instead of by means of horses or wheeled conveyances, to be conducted by comfortable gas launches. Such a park of water and ice, with gas-launch transportation, would certainly prove something novel and different with which to round out the already magnificent chain of national parks. Added to its beauty is its easy accessibility by water. It might easily prove—as many believe that it would—to be the greatest drawing card in Alaska. With all this to draw upon, Seward and Anchorage will eventually come in for heavy tourist patronage.

Heading Back to the Outside

Throughout these articles the fact of Alaska's really delightful summer climate as against the popular conception of it as a perpetual ice field has been stressed, but a word along these lines must be added. Despite the rainy weather encountered during the latter part of our stay on the Kenai, the weather was milder than in the Rockies of our Western states at the same time of year, where one may be sure of at least one heavy snow by the middle of September in four years out of five, yet we remained on the Kenai into October without witnessing the first snow of the year.

The preceding year the first snow in this region fell on the eighth of October. While making a pack trip through the Sierras of California one August we encountered freezing temperatures at timber line three nights out of five. Incidentally this circumstance was recalled by discovering in the trapper's cabin an old copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST containing an account of that trip. Here above timber line in the sheep country of the Kenai we encountered no colder weather of nights before the first week in October. Therefore, anyone contemplating a spring or fall hunt or summer tour of Alaska need not be deterred by fear of frosted ears or of contracting chilblains.

We moved to Birch Creek and packed several miles up its course, hoping the weather would break in our favor and that La Voy might secure some good moose pictures. No such luck. Drizzle, fog and low-hanging clouds prevailed.

Lieutenant Pence had sent in word commissioning me to secure a small black bear to have mounted for his infant son. Bill spotted a two-year-old half a mile or so from the siwash camp on Birch Creek on the last day out, and with the others watching through their glasses I stalked the animal and killed it, saving the hide down and delivering to Pence in Anchorage.

Returning, we shot in forty minutes one stretch of the swift Kasilof that it had required two days of lining to negotiate on the up trip.

With all my wanderings I had covered but a very small portion of Alaska, and there were dozens of spots that I ardently desired to visit, but the time was all too short, and when we headed the boat down the Kasilof it was the first step in the long journey back to the outside.

TOMATO VITAMINS

Like the sun, each tomato is a source of energy, a little dynamo itself. You get this energy at full strength in Snider's Catsup—made from sun-ripened tomatoes

A Chip off the Old Block

—you're tasting bottled sunshine every time you taste Snider's Catsup

EVERY tomato used in Snider's Catsup is a bit of Old Sol. Sunshine and a rich soil produce vitamins—and that is why Snider insists on leaving the tomatoes to ripen in the sunshine on the vine, rather than picking them green.

Snider's Catsup has the full vitamin content and the delightful taste of fresh tomatoes because it is made of fresh tomatoes, kept fresh. The tomatoes are picked, cooked, bottled and hermetically sealed as catsup all the same day—nature's freshness and nature's vitamins captured and preserved.

Use more of this savory, flavory catsup. Cooked to an old-time home recipe, it has been making food more appetizing for the last forty years. One favorite combination is, of course, Snider's with cold cuts, a dish to the king's—or queen's—taste.

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TOMATO PRODUCTS

Free Booklet. Tomatoes and vitamins—an important story. Also practical recipes. Address Snider's, 1020 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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THAT youth can longer be *retained*, as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It *is being done* by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

PALM

roud to say "This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

MODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the *often aging*, artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. In fairness to yourself, try this.

Do this for one week
Mark the difference that comes

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

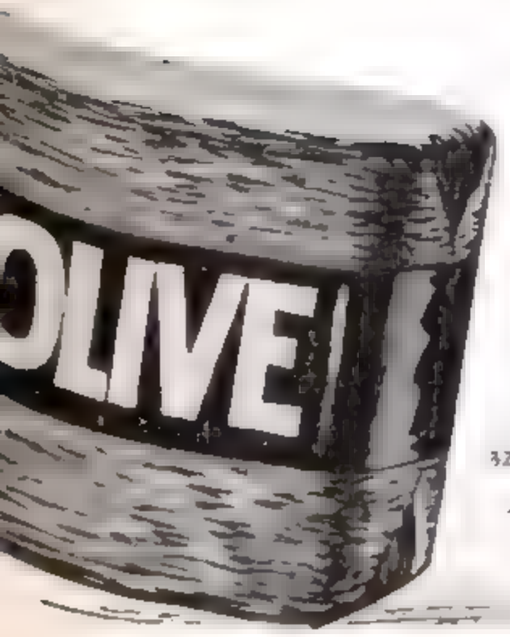
And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



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Flames of fantastic shape and variegated hue are seen through the blue goggles which protect the eyes of the men who operate Timken electric furnaces

Your Car—*Born of Fire*

Lakes of steel, fifteen times hotter than boiling water, are flaming with sun-like brilliance in Timken electric furnaces. You dare to look only through deep blue goggles. You see in process the world's largest output of electric steel. You see the making of the metal that makes Timken-equipped cars and trucks more economical, more capable, more enduring.

Only the famous Timken "daylight steel mill" produces Timken Bearing steel. It assures you of finest material, right where the motion comes, in transmissions, differentials, pinions, worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots, and fans.

Timken steel, together with Timken Tapered design and Timken positively aligned rolls, provides highest working capacity without excess bulk. No complication or compromise is required to care for "thrust"—sidewise forces. Therefore Timken-equipped cars are also better in design; more simple, and more accessible.

All the Timken advantages can be yours, for they are built into 90.5% of all makes of motor vehicles in America.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
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THE RETAKE MAN

Continued from Page 25

mature creature, he dashed into love as desperately as he had ever leaped from his corner to flatten a gloved challenger; and on the other side of the picture, it is pleasing to relate that Marian Sylvester succumbed to the masculine charms of this strong man of the ring.

It was a true love affair and no mere infatuation. They cooed over each other between scenes, and the electricians would have joked with Buzz, only it is considered bad form to joke with a middleweight in love. They were inseparable when the day's work was done, and Buzz took Marian tenderly into the best restaurants and bought her dainty viands. It was openly stated, and the principals did not deny, that Marian and Buzz would marry soon, and that the champion would give up fighting and settle down among the grease pots of Hollywood, especially if his first venture established him with the fans. Marian gave the reporters an interview in which she said that Mr. Dode was one of God's noblemen.

The main fact seemed to be, as people observed it, that these two were certainly fitted for each other by virtue of mental equality. Neither had ever heard of the Einstein theory, Edgar Allan Poe or the Artillery Museum in Paris. Neither was a highbrow or inclined to moments of serious reflection about why we are here and similar matters. So it was a smooth-clicking love affair, conducted largely without the aid of conversation, and although Marian talked oftener than Buzz, she actually said little more when the sum was added up.

Halfway through The Gladiator, which was, of course, to have a new name when Julius got around to it, the villain broke his leg. Martin Goss was the offender, a solid citizen of Hollywood, owner of two apartments and a bungalow court, member of a brick church on the boulevard, friendly with the banks, and one of the meanest and most contemptible villains in the business. He played Scarboga, the wicked grand vizier in the country of the anæmic king, and in leaping from a window he smashed his leg thoroughly and definitely. Julius carried the news to Stein, who listened grimly.

"Now what'll we do?" Stein snapped.

"I don't see anything to do but wait till Goss can walk," said Julius. "The picture is more than half done. It looks good as far as it goes. We've got to finish it and we can't put anybody in Goss' place."

"This makes me sick," said Stein. "Look at the money it's going to cost."

"I am looking at it. We may have to keep some of the cast on full pay, but we can reduce others, and maybe lay off some on no pay at all."

"How long before his leg gets better?"

"Four or five weeks," replied Julius. "Maybe longer."

Stein groaned dismally and visualized a salary list humming merrily on for a month or two, with the unit idle and the employes riding about Hollywood in their sedans at his expense.

"Is there no way out of it?" he demanded.

"None," said Julius emphatically. "If there was I would have found it by now. Anyhow, I believe this picture will make so much money in the end that we'll never miss the extra cost."

"Hopeful little feller you are," grumbled the chief. "Lay off as many as you can."

Julius departed to struggle with a difficult situation. Mr. Goss sat up in his hospital bed and solved cross-word puzzles, and while some members of the Prince unit went fishing for trout, others strolled up and down the boulevard, telling working actors of their luck.

In the fourth week of the enforced vacation Marian Sylvester tore herself away from the side of her lover and went to San Francisco to visit her Aunt Mary, who had the rheumatism and some bonds that she might conceivably wish to dispose of later on in life. It was intended to be a short visit.

The leave-taking of the enraptured pair was touching and highly romantic, with Buzz Dode standing beside the departing train and Marian leaning from a window for a final kiss, all of which was noted upon film and glass and published in the morning papers with captions reading: World's Champion Says Fond Farewell to Fiancée.

The following day a large rustling society lady called upon Buzz Dode at his hotel, called in person, and left her chauffeur outside while she asked of Buzz a favor.

"It is an affair for charity," she explained in the soft, persuasive accents of a society lady gunning for a gift. "Think of the little crippled orphans and how happy you can make them, Mr. Dode."

"Uh-huh," said Buzz, admiring the lady's diamonds, which were the usual standard size.

"The very best people in Hollywood," continued the pleasant matron, "are behind our bazaar. I am delighted that you will consent to take part."

"Uh-huh," said Buzz feebly once more, and the queenly dame moved away amidst the hum of envious conversation in the lobby and disappeared within her purple palanquin.

Later on she reported to the executive committee that Mr. Buzz Dode, the world's champion middleweight, had eagerly consented to box four society rounds at the great open-air show, rodeo, bazaar, fiesta, lawn fête, carnival, high jinks, field day and barbecue to be given a week from Saturday afternoon for the purpose of buying the orphans a new hospital.

"Lovely," said the committee, and its active members then hurried down to San Lobo and prowled among the docks, where they finally unearthed a longshoreman or dock walloper named Mike Flannery, who consented to box four harmless rounds with Champion Dode in the general interest of orphan asylums and for the sum of fifty American dollars, payable in cash.

On the Saturday afternoon designated the big show opened and eleven thousand of the charitably inclined sat upon undertakers' chairs and observed Buzz toy with the unloader of merchant ships. Many of the eleven thousand were refined citizens who said "Well struck" whenever Buzz tapped Mike upon the point of the jaw. Apparently one of these taps must have jarred the lumber pusher and caused him secret irritation, for in the fourth and concluding period of the gentlemanly boxing bout, Mr. Flannery reached far around behind his own back, where nobody could see what he was doing, folded his freckled fist into a compact mass and swung it like a golfer trying to get home in one.

The Flannery fist fell out of the open air and by mere chance landed upon the famous bridge of the famous nose of Buzz Dode, who was anticipating nothing of the sort. It was a spectacular blow indeed, and it cracked the Dode nose as effectually as if it had been done with a meat cleaver. Mr. Flannery put his fifty in his right pants pocket and went back to the unloading of coastal traffic.

When three of the finest surgeons in Southern California concluded their preliminary conference, the verdict was that Buzz Dode's nose could be saved, but that, in a manner of speaking, it would never be the same again. Mike had squashed it flat against the Dode countenance, but science was ready to tackle the job and said so.

"We can make your nose perfectly straight," said the head surgeon, a jolly fellow named Doc Rankin, who himself had seemingly never heard that a bit of sharpened steel run over the human chin will do wonders for whisker trouble.

"Was it straight before your accident?" asked a second surgeon.

"It was not," answered Buzz, examining himself through his bandages.

"Do you wish it made nice and straight?"

Buzz's mind instantly leaped to the absent Marian. She had often admired Oliver Spitzer, the leading man, who was famous for his profile; not that she had ever found fault with the old nose, but Buzz felt that she must have noticed its somewhat original irregularity.

"Sure," he replied. "If you're gonna operate on me anyhow, you might as well fix me up with a straight beak. If I got to have it done, I might as well get a good one."

"You'll never know yourself," they assured him. "We will make an Adonis of you, Mr. Dode."

Presently nurses came in bearing sponges and the surgeons gathered cheerfully about the operating table, all of them more or less interested in changing the general topography of a world's champion.

Buzz lay upon his back and went off into a dream in which he won a gold belt and a championship as the best cobweb maker in America.

In wind-blown San Francisco time hung heavily upon the hands of Miss Sylvester after her first afternoon with the rheumatic relation. She felt lonely and neglected without her strong man. When a lady's reflections are of the man she adores they sometimes turn to her own appearance, and Marian had wondered of late if her complexion was everything it should be. The looking-glass seemed to say that all was not well, though Buzz swore she was beautiful, with the proper rapture of any lover. San Francisco is a town noted for the complexions of its women and the skill of its beauty doctors. In a newspaper Marian found the address of an expert, a gentleman whose lotions were making him famous. She called upon him to discuss beauty in a general way, and he studied her carefully, turned a strong light upon her countenance and said, "May I ask how old you are, madam?"

He did not say "miss." He definitely said "madam." Marian reflected that the professor did not know her and could mean nothing personal. She decided to tell the truth.

"Thirty-five," she replied coldly.

"Your face," he murmured, toying with a scalpel, "should be lifted. Real beauty will be denied you unless it is lifted, because the youthful tightness of your skin is gone."

Miss Sylvester looked surprised and pained. She had, to be sure, noticed certain imperfections, but she had never thought of lifting.

"Will it hurt?" she asked.

"Certainly not."

"How much does it cost?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"How long will it take to do it?"

"A week," he said. "You have excellent features. The lifting will make you a beautiful woman."

Again Marian thought of Buzz and the joy she would see in his first glance. That settled it. Miss Sylvester had her face lifted in San Francisco and came out of the ordeal looking like a cherub and a seraph.

"You are now twenty years younger than when I met you," said the beauty man, smiling, "and everywhere you go men will pause to stare at you."

Miss Sylvester returned to Hollywood and the meeting between the lovers was a notable event, and affecting. They stood perfectly still and gazed at each other in happy stupefaction, and then, with a little squeal of joy, Marian flung herself into her lover's arms.

"Buzz," she said, "you look beautiful."

"You don't look so bad yourself," grinned the pleased champion. "You seem sorta younger to me."

health wins again!

The crowd was amazed!

THE GREAT MATCH was all but ended. One point more for the younger woman would wrest victory from her older and more experienced opponent. Then, almost before the crowded stands realized it, the young player was shaking hands across the net—the idol of a nation.

Rugged health, built on a balanced diet, with plenty of rich bottled milk, had supplied the winner with the surplus energy needed to win. Victory, again, had gone to the one mentally and physically fit.

You, too, can become fit and keep fit by proper eating and healthful living. By all means, include in your diet plenty of pure, rich bottled milk—the greatest health food in the world. Authorities say drink bottled milk at mealtime, and between meals, too. Milk bottled by your dairyman, in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles, is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the trade mark on every bottle.

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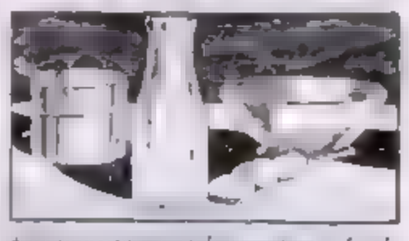

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Her mirror didn't tell her all

The curves of her face were beautiful, the lines of her boyish bob spelled youth, but at the very back, out of sight of her mirror, the bob grew ragged. A few minutes each week with a pair of Brown & Sharpe Hair Clippers would have overcome this.

The modern bob demands constant attention, for hairs grow rapidly at the back of the neck. Girls from Maine to Texas who want to look like Paris are keeping their bobs neat and trim with Brown & Sharpe Clippers. It's a handy instrument to have in your dresser drawer.

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We have said a lot of complimentary things about our own clippers but you don't have to take only our word. 90 out of every 100 barbers will tell you of years of service that their Brown & Sharpe Clippers have given them.

Our clipper especially designed for home use is packed in a neat case. Upon request we will gladly send you our booklet on bobbed hair, "Keeping the Smart Bob Smart."

BROWN & SHARPE

Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

"But," said the lady, "I don't believe you ought to go on fighting, not with that nose. Suppose somebody happened to hit it."

"*Suppose* they did," said Buzz. "They would. Between me and you, this beezer ain't made to be socked. One good poke and I'm back in a hospital."

The first man actually to stare at Miss Sylvester as the doctor had prophesied was Julius Leroy, who had sent word to the entire company to report for duty. Julius strode hurriedly around a corner and stopped aghast. He was already violently agitated, having come direct from Buzz Dode's dressing room, where for the first time he had beheld what nasal science can do and had used up his vocabulary.

"Jumping Jeremiah!" Julius had said, standing in Dode's doorway and refusing to believe his eyes. "What have you done to yourself?"

"Me?" asked Buzz innocently. "I got my nose busted at the charity bazaar and they fixed me up, that's all."

"All!" Julius roared. "What about The Gladiator? What about the picture?"

"Well, what about it?" asked Buzz. "I'm ready to go to work."

The entire technical staff gathered before the champion and inspected his perfect proboscis, and those still capable of speech explained to him that when a character begins making a moving picture with one kind of nose he cannot suddenly alter it and have another kind of nose about Scene 204. People in the front seats will fail to recognize him and may conclude he is a new character, with consequent confusion all around.

"Oh," said Buzz, "I never thought of that."

"You wouldn't," said Julius, and he walked hurriedly out of earshot lest he should lose control of himself before a world's champion. An instant later he rounded the corner and saw Miss Sylvester.

"Good morning, Mr. Leroy," she said brightly.

"If you think it's a good morning one of us is wrong," the young man replied bitterly. "What did you do to your face?"

"I had it done over. Don't you think I look younger?"

"You do. Of course you didn't realize, you and Mr. Dode, that you are running a motion-picture concern into the hands of a receiver. That never occurred to you, did it? What good are you to us now—what earthly good?"

His voice trailed off into a dismal moan and he went at once to Felix Stein and reported the full facts. Both his leading characters were now so changed as to be of no further value to The Gladiator. Mr. Stein's arteries hardened visibly during the recountal. His cigar went out. He slipped down into his chair and made faint gurgling sounds.

"How much," he began in a weak voice, "are we in on this picture?"

"About sixty thousand."

"She fixed her face!" Mr. Stein said hoarsely. "He fixed his nose!"

"And between them," said Julius, "they fixed the picture."

"This," said Stein, looking at his young man, "was your idea. You thought this up. We should make a movie with a world's champion. All by yourself you did it. Now how do you feel?"

"If it will do you any good," Julius answered, "I will commit suicide at lunch time."

They then discoursed in low, stricken tones as men will when disaster knocks on the door.

Jimmie Williams had been employed in the Stein studio for some months, assisting directors, and at the moment was humbly engaged in caring for a group of peevish wild animals for George Lisbon, who was doing a melodramatic serial. To Mr. Stein, who paid his salary, Jimmie was totally unknown. He was a competent assistant director, drawing his fifty a week and polishing off his daily job with neatness and dispatch. There is rarely such a thing in the movies as a poor assistant director. They all seem to be good, and most of them remain assistants or step out of the business.

Jimmie heard with amusement of the strange troubles in the unit of Director Prince. Two days later he learned that Mr. Prince had been removed from the pay roll and that Mr. Stein now had a dozen cans of film that were of no more value to him than Asiatic carbuncle. The entire studio sorrowed and wondered about future pay checks. Julius Leroy moved with the broken manner of a suddenly old man, and Stein himself had become so ferocious, they said, that persons talking to him in his office took their lives in their hands.

Jimmie looked thoughtful for two hours and sent in word that Mr. Williams would like a few minutes of the executive time on a subject of immediate importance.

"Well," said Felix, "what is it?"

"I am Lisbon's assistant," Jimmie explained. "I can save your Gladiator picture."

"You can?"

"Yes, I can; and I don't want any credit either. All I ask is more money than my present salary and a free hand to do as I wish. I'll take the responsibility, and when I get through you'll have something."

"You mean," Stein said in cold astonishment, "that you want me to throw more money into that wreck?"

"If you don't you'll never get a dime out of what you've got. It's a 100 per cent loss as it stands, and you're putting it on the shelf, aren't you? I say that I can make a picture of it—a complete picture."

"With Buzzer Dode in his new nose, and Miss Sylvester looking like she was seventeen years old? Bah!"

"Yes," Jimmie insisted. "You can't put those faces back where they were, of course, but you can do something else."

"What?"

"Change the story a little; you'd have to do that anyhow. Those two characters quit work at a certain point, looking like they used to look, and that's where your film stops. I'd go ahead, using the new Sylvester and the equally new Dode, but I would pause long enough to explain to the audience why these leading characters no longer look as they did in the first part."

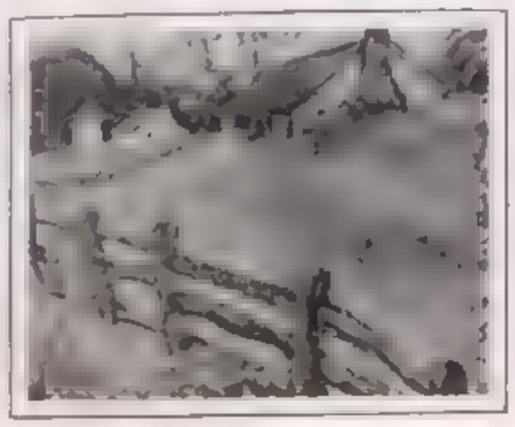
"Sure," said Stein. "How?"

"By putting in a time lapse where we saw them last—where Mr. Prince left off shooting and where I begin. We can throw in subtitles explaining about the dangerous night ride of the American hero and the flower girl, and we can show the two of them getting into a motor car in a long shot—in a long shot, mind you, where faces don't count. Then I'll send the car over a cliff, have a grand wreck, smash up the principals, kill the chauffeur, send our two leads to the hospital on a stretcher, where they can linger at the point of death for weeks; when they come back to call on the king they have their new faces, which they got in the hospital. Now they look different because it's natural that they should. The customers see them banged up, and your story goes along to its regular finish with nobody alarmed about anything."

Stein listened with growing interest.

"It sounds like something," he admitted. "If you think you can explain it—good."

"I can explain it good," said Jimmie. "The point is, do I get the job?"



"If I still have anything to say around this shop, you do. And don't waste any time. Order that same cast and get going quick. Fix up the ending like you said. We may be able to pull this out of the fire yet."

"Thanks," said Jimmie, and he departed on air to undertake his first job of film carpentry. That afternoon, instead of being an assistant, he had one, and the shooting began with all hands on deck and the two leading characters cooing as usual and resplendent in their new countenances. Working like a veteran director, Jimmie finished his rescue job in two weeks, and the studio looked on, dubiously at first, and then with admiration.

Throughout the remainder of their vanishing contracts Buzz and Marian smiled at each other happily, and in some of the shots Marian was actually beautiful. Buzz looked more like a visiting duke from Vienna; but nobody in the projection room seemed to mind his new nose, and the consensus of opinion was that Jimmie Williams was doing a bang-up job.

When the last close-up was in the can the film was hastily assembled and run for a critical audience, and at the finish experts agreed that Felix Stein had landed another money-maker. The jump from old faces to new seemed plausible enough and was not so frightfully important as they had previously imagined. Running true to form, the finished titles proclaimed that the picture was directed by Hobart Prince, which surprised nobody.

Recently the rescued job reached the general public, and you may have seen it under its new name. It was so well received and so generally demanded by exhibitors that Hobart Prince stepped into a year's contract with a new concern at a salary said to be close to a thousand a week. Mr. Stein sent for Jimmie.

"Williams," he said, "you did pretty well with The Gladiator."

"Sure," said Jimmie, who is not bashful. "I knew I could, and I'm glad I had the chance."

"Now," continued Stein, "I got another job for you."

"Directing?"

"Directing? No. You couldn't call it directing. Patching is what it is. We made a thing awhile ago that's so bad we can't even show it to anybody, let alone release it. You take hold and see what you can do."

"What picture is it?"

"I don't know the name of it," said Stein. "It never had a name, but it's got a number. Julius will tell you."

Jimmie paused after expressing his delight.

"How much pay?" he inquired.

"Hundred a week," said Stein, "and if you do good on this one up she goes."

And thus Mr. James Williams began his career as retake man in the studio. Mr. Stein's New York organization, which sells the pictures, complimented the studio head during his recent trip East.

"That's an easy picture to sell," said Stoddard, the sales manager, "because we've got Buzz Dode's reputation to help us. And it's an interesting, fast-moving story, which the fans are bound to like."

"Sure," Stein said cheerfully. "I always knew that."

"The best thing in it is where you patched it up after those two dumb-bells monkeyed with their faces. That was certainly rich."

"Didn't amount to anything," Mr. Stein said with becoming modesty. "You may not believe me when I tell you, but the fact is I put an assistant director on the job—a feller that never shot a scene before in his life."

"No!" they said.

"Yes. After I told him what to do he went ahead and finished it like that."

"Certainly was a slick job," Mr. Stoddard remarked. "Who thought to put in the automobile wreck?"

"I did," Stein said gravely. "You don't think an assistant director figured it out, do you?"

how two skilful changes in construction .....

add thousands of miles to balloon tire life

Shoulderbilt BALLOON

TIRE manufacturers everywhere have long been confronted with the problem of building balloon tires that would give the same mileage given by high pressure cords .... And now Lee, by two skilful changes in construction, has achieved the great Shoulderbilt Balloon. The first change, a sturdy rubber buttress along the shoulder, *gives increased wearability* at a point where balloon tires receive great punishment! This change alone would have made balloon tire durability as strong a feature as its comfort .... Yet a second change was made—a *reshaping* of the *contour* of the *inside.* And this change was the final change. It *actually eliminated* the very *cause* of lower mileage. No prematurely worn spots, *no breaking at the sides,* no arching, no skidding, no loss of its flat-foot traction! This new tire, this final type of balloon, gives buoyant comfort and uniform tread-wear to the very last mile.

Study the diagrams below. Then look up a Lee dealer in your telephone book, or write us for his address.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
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An actual photograph of a cross section of a present day balloon tire after several thousand miles. Notice the bulging, mushapen air chamber (B) The sidewalls have collapsed with the weight of the car The rocking chair action of the tire has thrown the brunt of the wear on the edges of the tread (A-A) causing an arched centre and consequent lost mileage

LEE TIRES

A similar photograph of a cross section of a Lee Shoulderbilt Balloon after 16,000 miles—no distortion, sidewall support unimpaired (B-B), even wear on the running surface. The weight of the car falls directly upon the tread, the stout shoulders (A-A) equalizing the pressure and giving the tire an "even keel"

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MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

A VOICE FROM THE MIDDLE WEST

(Continued from Page 23)

Susie stole a glance at Major Crackinthorpe. His face was utterly without expression, but he was tugging at his mustaches.

One of the press photographers came running over and asked Susie to stand up. She stood up obediently. She knew she was smiling a tight little smile when he snapped her, but she couldn't help it. She was beginning to feel a little annoyed that everyone took it for granted this was Henriette's day. Susie picked up a racket and gripped it thoughtfully. Mrs. Crackinthorpe leaned over and kissed Susie on the cheek. Major Crackinthorpe tugged harder at his mustaches. Susie realized that the crowd was looking at her now, yelling at her.

"Do they expect me to take the court now?" Susie asked.

"Quite," said Major Crackinthorpe.

Susie took a deep breath and walked out across the court toward the umpire's chair. Henriette came to meet her. Out of the corner of her eye Susie saw the moving-picture men grinding. She bowed to Henriette. Henriette tossed her racket in the air.

"Rough," Susie said. It was smooth. Henriette chose to serve. Susie looked up at the streamers of tricolored bunting that hung from the staffs at the top of the stand. There was almost no wind. The sun gave no advantage to either court. Susie chose the north court. She was still trembling as she walked back toward her base line for the few moments of warming up before the match would be called. She was so fully conscious of the crowd that it was hard to walk naturally. A ball boy tossed her a ball. Susie permitted herself one little piece of swank. She caught the ball deftly in her left hand, and instead of driving it off her forehand, she dropped it to her left and drove it off her backhand, low and fast, at Henriette. The French girl got set, realized too late that the ball was coming a great deal faster than she had anticipated and, rather than foozle it before the crowd, let it go past.

For a few minutes the air was full of balls as they drove back and forth at each other—each apparently nonchalant, each actually studying the other's style with concentrated intent. Susie saw that Henriette liked to take the ball high, at the very top of its bound. "No top spin for us today," Susie said to herself. "Hit them flat so they'll bound low." If Henriette had any other weakness, it wasn't apparent. She moved about the court with a tremendous stride, driving easily off forehand and backhand, volleying with that crisp twist of the wrist that brings the ball smartly down in court. Susie would have liked to whip one stinging drive at her feet just to see what she would do. But it would be better to save that little surprise till it would count.

The match was called. The crowd was suddenly still as Henriette poised herself to serve. Susie stood on her own base line, her eyes watching Henriette's racket to see what was coming. It was top spin, and on her backhand. Susie stepped in and drove, easy and deep, to Henriette's backhand. Henriette drove to Susie's backhand corner. Susie tried the other corner. They drove at each other through a long rally, each waiting for a short one. Henriette got it. Susie hit too quickly, gave her a high, short drive. Henriette came running in, leaped in the air quite unnecessarily, and killed it with a beautiful smash to the side line. The crowd yelled and screamed. Henriette flung her racket in the air, caught it and waved it at the crowd. Susie tried to look as if she didn't mind, because she did mind so much. She wasn't used to a crowd that screamed or an opponent who seemed to be on such intimate terms with it.

Henriette won her service. Susie took her service. They alternated thus till the score stood at four-all. The score said that they were evenly matched and either might win. But Susie knew Henriette was surer and steadier. Henriette was better at the classic game of returning everything firmly but well within your best speed, until your opponent makes an error or gives you the chance to put the ball away. Henriette was making Susie do all the running. For the time Susie didn't mind the running. She wanted to feel the sweat pouring down her body. It was only then that she was at the top of her game. But once she was thoroughly warmed up she couldn't afford to let Henriette run her back and forth across her base line this way—she'd get winded and tired and that would be the beginning of the end.

Henriette took the ninth game on her service. The score was five-four in her favor. Susie could have won her service if she had dared to try for service aces, but she did not dare play that card so early in the match. She continued to serve her usual slice, and Henriette ran the game to deuce. Susie served a hard slice. Henriette drove to Susie's backhand. Running for it, Susie saw at the last moment that it was two inches out. Susie halted her racket in mid-swing.

"Advantage to Miss Heriot," the umpire said firmly.

Susie looked at him in astonishment. He had called it in; the linesman was agreeing with him. Susie shook her head with a little gesture of despair. That meant set-point was up. She looked at Henriette. That lady was poised like a cat on her base line. Susie needed an ace. She served a perfectly straight ball, as hard as she could hit it, to the inside corner. Henriette was on it. Henriette took it on her backhand, a veriest fraction of a second too slow. The ball struck the wood, rose high in the air, fell square on the top band of the net and tumbled into Susie's court, winning the point, the game and the set. The crowd acted as though she had won the match also.

Susie thought they would never stop yelling and screaming. She stood poised on her base line, waiting for Henriette to serve; Henriette waiting for the noise to die down. When it did she waved her racket at the crowd and the noise began again. Susie thought she had never seen anything on a tennis court so blatant.

It was time to cut loose. It was time to show Henriette a few of those ripping drives for placement, and she didn't feel that she could get them in. This woman was so beautifully steady. Her tremendous stride, her flamboyant gesture, her occasional leaps into the air were nothing but a manner. She was actually no more reckless than a good clock. Playing against her was like playing some infallible machine. It made you careful, to play against a control so perfect.

Henriette took her service as usual. Susie took hers. The second set proceeded exactly like the first. The score went to two-all. Henriette served again. The score was three-two in her favor. Susie paused a moment on her base line, filling her lungs with air before she served. She wasn't tired. She had hardly begun to play. But she had the odd tight feeling that she couldn't begin—she was going to lose without ever having let loose. She gritted her teeth. Then, remembering that that was not the way, she smiled. But she could not really smile. She felt as if she were all alone and at bay. Nobody in that great, colorful, noisy crowd was for her. Some of them were, of course. There must be scores of Americans in those seats. But they were not the sort who yelled encouragement at you, made you feel they were with you, or if they were, you couldn't hear them; they were overwhelmed by the vast majority of Henriette's supporters. Susie shrugged her shoulders. What did it matter if she was beaten?

She served the same quick slice she had been using from the beginning. Henriette drove deep to her backhand. Susie drove cross-court to Henriette's backhand. The usual long rally was on. Each time she drove, Susie resolved that she would cut loose on the next one, and then the next one was so perfect, gave her so little time to get set, that she played it safe. Henriette won the rally.

Susie played on like a girl in a trance. She awoke with sudden despair to the fact that the game had stood at deuce and now it was 'vantage out. Henriette needed just one point to take the game, and if she took this game the score would be four-two in her favor instead of three-all, and it would be her turn to serve. She would win her service—that would be five-two. She would need only one more game to take the set and the match. The crowd was already standing up, yelling at her to break through.

Susie stood on her base line taking a deep breath, stalling for time. And standing there, as thoroughly beaten as if Henriette had done the things she foresaw that Henriette would do, she heard again the voice she had heard that morning, a voice with an unmistakable Middle Western accent—a voice from home. He was not singing this time; he was chanting. He was chanting as cheer leaders at college football games sometimes chant. Susie could hear the words plainly under the shrill cries of the crowd:

"Are we downhearted? No-no-no-no!" he chanted. "We've just begun to play. Are we going to knock the cover off that ball? We are—we are—we are—— We're going to let her have it! We're going to let her have it now! At-a-boy!"

Susie tossed the ball, swung hard. The ball went fast and true. But Henriette was on it. Henriette drove cross-court to Susie's forehand. Susie ran for it, and as she ran the phrase from the song the young man had sung was running in her head—the phrase, "What a surprise." Susie swung full and free, caught the ball on its rising bounce, drove it like a bullet straight down the side line. The ball cleared the net by inches, struck just inside the corner—too hard and fast for Henriette, too hard and fast for anybody. The game stood at deuce again.

As Susie walked back to serve again she could hear the voice singing:

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, what a surprise!"

Susie grinned. Susie searched the side line with her eyes for the source of that voice. Susie waved her hand gayly at whoever it was. She could see only a wall of faces.

"Now—now—now—now!" chanted the voice.

Susie felt a little quiver of anticipation in her shoulder as she measured the distance and tossed the ball high above her head. She knew she could get it in. She knew that ball was going straight as a die for Henriette's backhand clear to the extreme corner of the service court. Susie hit with everything she had—hit with that perfectly timed swing of the body that adds the last foot seconds of velocity. Henriette stabbed at the ball, but did not touch it. The 'vantage was Susie's.

Susie moved across to serve again.

"Just one more—just one more—just one more!" chanted the voice.

Susie did it again. She had saved the game. The score was tied at three-all. But it was more than that, as the voice assured her. She had given Henriette time to think. She could see by the gesture of Henriette's body that she was thinking as she prepared to serve.

"We're worried—we're worried—we're just as worried as we can be!" chanted the voice. "We're so worried, we're going to run in—run in—run in!"

"Exactly," Susie said to herself. "That's exactly what she's going to do."

Watching, Susie saw her start, and knew that tremendous stride would bring her

(Continued on Page 119)

Yes'm, It's youah Machine Oil—3-in-One

Sooner or later, every housewife learns that 3-in-One has other functions besides lubricating sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, phonographs, hinges, locks and bolts. It's a wonderful every-day clean-up and polish-up oil. And it does the work quickly, easily, cheaply.

To Clean and Polish Furniture and Woodwork—First: Wring a cloth from cold water and apply a few drops of 3-in-One on the cloth. Second: Rub the wood, a small surface at a time, following the grain. As cloth becomes soiled, rinse and re-oil. Third: Polish with a few brisk strokes of a clean, soft cloth. *Try this on your piano.*

The natural grain of the wood shows boldly through a clear mirror-like surface. 3-in-One doesn't gloss over dirt, finger marks, stains and smudges—it removes them. Won't become sticky in summer. Won't injure varnish or paint of furniture, wood or floors. Preserves wood and finish. Saves linoleum and oilcloth, too.

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3-in-One prevents rust in gas ovens; preserves bathroom fixtures and all nickeled ware from tarnish. Has more than 79 uses in the home alone. All explained in the illustrated Dictionary of Uses, wrapped around every bottle and sent with free sample. (See coupon)

Sold in over 250,000 hardware, drug, grocery, general and department stores in 1-oz., 3-oz., and ½-pint bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The ½-pint size is a real bargain—contains most oil for the money. Don't accept inferior oil. Say "3-in-One" firmly. Then look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

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Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
But the hinges were rusty, and stuck
3-in-One Oil wasn't known in those days
That was Old Mother Hubbard's bad luck

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Oliver: No, I always use 3-in-One

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To the soldier, it's a gun oil; to these "Vets," a lubricant for the mechanisms of their artificial joints; to the mechanic, a tool oil; to the housewife, a machine oil. To all, a good oil

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Blow Breezes, Blow

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little can
In the bearings of the fan
Shift the speed to high or low,
Silently the breezes blow

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Put *very little* 3-in-One on a clean, soft cloth. Go over your silverware to prevent tarnish

A drop or two of 3-in-One on the hard-turning handle of the gas stove, makes "light" work.

3-in-One beats soap on the runners of a drawer that sticks

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When gayly clad in summery things to match the beauty of the radiant out-of-doors, women must heed well the selection of the dainty, *unrevealed* items of dress.

For summer makes most imperative demands upon the wardrobe and invariably places greater emphasis on silk hosiery and lingerie than any other season.

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(Continued from Page 116)

clear to the net, ready to kill Susie's return. Susie stooped and lobbed, lobbed for the backhand corner. Dancing on her base line, Susie watched Henriette desperately check herself, start back for that lob, leap high in the air, just fail to reach it.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, what a surprise!" chanted the voice to Susie.

Susie, waiting for Henriette's next service, wondered if that lady would have the hardihood to run in again. She was running in, only the failure to reach that lob had made her cautious. She was coming slowly. Susie let loose. Susie shot the ball down the side line like a bullet. Henriette failed to get her racket on it.

Susie, alert on her base line, studied Henriette's gesture. Would she run in a third time?

"We are so tricky, so very, very tricky!" sang the voice. "We'd like to try a short one—a very, very short one!"

Susie nodded, her eyes on Henriette. The man with the voice had guessed it. Henriette served with an excellent imitation of her full swing, but the ball popped, spinning, off her racket, barely cleared the net. Susie was there. Susie was on it. With a flick of her wrist she cut it over and along the net. Henriette was caught flat-footed on her own base line. The game stood at love-forty in Susie's favor. One more point and she would break through Henriette's service.

"Now we're mad—mad—mad!" chanted the voice. "Now we've got to run in—run in—run in!"

Again Susie nodded. Henriette would run in, a little cautiously for fear of a lob. Now was the time for that ripping drive at her feet.

Henriette's service came full on Susie's forehand. Susie stepped in and hit—hit full and free with all the top spin there was. The ball crossed the net at a speed that promised to carry it out of court, and then ducked—ducked as the top spin took effect—at Henriette's feet. Henriette stooped low—Henriette laid the lower edge of her racket to the ground for a half-volley. The ball popped up over the net, would have dropped in the middle of Susie's court. But Susie was on her toes now. Susie caught it while it was still shoulder high. Susie hit it straight at Henriette. The ball struck her ankle.

Susie had won a love game—Susie had broken through service. The score was four-three in her favor and it was her turn to serve.

The voice was silent as Susie took her place to serve. The voice was no longer necessary. Susie had let loose. Susie ran out the set.

She turned to the side line now. She had ten minutes in which to rest. She walked grinning toward the Crackinthorpes. She couldn't help laughing aloud as she came close to them. For once the Crackinthorpes had lost their imperturbability. The major was hoarse, as if he had been yelling his head off—so hoarse that he had to whisper. Mrs. Crackinthorpe's hat was over one ear as she picked up Susie's polo coat and flung it around her.

"My dear!" she cried. "My dear!"

She threw her arms around Susie and hugged her. And Susie, yielding to the hug, looked over her shoulder, looked for some sign of the young man who had coached her from somewhere along this side line. A tall young man with a nice, homely grin—a young man in flannels came toward her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and Susie knew instantly that it was he. "I suppose one shouldn't yell at a tennis match." Susie smiled up at him. "But all the French were yelling and it seemed only fair," he finished.

Susie held out her hand. He took her hand.

"My name is Trevis," he said.

"You're from Chicago," Susie said.

"Yes," he grinned.

"I thought so," Susie said. It was only then that she thought to ask herself what the Crackinthorpes would think of so unconventional a proceeding. But the Crackinthorpes were too busy with their own excitement to notice anything. In another moment they were surrounded by reporters, photographers, sympathizers.

"I suppose you know you've got the lady where you want her," the young man said to Susie.

"I think I can beat her now," Susie said.

"You've pulled her cork, absolutely," Mr. Trevis said. "All you need to do is to keep on going for another three games and she'll crack."

"I've got to hitting now," Susie said. "I think I can keep on. But if I forget, you'll remind me, won't you?"

The young man grinned happily.

"You really didn't mind my yelling at you?" he said.

"You know I didn't," Susie told him. "You waked me up just in time."

"I was afraid she had the jump on you," he admitted. "I was afraid you weren't ever going to let loose. It was the nerviest thing I ever saw; the way you did let loose. And it got her—got her goat, absolutely. She'll crack in this last set."

It came out as the young man promised. Henriette cracked in the third game under Susie's reckless fire. After that anybody could have beaten her.

III

SUSIE never quite knew how Mr. Trevis managed to attach himself to the dinner party Major Crackinthorpe insisted on giving that night at the Grand Palais Hotel. Perhaps the major didn't know either. More people kept appearing, until there were twenty at the table. More kept coming after that. Susie had no idea where they all came from. Susie did not pay very much attention. She was too happy. And she was waiting for a chance to have a real talk with Mr. Trevis, to find out if he were really as nice as he seemed to be, and what he was like. Her only fear was that the Crackinthorpes would think she ought to go to bed at nine o'clock, as she always had. She was prepared to fight that.

Young Mr. Trevis had a better idea. He came over and sat beside Susie and said in a low voice, "Do you ever dance?"

Susie looked at him gravely.

"I'd love to," she said.

"Suppose, then, we sneak off under the cover of all this noise and find that jazz band. It's a regular Chicago jazz band."

Together they slipped out of the room and down the corridor. They danced three dances very happily together.

"There's a thing I'm specially fond of that they haven't played," he confided to Susie. "I'm going to ask them to play it, if you don't mind."

"What is it?" Susie asked.

"It's a jolly roughneck thing," he said. "It's called So That's the Kind of a Girl You Are."

"Oh," said Susie.

It was a grand dance, and afterward Mr. Trevis asked her if she wouldn't sit out on the mezzanine. Susie said she would. So they did.

"You see," he explained, "that song has come to mean something special to me. I want to tell you about it. But first I want to tell you how I happened to be there this afternoon."

"Yes," Susie said. She had an odd feeling, half fear and half delight, that something particularly nice was about to happen.

"I fell in love with your picture," he said abruptly. "It sounds silly, but it's just so. I fell in love with it the first time I saw it in a Sunday paper—a year ago. I was in the Argentine then, selling farm machinery, and you were playing at Forest Hills.

"This fall they sent me to Russia. I was in Leningrad when I heard that you were playing on the Riviera. I came as fast as I could. I got here yesterday. I wanted to see you play. I wanted to meet you—if I could."

He paused.

Susie felt a curious tension in the silence. She had to break it.

"I've never liked my photographs," she said. "They make me look so—like such a little simpleton. They make me look like ——"

"Like what?" Mr. Trevis asked gently.

"Like a little girl who's never been kissed," Susie said.

"Have you been kissed?" he asked.

"No," Susie said. "Not really," she added honestly.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I suppose I am really—just like my pictures," Susie said.

"And why shouldn't you be?"

"I don't want always to be like that," Susie said. "What I'd really like to be like is ——" She hesitated.

"Like what?"

"Like the girl in that song—So That's the Kind of a Girl You Are."

"Only you can't."

"Only I can't," Susie said, knowing she could—knowing for the first time that she could.

"Of course," Mr. Trevis said. "That's been my dream about you—that you could some day—be like that—for me."

The music began again. The band was playing it over again—So That's the Kind of a Girl You Are. Mr. Trevis stood up.

"I shouldn't have told you all this so soon," he said. "Let's dance."

He put his arm around her.

"Let's dance out here," he said.

"Let's," Susie said.

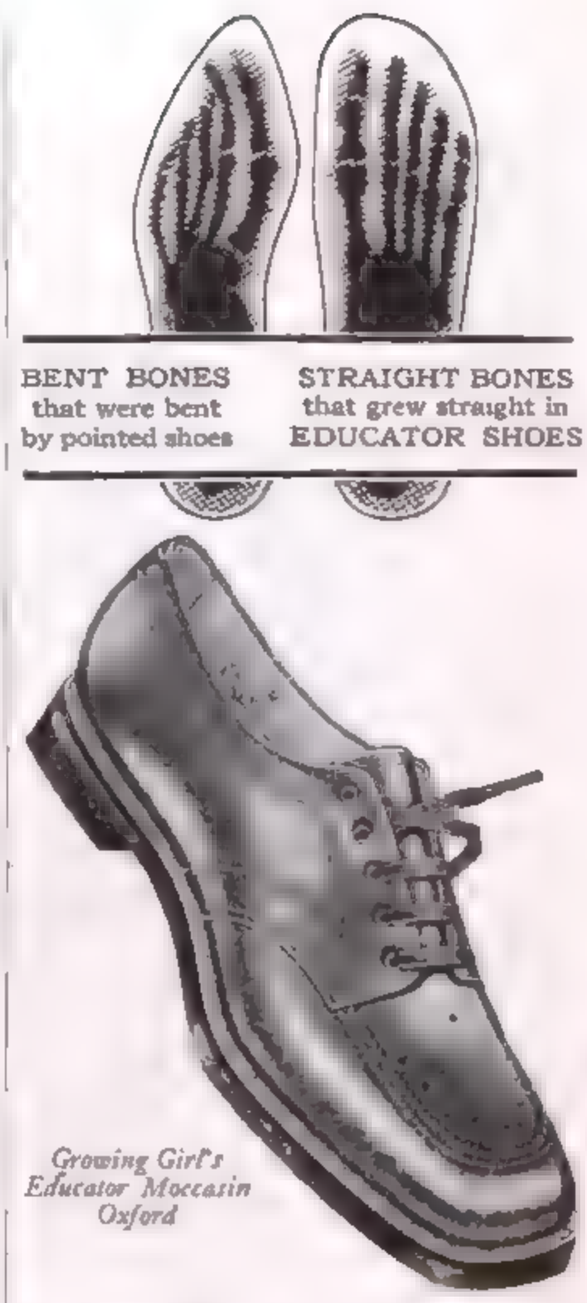
They danced. They danced with a singular harmony together. They stood facing each other, his arm still around her, when the music ceased. Susie knew he was going to kiss her. The thought crossed her mind that she oughtn't to let him, but she wanted him to. Susie looked up at him. He kissed her.

"So that's the kind of a girl you are," he said gently.

"I don't know," Susie said. "I only know that's the first time I ever, really, let anybody kiss me."

"Then there is a chance that my dream about you may come true."

"Just a chance," Susie said.



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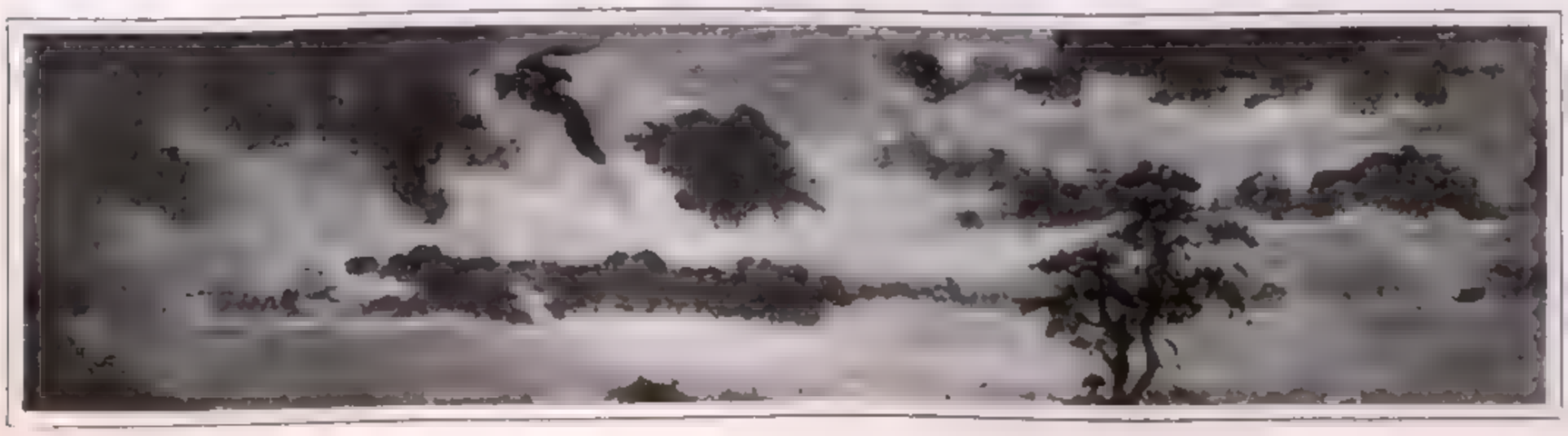


HER HEART AND HEADLINES

(Continued from Page 17)

Hardly had he entered his office when his telephone buzzed.

"Is this you, Tom?" said a voice. "It's Sally Duncan. Can you come to a dinner I'm giving for Olivia Winship? . . . Wednesday night? . . . Splendid. Isn't she a darling? I'll put you next her."

Preston hung up, scowling. He would have to warn Olivia; she must not let herself in for that Duncan crowd if she wanted to stay in Rockton and get a divorce nicely. Rockton was a small city and expected a prospective divorcee to conduct herself like a candidate for Congress. Sally Duncan was an energetic, vulgar, but amusing soul, whose parties Preston, in his youth, had considered splendid. Her platform was pleasure, her husband's was the horse. Few of her guests could have passed the intelligence test, but they had mastered the art of having a noisy, intense good time. They never went to bed while there was a floor to dance on, or as long as there was a pack of cards on the table. Few of them knew the inside of an office. Once Tom had spent his week-ends with just such young people, but now, when they came to Rockton summers, he was uncomfortable with them. They made him feel stodgy and a little old.

All that day and late into the night he stayed at his office, preparing a brief. The next morning he was in court. Late that afternoon, when he came back to his office, limp and hot, he telephoned Freda Haven.

"What about some golf?" he asked her.

She replied in her brief way that it was too beastly hot. "Oh, come on, Freda," he said cajolingly. "I haven't had any exercise for two days."

"Can't you get some man?"

"Oh, Lord, they're all signed up or gone home. Come on." She finally said she would if he'd come up and get her. She was too weak, absolutely, to drive a car.

This sally made Tom smile. Freda was one of those girls—she was twenty-three—who are always trying to see if they can lift the hind wheels of a flivver with one hand. She was waiting for him on the steps of her father's house in a pale-blue sports frock, and a rose-colored hat was pulled over her shock of yellow hair. Tom thought her handsome in a healthy, athletic way; her mania was golf, and her great violet-blue eyes were so rarely stirred by anything other than the thrill of a good drive that Tom had never noticed them. Freda had been a childhood playmate of his little sister, and he considered her rather objectionably self-centered in her prowess at golf. She lived on a schedule, followed a system of training prescribed for her by a professional, and kept record of every game she played on a big chart in her bedroom. She permitted herself to dance only once a week, when she could be seen in a short chiffon frock industriously doing the Charleston.

"You don't look fagged," said Tom as she climbed in. "Don't scratch that paint."

"It's my soul that's sick," she snapped. "I had to go to a lunch for that Mrs. Winship. Mrs. Sherman gave it; the air was full of hints as to why this beautiful dark woman had come to live among us. I had to eat lobster and asparagus."

"She's not well—this Mrs. Winship. I happen to know her. She's here to rest."

"Rest!" said Freda. "Haw-haw-haw! Every woman in Rockton is trying to give a party for her. She won't have much chance to rest. Next week Mrs. Francis Bay is giving a garden party, and the Dexters are having a dinner before the dance at the club, and there are all those Cocksledge people, and she's promised to sing at the tea Mrs. Max Walker is having for the benefit of Ignorant and Ill-nourished Babies. That society, I mean. Gosh, she will be sick if she stays here! Have you an idea of what women eat at a luncheon?"

He hadn't. He was amazed at this speedy capture by Olivia of the social stage. Yet Olivia had always liked gayety.

"She's a very charming woman, Freda," he said reprovingly. "I hope you'll get to know her."

"Don't worry," said Freda firmly. "I'm not her style. In the first place, she doesn't bother with younger women, and in the second place, she's a nut; and I'm a nut, and nuts never care about each other."

"What do you mean?" he asked. Freda's crazy talk was bewildering.

"I'm a nut about golf and she's a nut about men. She's the queen type. I saw it all coming, there, this afternoon. She's a beautiful woman. In two weeks' time she'll be running everything in Rockton, or she'll want to know why. She has the gift of impressing ordinary women, because she's so sweet, and so pretty, and so feminine. But of course what she really likes is men. I know."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know. Now I'm a golf champion, but if some man I liked came along I might give it all up. But no matter who she married, she'd never give up anything."

He would not please Freda by telling her how right she probably was. As he slowed up at the door of the clubhouse he was conscious of annoyance at this child's acuteness.

"She used to be a friend of mine, Freda," he said. "That's why I'd like you to like her."

"Oh, my dear. Don't tell me she's an old flame," said Freda, chuckling, as she got out. "So Cleopatra has returned to claim her own."

"You shut up," he said nastily.

When they met upon the green, with two admiring caddies, Freda had climbed into that higher air in which she dwelt while playing her darling game. A little group of fat and elderly men stood around to watch her, and poked fun at Tom for daring to play against this wizard. But Tom was good in his way, and Freda favored him because he was dumb as an ox on the course, and rarely spoke to her. She was free, against the vast amphitheater of sun and sky and grass, to match her soul against the ball.

She went off into a trance at the first drive, as if to wall off distractions and the gaze of the curious. What she was really thinking as she swung her club and followed with her eye the tiny speeding ball was: "When will this fool find out that I love him?"

The fool drove off, and they slung silently down the fairway, Freda somewhat ahead, conscious only of that woman who had outdazzled her at lunch, who had also some place in Tom Preston's past. He was almost ten years older than she, and it was last winter, when she had suddenly realized herself as a young woman, that she dared to conceive him as a possible lover. Suddenly she had become aware of him as something other than her best friend's grumpy elder brother. Yet he treated her with amused condescension. Never once had he noticed how her eyes became stars when they looked upon him, nor had he realized that her dumb silences on the golf course were due to her fright. Last spring, when she had returned from the resorts where she had won several cups, he asked her to play with him. He was amazed at her game, and they had played intermittently ever since. It was her only contact with him, for at parties and dances he was always too concerned with other women to bother with her.

Now the coming of this Mrs. Winship would finish him off. What had she, a husky, rising champion, to offer for his romantic eye? Yet she had splendid nerves.

On the sixth hole he said, after she drove, "I never saw you playing better."

"It must be love," she answered flippantly.

"I'd like to see the poor shivering man," he said. "It would take a brave man to fall in love with you."

"Why?" she demanded snappishly. "Am I not fair?"

He shook his head. "Some man might marry you rashly. But a man needs to be soothed as well as charmed. Why, if I married you, just when I needed you I'd come home to find you gone South playing the All Northeastern Handicap."

"I love golf," she answered irrelevantly.

"I know you do. And you're darn good at it. I can't see you exchanging it for anything else. Not just now."

"You don't know me," she said. "A hot, romantic heart burns in my breast. Are you going to drive or stand there all night?" She watched him with satisfaction, and then walked along beside him, humming a raucous little tune. So that was what he thought of her, was it?

That night Olivia rang up and asked him to run over. He hoped and feared to find her alone, but he was annoyed when he found the Duncans from Cocksledge there, obviously waiting for a fourth to play bridge.

"You tall hermit," sang out Mrs. Duncan, "you haven't been near us all summer. But now, I think"—and she made an arch face—"we'll be seeing you."

"Don't count on me to entice him," said Olivia sweetly. "I shouldn't lift my little finger." She stared at him benignly out of her black-fringed eyes, as if to take in all his amusing points. Never had she seemed so beautiful to him. She was in white, and she had wrapped around her a dull-blue shawl, embroidered in silver, which emphasized the bony, effortless beauty of her body. Against the horsy, emphatic gayety of Mrs. Duncan she seemed like a pale flower. Mrs. Duncan was very funny in her raucous way, and it was unnecessary for anyone to say more than "What's that?" "Oh, no," or "Did he really kiss her?" all evening. She got into perfect hysterics telling how she dropped a cup of tea down someone's best lace dress, all the while playing marvelous bridge, and never missing anybody else's mistakes.

"Did you go to college?" asked Preston curiously.

"College!" she shrieked. "Did you hear that, Alec? Tom wants to know if I went to college. My dear fellow, the college couldn't turn out a product like me. I'm a self-made woman."

She outraged all of Tom's ideas of what a woman married ten years should be. She referred to Alec's flirtations as lightly as her own; she was like a character in a sophisticated, moneyed, essentially vulgar comic strip.

As for Alec, he spent the evening teasing Olivia and giving her insinuating looks out of his slanting, greenish eyes.

"Thank God, they've gone," said Tom, at 12:30. He had deliberately outstayed them. "How can I face dinner at their house?"

"Why, Tom!" said Olivia, stopping in her tracks by the table, where she was collecting glasses. "All evening I thought to myself, 'How good this is for Tom. He seems to be enjoying himself.' You're too puritanic. You didn't use to be so white and immaculate in the old days."

"I was a different man then," he said bitterly; "and you know why. Besides, I've lived here three years."

"Stupid, stodgy, little American cities. Why is it that they look so perfectly charming and can do such stifling things to people?"

"They're like women," he said meanly. "I beg your pardon."

Her eyes were wide open and filled with a peculiar poignancy. "Must you take my heart into your brutal hands and tear it to pieces?" her eyes said. It was one of Olivia's most practiced and effective glances, but it was the first time she had exerted it upon Tom. He stepped over to her, but she held up a delicate hand.

"No, no, no; simply don't speak that way to me," she said, and went on picking up ash trays.

"But really, those people, Olivia," he said. "They're not fit to be with you that salacious gossip, and that Alec with his nasty looks."

"Not another word," she said maternally. "I have known both of those people since the baby-carriage days. I don't like everything they do, but I like them. You are never able to separate people from their acts. They are not my whole world in New York, neither will they be in Rockton. Look at this"—she dashed into the hall, and returned with a silver bowl—"look who has called on me, and whose calls I shall return." They were all there—the bishop and his wife, Mrs. Frederick Fries Gossell, Mrs. Hamilton Elkins, Mrs. Haven, the mother of Freda, all the Faxons and Kennolleys and Actons. The best, most representative and most respectable people of Rockton had let Olivia know that they would like to know her.

"Now, isn't this sweetly respectable?" she demanded.

"Well, it's impressive," said Preston, dropping the cards into the bowl. "I hope you behave."

"I always behave in the right place. Is this little Haven girl this woman's daughter?"

Tom started. "Little Freda? Yes, that's her mother. Mrs. Van Voorhess Haven—she's proud Dutch."

"Her daughter's a proud little beauty."

"Beauty?" He looked at her as if she were crazy. "I never should say that. She's a great golfer, but not beautiful."

Olivia shook her head. "Wait and see. I give her about three years. If there's one thing I can pick it's a beautiful woman."

"Why?"

"Competition," she said, "and a long experience in the trade. Please go home now—before we fight again."

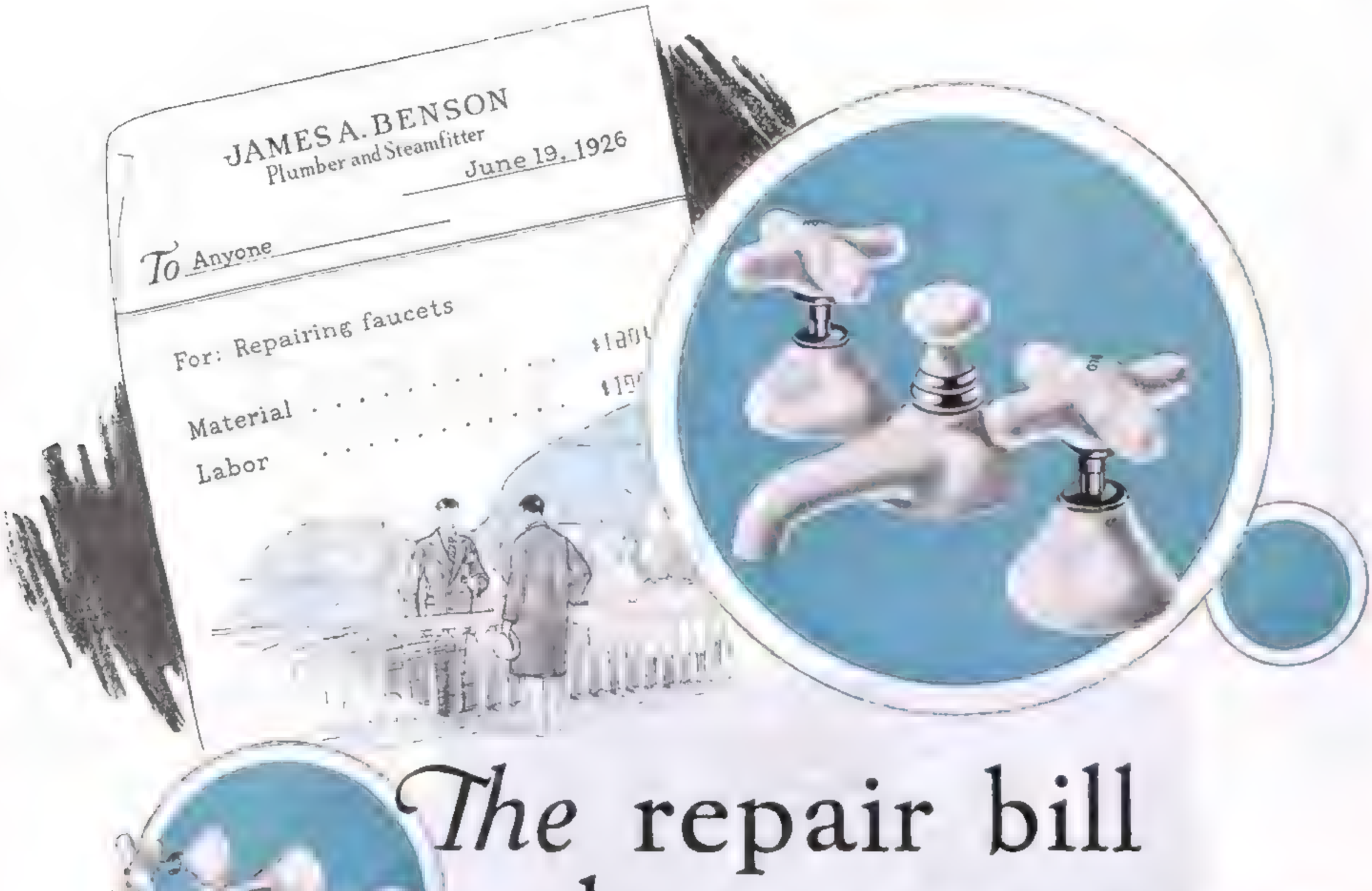
He went.

Knowing Olivia as he knew her—and yet forgot whenever he was with her—Tom was bewildered at the ease with which she conquered Rockton. Of course she was lovely to look at, she had money, and a blur of important social connections. Also there hovered around her the romantic loneliness of a woman left innocently—so they said—without her lawful mate. To no one but Tom had she talked of her contemplated divorce. Her husband, said Rockton, was a strange scientist who preferred to bury himself in Central America, or Arizona or Ithaca, digging for something. What a woman to be buried in the desert! How she shone in Rockton, what gayety and glamour she added to the leisurely summer life of that pleasant city by the sea!

Preston hovered about her discreetly enough, and he was often at her house. People noticed his devotion, but he was regarded as such a compressed, well-behaved pattern of eligibility that no one could have suspected the turmoil in his heart. He was less disturbed because he had fallen in love with a married woman than because he had succumbed again to the deadlier charms of the same siren who had swept away, a few years ago, the romantic illusions of his youth. He could not help himself. He worked all day and he went out every night, iron faced, tight lipped, singularly personable, in the hope that at this house or that he would find Olivia and be able to take her home. Once or twice a week he boldly invaded her house, and sat sullenly watching her as she chattered at the bridge table, or lay, indolently and superbly idle, on the chintz-covered divan.

If she suspected his condition she was discreetly dumb about it. Yet she tortured him and flattered him by making him her confidant, her arbiter. She discussed with him lawyers, divorces, decrees, marriage, the changing state of morals, and whether or not she would ever be happy. These things became divinely significant to him; he was as happy to answer her questions,

(Continued on Page 125)



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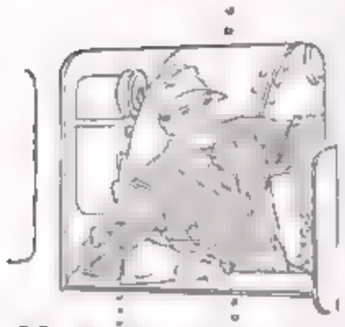

N.Y.C. 14-31E

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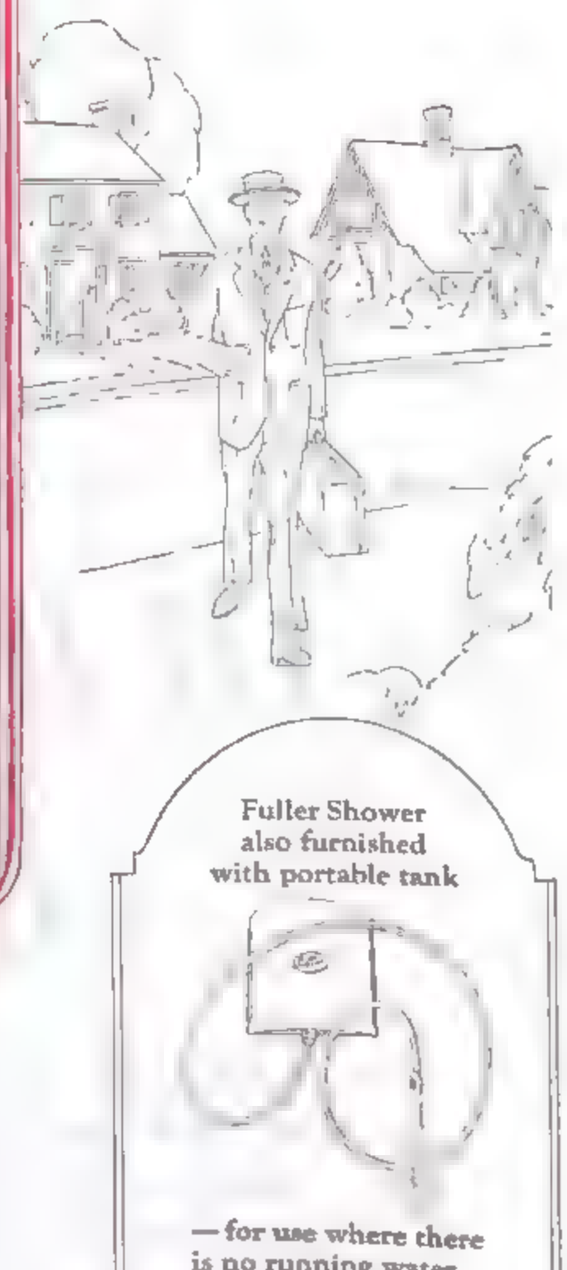

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— for the camp

— for the cottage

FULLER BRUSHES

For personal use, too

(Continued from Page 120)

to fix her philosophy, as he would normally have been over winning a case before the Supreme Court.

Once a week, perhaps, he played golf with Freda, when she had time. She was busy running around from tournament to tournament, all over the Atlantic seaboard, and Preston, who was able to forget Olivia on a golf course, was annoyed, when he telephoned Freda's house, to find her away.

When she was at home now, she often replied, "Sorry, dear bean, but I'm resting up for tomorrow's slaughter."

Her picture had been twice in the New York papers; she was expected to win the New England States All Open in late August. Next year, she said to him on one of the rare afternoons when they strode intensely around the course, she expected to win the National.

"You aim high, don't you?" he said. Olivia was right; this cocky, self-confident chit was easy to look at. "Your eyes are absolutely violet," he said, staring at them. To his amazement, she blushed—a tender, painful, youthful blush.

"You think so?" she said, her lips parted. "You really think so? Now I shall die happy."

If she only weren't so flippant. "Whenever are you going to grow up?" he asked her, like a father.

"I thought I was now," she said complainingly. "What is there any worse than this?" If he had any inkling of what ailed her he did not show it. Her miserable eyes followed him as he strode away to hook a ball out of the rough, and she limply addressed herself to one of her own matchless mashie shots. She hardened her little face into the resolute mask the newspaper photographers knew so well. "My golfing face," she called it, "behind which I mask my pain."

He had, however, thought she was pretty, and he was still anxious to play with her. She knew what the matter was with him; she was subtle enough to realize that when a man is awakened to another woman's beauty, he is quick to feel it, notice it, all about him.

She went one night to the musicale at Mrs. Walker's for the Ignorant and Illnourished Babies. Mrs. Duncan pounced on her in the hall, dragging after her a young man, a nephew of Mrs. Duncan's, who had lately won the Pacific Coast Championship and had come East to rise higher.

"Freda," she had shouted, "come right here. This is my nephew, Godfrey Stackhouse—yes, that's his name, but his friends never call him that. Now do take him in and see that he enjoys himself. He's almost as good a golf player as you are." She left the two young things staring coldly at each other.

"Well," said Freda, "what do they call you?"

"Loony. It sounds silly, but it suits me." He was fair and ruddy, and he was smiling at her as if she mattered. "I rebelled against meeting any women champions, but I changed my mind the minute I saw you."

"How superior you are!" said Freda impertinently. "I take it, you are a male?" They sat themselves down on camp chairs in the back of the drawing-room and prepared themselves to be bored. It was a warm night, and through the long open windows Freda could see the branches of the great trees moving, could hear the mysterious soughing and moaning that suggested a thunderstorm later. If she could only steal into that gusty darkness and search under the trees for someone——

She turned, at the sound of the piano, to meet the clear blue eyes of Godfrey fixed upon her. Imperceptibly she shook her head; but he did look a dear—perhaps they could play a foursome. The piano crashed, and she saw the lovely Mrs. Winship, standing exquisitely placed, her lovely cool, composed hands in front of her. Freda felt a twinge of pain, of envy, of fear. This creature, all green chiffon and twisted silver threads, could sing too. She did not squirm or twist herself or struggle to produce the sound; her voice, rich and full and romantic, floated easily out into the night. Freda could not bear this evidence of another's charm. She turned her head to stare at the wall, and saw that Tom Preston had stepped in from the veranda, and was standing there staring at the singer as a child might stare at an enchantress. He had a haggard, white look, like a man in a romantic novel, and when she stopped he did not clap but turned out again into the night.

The singing had ended. Her singing voice had a peculiar power over Tom. It was all so much in the picture. She was so much the figure of the glamorous enchantress when she sang that his mind could no longer resist the clamor of his heart. This night he turned away from the house and strode down through the shrubbery. The next day he invented a trip to New York, and when he came back, four days later, his mind was made up. He telephoned Olivia and found that she was dining out but expected to be home at ten. He would see her, tell her his feelings and offer her his life. Then, because he had nothing else to do, he called up Freda.

"Hello," he said. "What about some golf?"

"Oh, dear, no," she said huskily. "Why didn't you call before? I've just had thirty-six holes with Loony Stackhouse."

"Who?"

"Oh, nobody. Just a lad from the Golden Gate—a coming champion. We're going to Pittsfield tomorrow to play in the Berkshires. Can't you come along?"

Of course he couldn't, he replied. What did she think he was?

"Loony is a sublime player," she said. "He's right here listening to me. We're having tea. Can't you come over?"

He was annoyed. Why was he begging the companionship of this chit, who always put him off?

That chit hung up with splendid sangfroid and turned to Loony, who was eating a third piece of cinnamon toast.

"Hold off there, boy," she warned. "You've got somewhere to go tomorrow."

"Who was that?" he asked, cocking his head toward the telephone.

"Oh, just one of the older men—always asking me to go around about nine o'clock at night. Tom Preston—tall, dark, gloomy lawyer."

"Tom Preston." The boy whistled. "Gosh, he was a great one, years ago."

"In the golden nineties," she admitted, licking up crumbs with her finger tips. Her hair was a rumpled riot, short, golden, curly. Her candid, eager face, usually so alert with impudence, dimmed to a wistful dreaminess. The boy stared at her, sitting on the divan in the pleasant late afternoon. He walked over to her, frightened, immeasurably drawn.

"Freda," he said.

She turned to meet his eyes; she liked him. He was a nice boy. But he had no idea of what it was to be unhappy. She gave him her brown, sturdy hand, and to her utter surprise he bent over it with a hard, ungainly awkwardness.

"Oh, you darling," he muttered, crushing her hand. She drew it away like a shot.

"Stop," she said, pulling away. "You mustn't love me."

"Why not?"

She shook her head. The tears came into her eyes. "Because I love someone else," she said abruptly. "You may as well know."

"Are you engaged?"

"Of course not," she snapped. "He doesn't even know I love him."

"You mean ——" he faltered. The thing was impossible. How could anyone see her and not love her? "This person doesn't know you love him?"

She nodded. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes," she gasped. Then she said fiercely, "I don't want to say another word. He lives far away from here. Oh, in another country. Now please don't ever mention it to me again."

He promised he wouldn't. She became more marvelous to him, more and more romantic because she had made herself inaccessible. They sat talking sadly about whether either of them would ever be happy, until Freda's mother came in from a bridge party, and told them, for heaven's sake, to go and get themselves washed for dinner.

"Of course, Godfrey, you'll stay for dinner."

He looked at Freda questioningly. "Of course he'll stay, mother," said Freda from the stairs. "Who does he think he is? Certainly not Romeo."

That same night Tom went over to Mrs. Winship's a little before ten. He had telephoned her and announced his coming, and she had sweetly welcomed him home. In this drawing-room, where so many times the noisy Duncans and their friends had outraged his taste, where Olivia entertained the choicest ladies of Rockton, she herself had sat, exquisite, enticing and extremely confidential. In New York he had run into a friend of his, an ethnologist from Cornell. Casually Tom had asked him if he had ever known Winship.

"Well, I shouldn't say I knew him," said his friend. "He's hard to know, and too much of a bigwig for me. But I've sat at his feet many a time while he lectured. He's a big man. He's up to something deep now."

What Winship was searching for now was completely unintelligible to Tom. Found, it would revolutionize conceptions of energy, upset all previous theories, wreck all calculations. But what it was no one seemed to know.

"Very remote fellow," said the ethnologist. "Dark and hawklike—little uncanny." Tom imagined Olivia consigned to the mercies of an indifferent hawk.

He walked restlessly up and down the drawing-room. On the tables there were delphinium and snapdragon and bowls of late roses. It was a luxurious, easy, fragrant place.

A car drove up to the door, he heard voices, and Olivia's step in the hall. A maid appeared and said something about a telegram.

"Mr. Preston is waiting," she added. Tom stood by the fireplace, awaiting Olivia's pleasure. But she came at once through the door, making one of those effective entrances which were amusing because she so obviously staged them. A tinge of hard brilliancy clung to her, the remnant of the mask she wore when playing up to people she didn't know very well. The instant she saw him she relaxed.

"Tom, you dear," she said, and came over to him and took his hand. He ached to take her, with all her superficial glamours, into his arms. But he must talk and explain, urge her to hasten her divorce.

"Olivia," he said, sitting down beside her. But she had forgotten the telegram until now. She smiled at him as she tore it open and flicked the envelope into his face.

"Just one second, impatient one," she cried. She suspected what might be coming, but she was never put off by romantic scenes; they were the breath of life to her. She bent her head over the yellow paper as she flattened it out, and as she read what was evidently a long message her face took on a look of sober, disturbed excitement. She took the telegram in her two hands, as if to hold it firmly, and then she jumped to her feet and began to walk up and down the room.

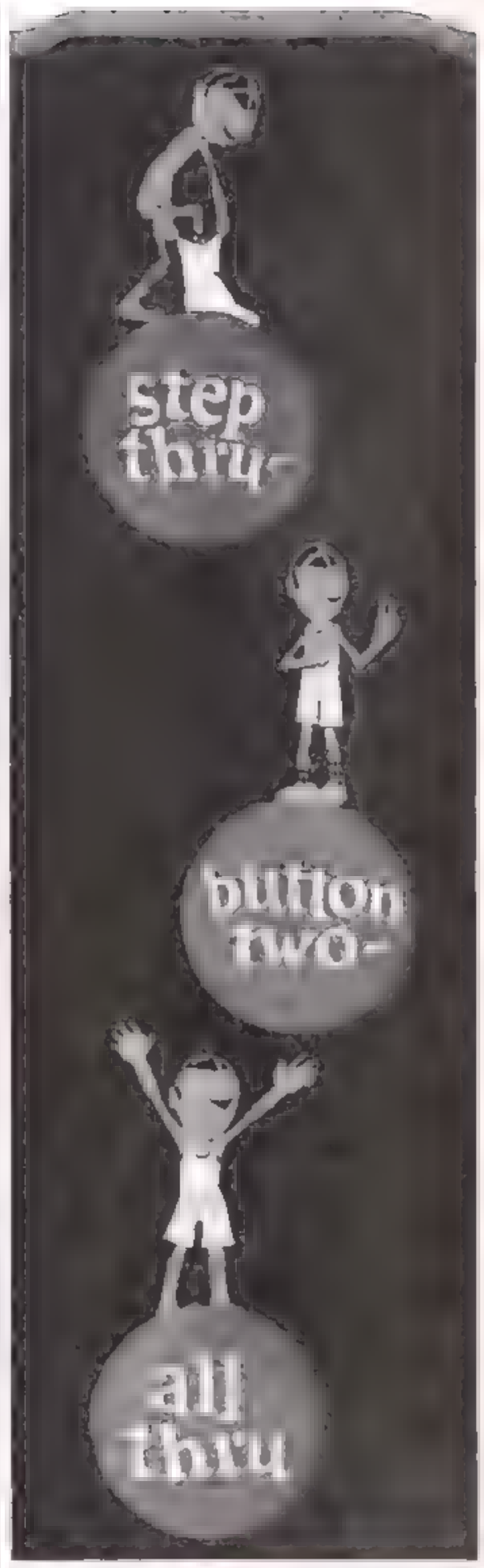
"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, as if something quite beyond her powers of realization had happened.

"Olivia," he asked, "what has happened?" He crossed to her, his arms went around her.

"Look," she said distractedly. "See what has happened."

He took the telegram and read:

Olivia, success at last. Sarnoff and Creswell agree experiments prove beyond doubt isolation of zomion. Papers will have story tomorrow. Expect tremendous pressure for weeks. Must have you with me in New York. All labor of years in vain if you will not join me. Experiments with Sarnoff have kept me from writing. Plan trip to



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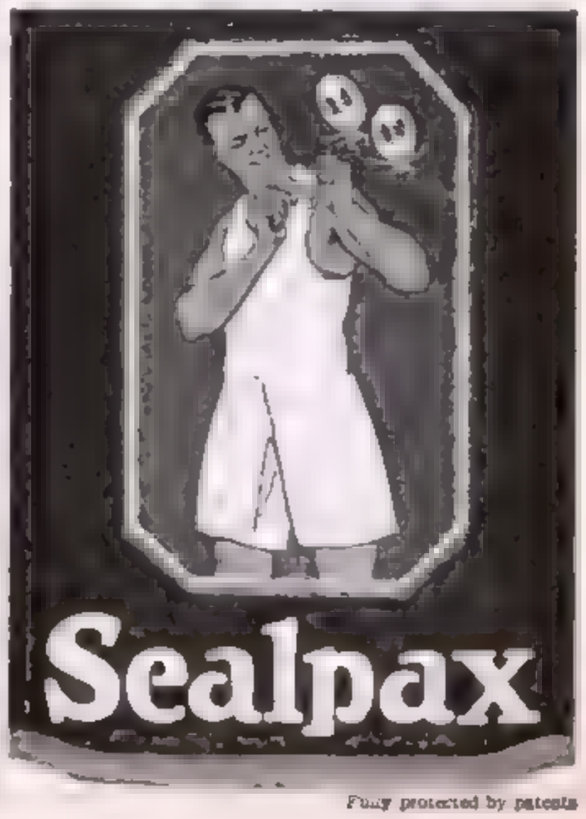

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"Oh, dear," wailed Olivia distressedly, "why does this have to happen? Oh, dear, oh, dear."

"Of course," said Tom bitterly, "you won't go?" To him the telegram was the telegram of a great and brilliant man, but an immense egotist nevertheless.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," continued Olivia, as if he had not spoken. Abruptly she sat down to read the telegram again. Perhaps she was envisaging her dark, impenetrable husband on those adventures in Tibet, in Ragusa, where they stopped on their honeymoon, where they had first quarreled. She was foreseeing, perhaps, new crowds, new thrills, new fame—and her husband, so charming in his interludes between isolation, the center of it all. She saw herself with him, sharing the glory.

Perhaps Tom could read the subtle workings of her imagination. He came over to the divan and half knelt upon it.

"Oh, you couldn't," he said. "You couldn't."

"Please, Tom," she said, a little wearily, "I've got to think. Do you mind?"

Already she seemed to be weighing things, projects, of which he would know nothing. She had become a considering tactician. He got unhappily to his feet and went out through the French windows, hardly remembering why he had come.

The next day the New York papers and the small-town papers carried on the front page the story of Winship and his zomion. No one understood what it was all about, but the excitement of scientists all over the world was contagious. Olivia's husband was another Einstein; there was no doubt about that.

"Of course," said Tom's mother, "she'll join him."

"I shouldn't be surprised." Why hadn't he known it in the beginning? Olivia was no doubt packing now. The sight of the newspapers would hasten her flight. She would not want to miss the photographers before the story grew stale.

To clear his mind, he stopped at her house on the way downtown. On the steps were two photographers and the local reporters. A maid was telling them that Mrs. Winship would see them at once. He met Olivia in the hall, gloriously fair in a new black-and-white frock from Paris, and his eyes accused her.

"Come in here," she said competently, and telling the photographers to wait she led him into the library and shut the door.

"I'm going, Tom," she said. "It's time I went, too, because you're falling in love with me again. I know the signs. I'm not good enough for you. But I suit Mart and he suits me. I suppose I like all this excitement, and these quarrels, and this separation. It adds piquancy to marriage. While you, dear Tom——" She left his demands undescribed.

"Why couldn't you have told me this before," he asked, "when my reason was still working?"

"Why?" she asked. "Because that's the truth about me, and that's for you to find out. Now, perhaps you know. Martin understands me. He knows why I leave him and how to get me back."

"Have you left him before?"

"Twice," she said. "Somehow something always breaks to lure me back. It must be fate."

"Fate!" he said disgustedly.

"Tom, you're so serious," she groaned. "Are you going to suffer again?"

"No!" he roared. "No, I'm not!"

"Sh-h-h," she cried. "Think of those reporters."

"It's a big story—if they only knew it," he said. "When are you going?"

"On the ten o'clock; I'm going straight through. I'll be back in a week or so after my things. Or I can have the maids pack them up and send them."

The telephone rang in the hall. "Well," he said, "good-by." He looked at her as forgivingly as he could. It was not her fault that he had fallen in love with her again, not her fault he had failed to remember how much more she loved excitement than men.

"This will be good for you, Tom," she said nobly as she left him to answer the telephone.

He made his way out through the increasing horde of photographers.

Within a fortnight he started for Europe. It was a quixotic and obvious gesture, but he was too annoyed and weary with his world to care for that. He was tired of Rockton, of its people, of his work, of the disciplined regularity of his life. His firm agreeably dug up a case in England as a pretext, and accorded him a two months' vacation. He sailed with no hope of regaining his illusions in Continental adventure, but because contemplation of other people's antics might dull him to a sense of his own folly.

Before he sailed, he called at the Havens'. Freda, he had read in the paper, was playing golf somewhere in Connecticut, and he wondered whether he might run into her in New York. But her mother, a vigorous, handsome woman with a commanding maternal manner, disabused him of that.

"I'm sorry, Tom," she said decidedly; "because I know she'd like to see you. But she's been absolutely ordered by both her father and me to stay right there at her Aunt Rose's in Pittsfield until they sail for Europe." They were Aunt Rose and Uncle Charles. "She sprained her wrist last week in Greenwich—yes, my dear, puts her out for the rest of the season, although I must say I'm glad—perhaps we'll know where she is now part of the time"—and much more of this sort, heavily italicized, while she flashed a needle back and forth in an intricate piece of Italian punch work. "It's too bad, though," she went on, lifting her clear, considering eyes to his, "that she couldn't see you. She's fond of you, Tom, in her funny way."

"I'm glad of that," he said.

That very night she sat down and wrote her daughter a long letter about the new people in the Green house, and what the dressmaker said about the lemon-colored chiffon, and inserted casually that Tom Preston had called and what a nice fellow he was, and he seemed awfully sorry not to see her, because he was going to Europe. Had she read the clippings about that Mrs. Winship, and wasn't it exciting; although, as for herself, she had never—and so on and so forth.

Six weeks later, perhaps, Tom reached Paris, after a melancholy pilgrimage through Belgium and Northern France. It was the middle of September and the American rush was departing. The trees on the Champs-Élysées were faintly yellow, the sky at sunset was flaring, fiery, with hints of rain in its gloomy undertones. The city was a pleasurable maze in which a man might lose himself.

Nothing much happened. He put up at a little hotel off the Faubourg St.-Honoré, where he had stayed during the war, and began the aimless wandering of a man familiar with Paris and in love with her.

One noon he lunched with a friend who had a flat on the left bank. This friend was a lawyer who had never been able to go home after the war. His chief interests were his passion for making the most of the Gallic comforts of life and his fervor against American puritanism. His flat had a charming view of housetops and the Seine; Tom got from him a magnificent lunch and an insight into the art of life. Later, comfortably warmed with wine, he wandered up the Boul' Mich' to the Rue Soufflot. There he returned and began to wander gently toward the Luxembourg Gardens, staring at bookshop windows, looking at some prints. As he entered the garden and started down the long central walk, the queer sensation began. On he went to the Observatoire, and crossed over to turn down to the Boulevard du Montparnasse. His thoughts were full of his friend, and French law, and the passion of Americans for France. All the time a light tread had been closing in upon him. He wheeled without conscious will. Freda Haven was walking toward him. What immense violet-blue eyes she had.

"For the love of heaven," he said, "where did you spring from?"

"I've been following you," she said, her eyes like stars. "I saw you near the gate. I lunched at Foyot's with Aunt Rose and some people, and when I saw you in the garden, ran after you. They thought I was crazy. Then I got frightened; I was afraid to call to you."

"Afraid? Why? What are you doing in France?"

"Oh, being feminine." They walked along, her saucy face on the level of his shoulder. Her clothes were strangely chic. She was, despite her pleasure at seeing him, remote, dignified. At home she would have slapped him noisily on the back; she had changed, she had grown up.

"What about your golf?" he asked. "How's your wrist?"

"Oh, splendid," she said airily. "But I got weary of playing. I won everything I wanted this year. I thought I'd come over with Aunt Rose. I've got me a lot of clothes."

"That's a wonderful hat."

"Yes," she conceded. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"No," he admitted. "But look here," he said, stopping on the sidewalk, "why do we go poking around here on this gorgeous afternoon? Let's get a taxi and go out to the Pré-Catelan for tea."

"Oh," she said with splendid indifference, "I'd love to. I've never been there."

He whistled for a taxi. "You'll like it," he said. "It's like fairyland."

"I wish it would be," she whispered as she got into the cab.

She had her wish.

PHOTO. FROM CHARLES H. CHERRY

Sunset on Palos Verdes Coast Near Los Angeles, California

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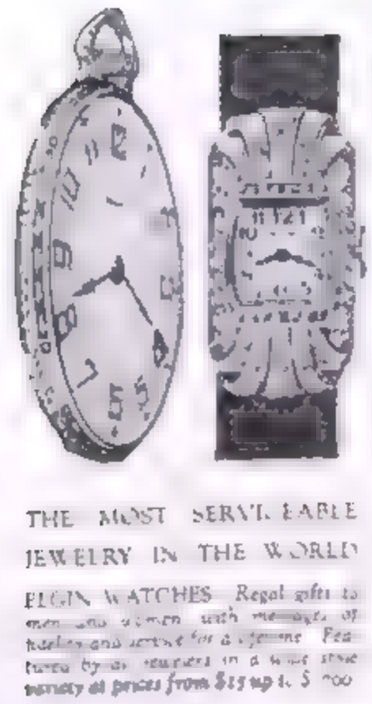

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TRIAL MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 29)

"Things just sort of ran themselves. Mother hates women who talk about their servant troubles. That's why she won't belong to bridge clubs."

Thor reflected that perhaps Adelaide was a bit too clever for her own daughter's good, but he continued the catechism paternally:

"Well then, precious, what were you working at?"

"Oh, everything! All sorts of parties, and benefits, and charity balls—I was on heaps of committees—there was always something, and nearly always costumes too. It kept one running to dressmakers all the time, besides regular clothes. And riding and tennis and golf—though I don't care much for golf, but I do love to ride!" She paused to sigh wistfully, "I think I miss that more than anything, Thor. And bridge, of course, and I went down to the Neighborhood House once a week, and to the babies' hospital, and children's day nursery ——"

"Really, darling?" He drew her a little closer, and his smile was very tender. "How sweet of you!"

She stared at him, surprised.

"But you have to do all those things, Thor! Everyone does."

"Oh—I see."

"And then there were such loads of other things, I'd never stop if I went through them all. Well, you know how it was, Thor, when you were in Midland. We hardly ever got a minute alone together."

"And so you'd like that here?"

"Oh, no, darling! It's heavenly to be with you, when you're not working! The evenings are splendid!"

Those splendid evenings were an increasing source of worry to Thor. He felt it necessary to amuse Constance after her long, dull days. Besides, she took it as a matter of course that they should go somewhere every night.

And though Thor gallantly threw away more in a week than he had formerly spent in a month, Constance perceived nothing in the situation except that it was a good thing they danced so well together—she didn't miss other partners a bit! For the first time, Constance was impressed by the extraordinary solitude of a great city, and she found it most romantic. It was like being on a desert island—with the civilized advantage of jazz.

Even when Thor at last ventured to suggest a few quiet evenings at home, the island enchantment was not dispelled. For they had not yet reached the stage when other people are essential, or mutual interests important. That Constance knew nothing of painting, and cared less, that Thor had never played polo, and minded not at all, were not, as yet, subjects for recrimination. Each was to the other, still, an undiscovered country, strange, somewhat dangerous, with the thrill of adventure, and of conquest.

And before the desert-island moon had entirely waned, Rita's arrival supplied a new interest.

XVI

RITA arrived, as she liked to, unexpectedly. One afternoon when Marcia was out, and Constance upstairs, and Thor was alone in the studio. He had let the model go, but he was still working on his picture, and when the bell rang he went to the door terribly annoyed.

Rita launched herself at him. She was wrapped in a wonderful sable cloak. A shiny black-satin hat, weighted down with a huge gardenia, obscured one eye, but the other was alert and sparkling. She seized Thor's hand with both her own, and through a thick cloud of perfume Kiss Only Me Thor heard Rita's voice enthusiastically anticipating her own welcome.

"I knew you'd be glad to see me, Thor! What must you have been thinking of me, my dear?" she cried, sailing past him into the studio, without waiting for an invitation.

And, also without being asked, she made straight for one of his canvases, and put up her lorgnette.

"Splendid, Thor! How very amusing!" she cried, with all the assurance of a recognized art critic. "What rhythm, my dear boy! A little masterpiece!"

"It's upside down, Rita," Thor told her dryly.

"Why, of course, I see that. But all the same ——"

Suddenly her interest in the picture faded. She turned her back on it, threw herself on the sofa, and allowed her beautiful cloak to slip from her shoulders and fall in a crumpled heap on the floor. On the shoulder of her black-satin frock a gardenia was perched jauntily, and around her throat she wore one simple strand of pearls, so perfectly huge that they looked exactly like the artificial pearls everyone was buying in department stores for $6.95.

"Don't bother," she murmured, as Thor stooped to pick up her coat. "It's nothing but an old rag. Give me a cigarette, and come sit by me, Thor."

He complied, silently, with both demands.

She turned upon him the full battery of her dark eyes, slightly enlivened by belladonna, and the startling cerise of her smile. And one hand, coated with Lily White Liquid, was laid upon his.

"What must you have been thinking of me, my dear?" she repeated.

"Nothing," replied Thor truthfully, if ungallantly.

She removed her hand, crushed out the cigarette Thor had given her, and opened her own case of ivory and onyx, encrusted with tiny diamonds and pearls. The cigarettes were black and white to match her costume.

"Try one of mine," she invited. "They are dipped in scent. I suppose you know that Catharine de Medici had her own private perfumes and poisons. Well, I needn't resort to poison, yet. But how do you like my new perfume, Thor?"

"Very nice."

"Ah, you are an iceberg!" she cried admiringly. "It's quite unnatural, at your age, to have so much technic."

"If you mean my painting, Rita, thanks."

She stuck out a tiny foot, in an exceedingly high heeled black-satin slipper, and looked down so intently that Thor's eyes were forced to follow, though what Rita was saying had absolutely nothing to do with slender ankles in transparent stockings.

"You must have wondered, Thor, why I haven't written. But you left my house so very hurriedly—almost secretly—without any explanation ——"

"I did nothing of the sort, Rita!" he exclaimed, sharply annoyed. "You knew I was leaving as soon as your portrait was finished."

"But, Thor!" she whispered, edging nearer, exaggerating the lifting of her eyes. Rita was so tiny she scarcely came up to Thor's chest—"heart," she would have said. "But, Thor, is it—all—finished?"

And she put a world of insinuation into "finished," implied by her tone that she and Thor had a secret. Of all Rita's tricks, this was the one he most detested!

He was about to answer her very rudely—without being aware that rudeness is only a spur to Ritas—when Constance, hearing voices, came out on the balcony, and stood there, simply transfixed, on seeing who was Thor's companion.

Rita stared up with equal amazement. Constance wore something of rose-colored chiffon that might have been called a tea gown or a negligee. Rita of course chose to call it a negligee.

"Constance Bannester!" she shrieked. "What on earth ——"

Constance came down the stairs in leisurely fashion, the train of her tea gown trailing after her, the soft chiffon wound tightly about her beautiful body, her beautiful head held high.

"Hello, Rita," she said coolly, trailing across to the sofa with outstretched hands, wide lace sleeves floating back from her bare shoulders.

Rita sprang up, and clutched her in a hectic embrace.

"Darling," she cried, tremolo, "are you and Thor—married?"

"No," replied Constance, and scorned to explain.

She sat down on the sofa.

"What are you doing here, Rita?" she asked calmly.

"But, my dear," exclaimed Rita, staring, "oughtn't I to ask you that?"

"If you consider yourself one of the world's chaperons. But I thought you wanted to be placed among the young radicals, Rita?"

"I do! Of course! I am!" cried Rita indignantly.

"Well, then ——" Constance made a gesture as if the subject was dismissed. "Let me give you some tea."

"Do you mean to say you're living here?" Rita gasped.

Thor spoke nervously.

"Constance, don't you think we ought ——"

"Thor wants me to tell you the reason for my being here," said Constance in a bored voice. "For an unconventional person, Rita, you have the most conventional suspicions."

She paused just a second before her fib, and then brought it out with perfect assurance.

"I am studying art," said Constance.

"What!" cried Rita, and Thor's voice almost joined the exclamation.

"Yes, Thor has loaned me his studio," Constance continued. "And since you are suddenly so very nineteenth century, Rita ——"

Rita winced.

"I'd better tell you that Marcia Weston is chaperoning me, and Thor has a room at a hotel."

Rita required a second to recover. Then she remarked, as airily as possible, "But, my dear girl, I don't care in the least what you do! I am quite accustomed to Bohemians the world over. Painters seldom have enough money for marriage. And, after all, money or not, one is human."

"Humanity is rather your line, isn't it, Rita?" Constance murmured sympathetically, while Thor quickly exclaimed: "Of course you know, Rita, Constance and I are engaged."

"I had guessed as much," she drawled. "But I suppose it is not to be announced until you are quite established in your career, Constance? Extraordinary! I never knew you had any talents at all. How did you happen to hit upon art?"

"Don't you wish you had thought of it first?" Constance replied impertinently. "Thor is my teacher."

"Do let me see some of your pictures!"

"Oh, I've really nothing to show yet. Only beginner's sketches."

"But I'd love to see—anything."

"Perhaps you don't know, Rita, that artists are terribly sensitive about showing their unfinished work," said Constance, in an insufferably instructive tone. "I do hope you didn't look at Thor's canvases when you came in. One should ask permission first, in any studio."

"My dear child," cried Rita unguardedly, "I was in artists' studios before ever you were born."

Constance's smile was a delicate insult. Rita struggled to collect herself, and Thor thought this a tactful time to offer his visitor a drink.

To the accompaniment of cracking ice, Rita's voice resumed the inquisition, "I suppose, darling, in spite of your very serious career, you've had a little time to play. Whom have you seen? I've just got to town. Caroline Payne? Dickie Lawrence, of course."

"Yes, I've seen Dickie," admitted Constance.

"Oh, yes, and Madge Somers. She was here for a week. You saw Madge?"

"No."

"Funny!" Rita's eyes lighted up. "Because Madge told me she saw you."

"Really?" Constance's tone was still cool.

"Why, yes! But Madge said she thought you couldn't have seen her. She didn't believe you'd deliberately cut her, even if ——"

"If what?"

"Well, even though the circumstances were a little—peculiar."

"What do you mean, Rita? When did Madge see me?"

"At the Plaza, dearest!"

Rita almost whispered this in a conspiratorial tone which implied: "I know all about it, but I'll stand by you."

Constance's voice became ice.

"What is peculiar about my being at the Plaza?"

"Well, darling, Madge said you and a blond young man seemed to be having breakfast together!"

"And is there anything wrong about breakfast?"

"Nothing at all," said Rita, with the air of one who is being broad-minded, "except its usual associations—in the average mind, I mean. Not that I ——"

Thor interrupted with the drinks.

"I was just saying to Thor, before you came down," Rita remarked sweetly, "that it was such a pity he had to leave Midland before my portrait was finished."

"But it was finished!" cried Constance, for the first time losing her cool composure.

Rita's eyes gleamed under narrowed lids. Now she would have her revenge for Constance's expert poniarding.

"Oh, I am not satisfied yet," she said with provoking superiority. "It's a nice start—a sketch—but I am quite sure Thor's attention was too much divided in Midland. Not that I blame him for that! But I thought, here—still, it would be quite as distracting here, now, wouldn't it?"

"Do you mean you want me to work on that portrait again, Rita?" Thor demanded.

"Yes. I'm sure you can improve it, if you want to," she said kindly. "I brought it along. And, of course, I shall be only too delighted to pay for it, when it is finished."

"You haven't paid Thor yet?" gasped Constance indignantly. "He never told me!"

Rita regarded her antagonist coolly.

"My dear Constance, I am not at all sure that this concerns you. Thanks for your very great interest however."

Thor interposed.

"You needn't pay for the portrait, Rita. You told me in Midland that you liked it very much, but I'll admit it never satisfied me. So let it drop."

"But, no, my dear Thor! You completely misunderstand me. I shall come for a few more sittings, and then we shall all be satisfied."

At any other time in his life, Thor would have refused, but now he needed that thousand dollars too badly.

So he swallowed his pride, and said, "Suppose we scrap the old picture, Rita, and start over."

She jubilantly saw her chance.

"I'll tell you what, Thor dear! Do a new portrait of me, and fix up the old one, too. I'll give the one I like least to the Midland Museum."

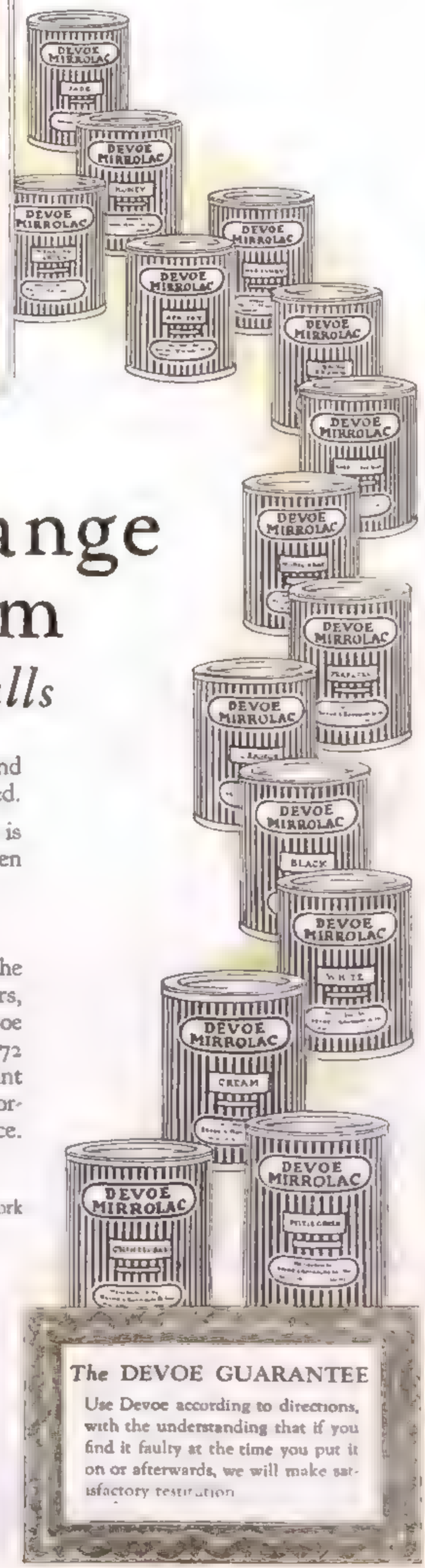
"They have two of you already," Constance reminded her.

"They've got to take this one, just the same," replied Rita firmly. "I'm giving them a new wing."

"I don't think I care to be represented by a rotten portrait," Thor protested.

(Continued on Page 133)

Practical Tests Prove Devoe Quality



Never before such a range of colors to choose from

~ *to enamel furniture, woodwork, walls*

COLOR is the modern note in decoration, not commonplace, conventional colors, but new and striking tones that add warmth and brightness to the home.

Devoe has given to Mirrolac Enamel a remarkable new range of colors—twenty-two lovely tones that follow fashion's trend and provide beauty and variety in house decoration. Dainty colors for the nursery, brilliant hues for the porch furniture, warm tones for the breakfast nook—an appropriate color for every household need.

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The DEVOE GUARANTEE

Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restoration

June 14th to July 1st

Before
You Leave
on Your
Vacation

DO THESE

1. *Visit your own Dentist for tooth inspection*

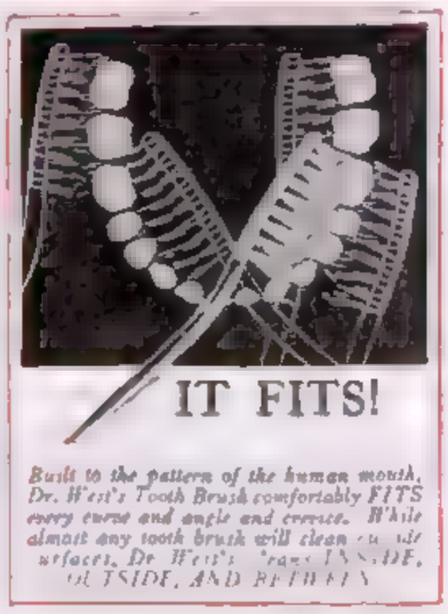
Not so many days until you turn your heels to care—and hie yourself away on your annual holiday. Happy days! Carefree and health-giving! It's no time for trouble of any sort—and tooth troubles—*heaven forbid!*

Can you imagine anything worse than a toothache when you are fishing or motoring? Or when you are mountain-climbing or playing golf? And picture the handicap and embarrassment of discolored teeth when making new friends among attractive people.

Toothache is bad enough at home when you can telephone your own dentist and get immediate attention. But it is *disaster* when you are away from home—perhaps miles from proper dental care.

Do These Two Things—Before You Go!

In the interest of all vacationists we make this timely suggestion. Visit your own dentist before you leave. That's good sense and insurance.



Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush comfortably FITS every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's "runs INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN"

Then with simple daily care with the *proper* tooth brush you need have no qualms about pain or appearance spoiling your fun.

A Fitting Time for the Brush That Fits!

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is as correct as modern dentistry; a successful improvement based on present-day teaching. It is small, arch-conforming and crevice-fitting. Every pointed bristle tuft does its work with every brushing! It cleans *thoroughly*—yet *comfortably!*

The diagram shows clearly how Dr. West's *fits* every curve and angle, how its bristles penetrate the crevices. Its use and effect in your own mouth is the best proof that this one brush cleans every part of all your teeth—and cleans them *clean*, INSIDE—OUTSIDE—and BETWEEN.

Two Dr. West's Are Better Than One!

If you haven't yet formed the habit of using two Dr. West's tooth

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage (extra stiff), 75c. At all good dealers'.

Warning!
Beware of Counterfeiters

There is only one Dr. West's Tooth Brush. To obtain the benefits of its patented features, insist on it by name. Beware of brushes made similar in design offered by unscrupulous "counterfeiting" manufacturers. Besides representing a dishonest attempt to pawn off second grade bristles, danger may actually lurk in these brushes, often carelessly made and under conditions which are far from sanitary. (Dr. West's Brushes are sterilized.)

Counterfeiting manufacturers are being dealt with to the fullest extent of the law. Insist on the genuine Dr. West's—it's your protection!

© 1926—W. B. M. Co.

TWO THINGS

2. Take along a supply of Dr. West's Tooth Brushes

brushes (one mornings and one evenings alternately) let this vacation's trip start you. One brush locked in a traveling case can't possibly dry out between brushings. Take along *two* or *several*. Then you'll always have stiff, dry bristles—so important to teeth and gums. If you start this important health-habit while traveling you will not forget it when you come home. Two Dr. West's (with different colored handles), hung side by side in your bathroom and used alternately, will not only clean teeth better *every brushing* but actually last longer.

Two Million New Users in a Fortnight!

In five short years Dr. West's Tooth Brush has grown from a progressive idea in the mind of a scientific man to a "best seller" in thousands of drug stores. Dentists proclaim it as a positive advancement in oral hygiene!

At its present rate of growth, statistics point to a rapid increase in the total number of users in the pre-vacation shopping period. Millions will

Introducing
"THE PERFECT SERVANT OF YOUR TEETH"

The annual pre-vacation period ... June 14th and July 1st. Let them remind you ... Dr. West's Tooth Brush ... and other vacation needs

carry a supply of Dr. West's with them when they leave on their vacations. *At least two million more* will first discover this new-type tooth brush for themselves before they go or while away from home.

Be One of Two Million

If you haven't yet tried a Dr. West's Tooth Brush, if you haven't yet experienced the comfort of this *smaller-than-average* brush that is scientifically shaped to do a better job of cleaning—drop in some drug store today and form a habit you'll continue for a lifetime!

Look for the Dr. West's Windows

As a reminder service to pre-vacation shoppers, progressive druggists will display Dr. West's Tooth Brushes in their windows between June 14th and July 1st. Look for these colorful displays! Let them remind you to supply yourself with Dr. West's Tooth Brushes and other vacation needs.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WECO Product

"Minute men"

America has never had to call twice for defenders; defenders counting no sacrifice too great to make in defense of national principles and national safety.

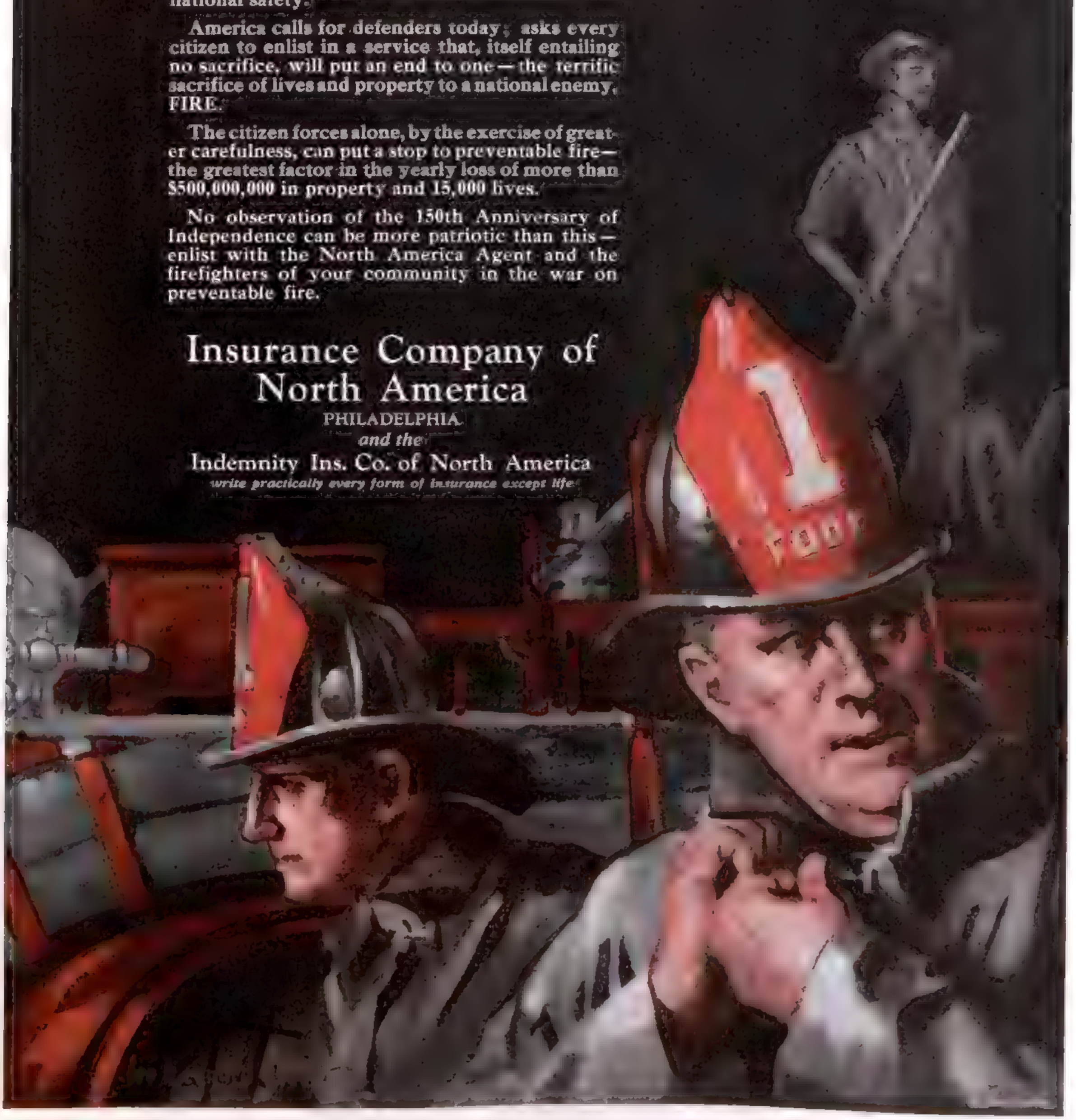
America calls for defenders today; asks every citizen to enlist in a service that, itself entailing no sacrifice, will put an end to one—the terrific sacrifice of lives and property to a national enemy, FIRE.

The citizen forces alone, by the exercise of greater carefulness, can put a stop to preventable fire—the greatest factor in the yearly loss of more than $500,000,000 in property and 15,000 lives.

No observation of the 150th Anniversary of Independence can be more patriotic than this—enlist with the North America Agent and the firefighters of your community in the war on preventable fire.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life



(Continued from Page 128)

But Rita silenced him grandly:

"It will be a splendid advertisement for you, Thor! I understand how to help artists. Besides, neither portrait will be rotten, foolish boy. I shall sit for you as often as you like—devote my whole time to it. In fact, I'll stay in New York as long—as you—want me."

Marcia came in at that moment. She and Rita disliked each other instinctively, intensely. But they kissed, and exclaimed over each other's health and appearance.

"How well you are looking now, dear." Rita was the first to utter the odious remark, which means, of course, that at other times you haven't appeared so well. "What a sweet hat—it makes you quite a debutante!"

"You are looking frightfully young, yourself, Rita," replied Marcia sweetly, knowing that no woman is told she looks young until she has ceased to be so.

Marcia put aside her wraps and hastened to make tea. Really, couldn't Constance do that much for Thor? You'd only to light the alcohol lamp under the kettle.

"I really believe tea is better for you, Thor, than that cold stuff," she told him, as she poured out his cup.

"We must all have some parties together!" Rita was exclaiming as enthusiastically as if she and Marcia and Constance were the best of friends. "Have you got a beau in town, Marcia? If not, I have plenty to lend you."

"Oh, Marcia's in a mad whirl of popularity," Thor said.

She gave him a grateful smile.

"Most of my dissipation consists of what you'd call hen parties, Rita," she said. "I know you don't care for women. But I've at least one attractive man on my list. He's just come back from Paris. I wonder if you've ever met Tollie Lyndon."

"Tollie Lyndon! Why, of course!" cried Rita indignantly.

The implication that she didn't know every attractive man on earth, made Rita furious.

"Of course I know Tollie. Well!" she added significantly.

"Curious," murmured Marcia. "I asked him if he had ever met you, and he said he couldn't remember."

"Oh!" Rita paused for a second, then had an inspiration. "But of course Tollie would say that!" she cried triumphantly. "He's such a perfect man of the world."

She had met him just once, at a very large party, years ago. At a time, too, when she had been absorbed in quite another man of the world. But Rita never allowed herself to forget any man, and, besides, Tollie's name was at once so unusual, and so very well known.

His full name was Taliaferro—which, as everyone knows, is pronounced Tolliver—Grove Lyndon. Taliaferro from his Southern grandmother's family, and he was proud of it. He rather fancied that his strain of romance came from the Southern blood. Romance to Tollie meant a predominating interest in women. But though he modeled his heart along sectional American lines, his clothes and his manner were cut in London. Tollie was superlatively well dressed, without ever looking like an illustration of What the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing. He knew everyone, or nearly everyone, and those he didn't know, he knew about. He also knew how to do everything—all the important things, that is—such as golf, and polo, and tennis, and squash, and bridge, and lovemaking, but more particularly that branch of flirtation involving other men's wives—oh, quite harmlessly. A difficult game that—the approach is easy enough, of course—any amateur can manage it—but, ah, the getaway! Tollie knew how to order a good dinner for another man, or a luncheon for a lady, and how to travel without annoyance. He was the sort of man who can always manage to get taxicabs, even when there is a blizzard, or it's raining after the opera. But of course this talent was rather superfluous, as Tollie had three cars of his own, and a most discreet chauffeur. All Tollie's servants were as discreet as head waiters—the better sort of head waiters. In fact, his butler could make you feel exhilaratingly naughty the moment you stepped into Tollie's apartment, even with a party of ten.

Tollie's philosophy of life was very simple. Women, thought Taliaferro, all women were made to please men, and men were made to please the women who pleased them.

With this array of talents, Tollie need not have been handsome, but he was. Not conspicuously so, of course; that was only for actors. At his first meeting with Thor, Tollie reflected what a pity such a nice chap had not been more conservative in his choice of coloring. When he thought that Taliaferro Grove Lyndon might have been cursed with golden hair, or red, or what used to be known as raven locks, and now even more obnoxiously as patent leather, Tollie shuddered. His own hair was a neat sportsmanlike brown, not thin of course, but most decidedly not bushy. His eyes were dark blue, and of moderate size, his features large, masculine and aristocratic. He had the impressive Grove Lyndon nose. He was tall, he was lean, he was strong and hard-muscled. But Tollie thanked his Maker that no young girl had ever been able to tell him that he resembled her favorite movie hero!

Tollie had met Marcia in Paris on her honeymoon, at a time before the fashion in women had changed, when no one could imagine anything prettier than Marcia's type—soft curves, pink cheeks, brown eyes brimming with innocence and bliss, a regular candy-box-cover girl. But the thing that had really intrigued Tollie was Marcia's utter unconsciousness of his own existence.

Tollie did not think all women wicked—indeed, it seemed to him that a rather alarming percentage of his own countrywomen were prudes—but he knew that all women are curious. To find any woman, even a bride, utterly unaware of an attractive youth paying her marked attentions was something new under the sun! For even if a woman is not interested in you, she is always interested in herself. Except Marcia! She was only interested in her husband. Tollie valued her, admired her, as he would some rare piece in a museum. Sometimes, he had been tempted to add Marcia to his own collection, but, of course, if she could be added, she would lose her chief interest as an *objet d'art*.

XVII

IT WAS snowing again, and the streets had not yet been cleared of the last storm. Every day the newspapers raved against the city administration, or else published impressive figures of how much the city administration had magnanimously spent on street cleaning. And in the meantime, hillocks of snow were piled at every corner, and along the curbstones, and ridges of ice were turning the paved streets into something like old neglected country roads. The taxicab in which Constance and Thor were going to Rita's party, rolled and pitched like a ship in a rough sea. They were thrown violently together, or hurled almost up through the roof. And all the other cars were having just as hard going, except the very heavy ones, loaded down with wealth, and with chains, and even they were creeping along at snail's pace. In the side streets, garbage was piled on the snow banks, and the aroma of its burning was wafted through the taxicab window.

"Oh, how perfectly filthy!" cried Constance angrily. "Why wouldn't you let Tollie send his car for us, Thor, even if Marcia wasn't going?"

"I am afraid even Tollie's magnificent car couldn't have avoided the garbage," replied Thor.

"Well, I don't see any use in deliberately making yourself miserable!" she wailed, as the car turned a corner, and she was banged violently against the door.

Thor put his arm around her, and held her firmly, in spite of her struggles.

"Better hang on to me, darling," he advised, "even if you are mad at me, or you'll be black and blue before we get to the party."

"I might as well be. Look at my stocking!"

She had stepped into a puddle of slush on her way out to the cab—the snow was piled so high on their street that automobiles couldn't draw up to the curb—and there was a stain on her white slipper, and one flesh-colored stocking was splashed with mud.

"Why won't you wear galoshes like everyone else?" asked Thor unfeelingly.

"Ugh! They're hideous."

"But sensible in this sort of weather."

"I don't want to be sensible!"

"That is only too evident."

"That's the most husbandish remark! Besides, I hope you don't consider yourself sensible. Why couldn't we have had Tollie's car?"

"Because I am not going to be dependent on Tollie every time we go to a party! I'm tired of it."

"And suppose I'm tired of filthy old taxis. Why do they smell like horses? How can they? And we'll never get there at this rate. Of course it's provincial to be on time, but I do draw the line at three-quarters of an hour late for dinner."

"I think I told you, Constance, that we could get there much more quickly on the Subway, a night like this."

"The Subway! I've never been down there, but I've breathed the horrible air that comes up through those gratings!"

"Sometimes I think it is a misfortune for you to have a nose at all."

"It is, if you want me to live in filth!"

They turned into Park Avenue, a welter of mud, and slush, and motor cars, and drivers' curses. With here and there a forlorn, bespattered whitewing peck-pecking at the ice, with a feeble motion, and with that most desolate of all sounds—Ping! Ping! Ping! Ping! Scra-ape! The sound that would go on all night like the bell of a lost sheep—Ping! Ping! Ping! Ping! Squads of men were removing, in leisurely and blasé fashion, the heaps of old snow, while more snow came down relentlessly upon them.

"There's no use," said Thor, "in our making a habit of Tollie. He won't be with us forever. Then we'll have to manage to live the rest of our lives without limousines, and reserved tables."

Constance was silent.

"Unless ——" said Thor, and his voice was still cold, but it was frightened. "Unless, darling, you want a box at the opera more than you want me."

She violently withdrew herself from his embrace.

"Oh, damn all those things!" she cried. "You know perfectly well I don't care about them. It's only—I don't see why you want to be uncomfortable, when there's a chance for comfort."

"Don't you mind sponging ——"

"Sponging! How ridiculous! Tollie's simply delighted to have us use his car."

"And to always pay for the parties, when we go out with Marcia and him, in the evening?"

"Why should you pay? It would only make Tollie fearfully uncomfortable."

"Well, it makes me fearfully uncomfortable not to"

"Oh, it's always yourself you think about! What about me?"

"I am thinking about you. I mean—darling, don't you see? If we're to be happy together, you must learn to live my life, since I can't afford yours. We can't be hangers-on, always—sort of poor relations to your friends."

"Oh, don't be absurd! People are simply delighted to find someone nice they can do things for. If they're always with other equally rich people, they can't show off."

"And you don't mind being patronized?" he asked.

Continued on Page 135

This Railroad Cut Its Bill in Two

MONEY talks. Nowhere does it speak more plainly than in the cost figures of a railroad. A substantial, busy Western road, but one not rich enough to throw money away, submits the following figures on their monthly cost of locomotive scoops:

For a twelve-month period, during which Red Edge Scoops have been used, their average disbursement of scoops has averaged $253 per month. For twenty-four months prior to that they used ordinary scoops costing them $485 per month.

An Eastern road, with tonnage growing each year, has observed a startling drop in shovel and scoop bills. In 1921 they used up 1100 dozen carbon steel shovels. After standardizing on Red Edge their annual replacement requirements have been:

1922—945	dozen	Red	Edge
1923—913	"	"	"
1924—657	"	"	"
1925—395	"	"	"

Not railroad men alone, but every purchaser of shovels, should find some real food for thought in those figures.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

RED EDGE

BANANA SALAD—real sustaining nourishment is added to a favorite summer dish by slices of ripe banana

When "just a salad" is all you want

There is enough food value in ripe bananas to make one dish a meal in itself

IN summer, when appetite lags and a cool salad seems just the thing—choose a salad made with ripe bananas and your other favorite fruits.

For, after all, you need sustaining food for a long summer day, and you have it in ripe bananas. One ripe banana contains enough nourishment for a whole meal.

Ripening adds a richer, mellower flavor to bananas. It does more—it makes a magic change in the energy-making food values known as carbohydrates.

At full ripeness, these carbohydrates are almost completely transformed to fruit sugars which are easily digested.

Make sure of ripeness. Buy bananas by the "hand" or dozen, and let them ripen at home.

Do not put them in the ice chest, for cold interferes with the ripening process. Keep them in a bowl or dish, and let them ripen at room temperature.

When all green is gone, even from the tip, and the sides are freckled with brown, the banana is fully ripe and at its best.

Ask your dealer for bananas imported by the Fruit Dispatch Company. They are the choicest bananas grown, brought up from the tropics in ships that are specially constructed to keep them at their best.

Send for the new cook book, "From the Tropics to Your Table." It contains eighty-three banana recipes, and several pages of menus suitable for any occasion.

This recipe book is free. Merely fill in and mail the coupon below, and your copy will be sent you.

The first promise of a perfect dinner, a fruit cocktail, with its natural tartness sweetened and flavored with the taste-tempting goodness of ripe bananas.

FREE: *book of eighty-three tested recipes*

UNIFRUITCO BANANAS

Packed and sealed by nature in a germ-proof package. Imported and distributed by

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send me recipe book "From the Tropics to Your Table."
(Please print name and address)

Name .....

Street No. .....

City ..... State .....

D

(Continued from Page 133)

"Not as much as I mind being covered with mud," she retorted flippantly, as they finally drew up before Rita's apartment house.

The snow had been cleared away there. An obsequious door man ran out, and there was a carpet, and a canopy.

"Better look out, Constance!" Tollie had laughingly warned her, when Rita leased the Park Avenue apartment. "War is declared in earnest. Rita has dug herself in for the winter."

But Constance, like most women, was only stimulated by rivalry, and the presence of a rival increased Thor's value at least fifty per cent.

Rita's fortifications were stupendous. She was on the top floor, with a magnificent view, and enormous rooms, which a fashionable decorator had done her worst to. Everything was Italian, except some paintings, which an art dealer had persuaded Rita were Italian primitives. The decorator had been furious at seeing anything sold without her commission, and had retaliated by making Rita buy some early Persian jugs—manufactured in Wurtzelbach, Bavaria. And Rita's boudoir was not Italian, because Rita said you must have something comfortable to sit on, somewhere. The boudoir was Rita, and the most livable room in the whole place—as any room is where the owner has dared express her own taste. It was not the sort of boudoir that Constance would have chosen. It suggested, too strongly, black-chiffon lingerie, and tiger skins, and it simply reeked of the famous *parfum* Kiss Only Me, but it was the proper frame for its owner. And Constance did appreciate the comfort of the huge, adjoining dressing room, where Rita's maid helped her change into a pair of Rita's stockings.

The hostess had been surprisingly amiable about the late arrival of her last guests.

"Oh, it doesn't matter a bit," she had said.

And, leaving Thor to catch up, had trailed along with Constance, hanging onto her arm affectionately.

"Bring some of my slippers, too," Rita told her maid. "I wonder if we wear the same size, dear."

And she thrust out a tiny foot, which, she knew, was smaller than Constance's. Rita's doll-like feet were her supreme advantage over other women, and this winter she was thanking Paris for knee-length skirts.

Constance looked haughty.

"Thank you," she said. "My own shoes aren't wet, and I think that stain can be covered up with powder. You are so much shorter than I, Rita," she added, in self-justification.

"Yes, you are tall!" Rita sighed, as if that were a calamity.

"Why couldn't Marcia come?" she asked, as they went back to the drawing-room. "Not that I care a bit. I only asked her on your account, darling. I never see her in Midland. My secretary told me she made some excuse about a relative being ill, but of course that is silly! No one cares if relatives are ill! I mean, enough to stay away from parties."

"This is Marcia's old aunt, she's very fond of," Constance explained. "She's been running out to Montclair to see her every day, recently."

"Oh, really? How absurd! If it were anyone but Marcia, one would suspect there was something in Montclair more interesting than an aunt! But it really doesn't matter."

She linked her arm affectionately in Constance's.

"We must be clever, darling, and think of some way to get that sweet Tollie out of her clutches," purred Rita.

She was looking unusually well, in a bewilderingly lovely frock fresh from Paris, a thing all glittering silver beads, apparently sewn on nothing more substantial than air. Her arms, her shoulders, and her entire back were quite uncovered. Rita had a most charming back, soft, dimpled, boneless, without being in the least too fat. By artificial light Rita's skin was lovely—she had the sort of Spanish coloring that is greenish-yellow in the day, but mellow ivory by night.

Whether you liked Rita or not, whether her small, piquant, and worn face attracted or repelled you, you couldn't—that night, at any rate, and if you were a man—keep your eyes away from the doll-like figure, the satiny gleam of those shoulders, the glitter of her tiny feet in diamond-studded slippers. She was as fascinating as a bright new toy, and apparently as harmless. For her wicked little frock, Rita had perversely adopted an innocent, guileless manner. It was rather devastating, even though you knew every trick in Rita's repertoire, to be cooed at by a little creature dressed, apparently, in cobwebs, and in dew—those wise eyes of the serpent, and soft murmurs of the dove.

Thor, who sat on her right at dinner, stared and stared. This was a new Rita. For the first time, she appealed to his imagination. And, for once, he could see her as a picture, and not as an odious customer demanding a picture.

"Why didn't you let me paint you in that dress?" he demanded, almost gruffly. "I like it a thousand times better than the red velvet thing!"

She smiled up at him gently, rather timidly, and even humbly.

"It's just come," she replied. "It was designed for me." And she named a great dressmaker.

"I like you ever so much better when you don't try to look like a vamp," said the innocent Thor.

Rita would have smiled up her sleeve, if she'd had one.

"I think I have changed since I met you, Thor," she said quite simply. "Oh, don't be afraid," she added, as he looked uneasy. "I shan't tell you you've been a good influence. I know men hate that."

She turned to the man on her left.

Thor gazed down the table toward Constance. She was talking to Tollie with rather forced interest, she looked tired, and not so happy as usual. Thor's heart smote him. Why had he been so mean? Why couldn't he have let her use Tollie's car? Was his refusal due to the noble motives he had mentioned, or just to plain, infernal and quite unfounded jealousy? He had no reason to be jealous of Tollie. Constance had never gone anywhere alone with him, never displayed the slightest desire to do so. And if she enjoyed their parties of four in the evening, he must insist on being the host occasionally, and then just forget about Tollie's superior possessions. But it did make one feel small, especially with a girl like Constance—as if painting were not worth much after all! That was the worst. Before, when Thor had envied other men, he could always comfort himself with, "Oh well! I've got my painting!" But could pictures comfort Constance for the lack of a limousine?

If Thor had only known what Constance was thinking, at that moment, he would have been still more apprehensive. For Constance was saying to herself, "Beside Rita, I'm positively dowdy!" And she was looking tired and sad, because that is the way any woman looks in a frock that is two months old, when her rival wears a new one.

Her white taffeta frock was perfectly charming, and she looked lovely, but no one—certainly no man—could have convinced her of that fact, at this moment.

"Isn't Rita the most fatiguing hostess?" remarked Tollie, to console Constance. "She simply demands that you have a marvelous time. When she looks my way I feel I've got to expose all my teeth, or do something equally violent. Now my theory is, leave your guests absolutely alone. Those who will sink, will sink anyway, and those who can swim, don't want to be annoyed by your life preservers.

"I wonder," he continued, as Constance was silent, and still seemed distraught—"I wonder if you and I couldn't slip away somewhere after dinner?"

At this, she rewarded him with an amused smile.

"Really, Tollie, if I didn't know you so well, I'd think you were inviting me out on a petting party."

"But do you know me so well? After two weeks!"

"After two seconds."

"Most unflattering. And I rather believe the rest of your remark was meant as an insult, too. Why shouldn't I pet as well as the rest of the world?"

"Perhaps you do it even better," she told him mischievously. "But on a night like this—in a car that tosses one about like a roller coaster!"

"My dear girl, a roller coaster is the ideal vehicle for petting. If you haven't the primal urge, I mean, you are thrown together. But you are right. I prefer a more deliberate choice. I never cared for that idea so charmingly expressed in novels. 'They were swept into each other's arms!' Disgusting, being 'swept' into anyone's arms! As if Nature were a housemaid with a dirty broom."

"Look! Look, Constance!" reiterated a persistent, youthful voice on her other side. "I say, look here, Constance Bannester!"

She turned her head, and favored Dickie Lawrence with a cool stare.

"Well, Dickie?"

"Look here, Constance! How about that little joke you pulled on me about the Ritz? Nearly got me thrown out of there on my ear, the hell I raised ——"

"Yes, Dickie darling, everyone knows you are a perfectly dreadful little boy."

"My dear good woman, don't get fresh with me, just because you happen to have the honor to share my birthday. As a matter of fact, speaking of age, my mother claims I am at least fifteen minutes older than you."

"I weighed more."

"Wouldn't you be wild, though, if that was still true? Tell me something, love of my life, who is that great big Swede taggin' round after you all the time, now?"

"Oh, that's just a man I might marry."

"No fair!" howled Dickie. "I saw you first. My gosh, Constance, I made up my mind to marry you when I was only four years old."

"I'm afraid those early loves are only based on physical infatuation, Dickie. Didn't we begin to drift apart before we were five?"

"I never drifted, you did. But I'll get you yet. Look here, I want the first dance to dance, and the next to sit out and kiss."

"Are you giving me something to look forward to? No, Dickie, that's out."

"Well, for cryin' out loud! I never knew such stinginess! Won't marry me. Won't even kiss me. You'll be sorry, woman, when we're ninety!"

XVIII

IF YOU are young and strong, and engaged in a part-time mental job—such as college, or bond salesmanship, or real-estate brokerage, any job where you work for someone else, and only use one-tenth of your brains and nervous force—you may enjoy seven consecutive parties in the week, and staying up until three o'clock in the morning.

After all, only your physical presence is necessary at the office at nine. But Thor had to be on the job at nine with all his brains, and nerves, and every ounce of physical and mental energy, because he was working for himself. Don't long to be your own boss! There never was a more cruel and tyrannical taskmaster than the artist has to face every day.

At one, and at half-past one, and still at two, Constance displayed no signs of wanting to go home. Her earlier discontent had vanished. She was being rushed violently. No one was more popular, not even little, fluffy, blond Sylvie Thorne, the seventeen-year-old divorcee, who was stopping with Rita a few days, en route to Palm Beach.

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 135)

New partners cut in on Constance so frequently that she seemed flung about like a gay scarf in the wind, and Thor couldn't bear to spoil her obvious pleasure. As he waited, trying to conceal his impatience, Rita beckoned to him mysteriously from the hall. He followed her reluctantly.

"Let's slip away for a moment, Thor. I want you to see my apartment," Rita explained, as they went down the long hall. But she only nodded casually toward half open doors, without going in. "That's just a guest room, I have four—morning room, sun porch. I don't want to bore you with all of it, of course, but you've such excellent taste—ah, here's my own room."

And she led him into her boudoir—that smother of softness, and scent, of many cushions, and couches, and deep satin.

"Here's my own little nest," she purred, and relaxed on a chaise longue covered with a light, fluffy robe of pink marabou.

"Oh, dear! People are so tiresome, aren't they?" she sighed, languidly. "Pull up that armchair, Thor."

She stretched out her tiny figure, nestling with catlike fondness into the soft feathers.

"Why don't we do as the Romans, and banquet on couches?" she asked languorously, but still smiling her new soft, rapt and innocent smile. "Do go and look at my Roman bath, Thor. It's not quite large enough, of course, in an apartment. But some day I shall build a country place with a real Roman bath, large enough for parties."

"You've got that in Midland, haven't you?" asked Thor, pulling up an armchair beside Rita's couch. "Your indoor swimming pool, I mean. I remember a very jolly party there."

Thor's usual caution with Rita was relaxed by her new manner, which held not a trace of its former coquetry.

"Thor, do you know!" Rita's tone became pensive. "I'm afraid I'm getting serious-minded. I'm tired of all this! Parties and everything. I actually believe I want to settle down."

He laughed.

"Yes, I knew you'd laugh. But I'm in earnest, really!"

She leaned forward and fastened her widely opened eyes on his, and she said, as if this were something startling and entirely original, "I'd like to be of some use in the world."

"But you are, Rita," he protested gallantly. His tone, however, rang false.

"No, Thor," she sighed, "I see myself."

She stretched herself out again, closed her eyes as if to squeeze back tears.

"No, Thor," she murmured in a low, heartbroken tone, "I've wasted my life. And now, I'm sorry. Oh, my poor, silly, useless life!"

This was so exactly Thor's own estimate of Rita's life that he was touched, as well as surprised. Impulsively he put his hand on Rita's. She was clever enough not to return the pressure. Her hand lay quietly, as if she didn't notice Thor's. She kept her eyes closed. When you are coaxing some shy wild creature out of the woods, you must be very still, and not startle it.

"I wonder if it is too late," she sighed. "I'm only thirty. Can one start all over at thirty, Thor?"

"Why, of course. Life's just beginning for you, Rita," he comforted, liking her for the first time.

She opened her eyes, and they were very bright.

"I'm only four years older than you, Thor," she said, with a little too much animation. "That's nothing now, with the wonderful care women get ——"

He withdrew his hand. She saw her mistake, and became mournful and gentle again.

"If I could just have another chance. If, just once in my life, I could feel I was of some use, help someone ——"

"But, Rita, don't be absurd. There are millions of people you can help."

"Oh, I send checks to all the charities!" she exclaimed impatiently. "But I really can't work up much personal sympathy with people who don't wash! I want to help—a genius, or something like that!"

"I'm afraid it's very hard to find a genius," replied Thor, "or even something like that."

The coldness had returned to his tone. His momentary sympathy for Rita had evaporated, as soon as he saw that her new manner was simply another approach to the old game.

"I wish," Rita went on stubbornly—"I wish I could send some talented person abroad, give him absolute freedom from financial worries until he had a chance to express the very best that was in him."

"Why don't you establish a traveling scholarship at some art school?" Thor suggested.

She sat up, forgetting her rôle, allowed her voice to shake angrily:

"I don't care about grubby little art students, and you know it! It's you I want to help!"

"Thank you, Rita," he replied coldly, "but I prefer to help myself."

"Oh, your perfectly ridiculous, stiff-necked, puritanical pride!" she cried, recklessly flinging away her gentle manner. "You might just as well take money from me as from Conrad Bannester!"

He blushed hotly.

"What in the dickens do you mean, Rita? I don't intend to take any money from my father-in-law."

"Well, if you won't, Constance will! And you can't stop her. I know the world, and I know women, and if you think Constance Bannester ever intends living like a poor man's wife, you are simply ——"

"Rita, do you mind? Isn't all that between Constance and me?"

She changed her tone instantly, became once more suave, and sweet, and even a little humble.

"Forgive me, Thor," she coaxed. "I know it isn't any of my business. But I have a real interest in you and in your career. After all, why shouldn't Constance take an allowance from her father? In Europe, every girl has her dot. Every European husband expects it."

"This isn't Europe. I'm an American."

"Well, it's just as bad to insist on it, as to apologize for it," murmured Rita.

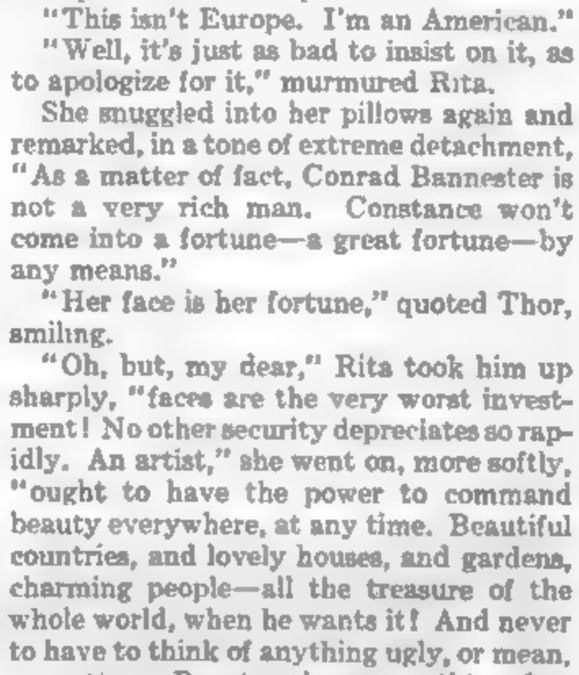
She snuggled into her pillows again and remarked, in a tone of extreme detachment, "As a matter of fact, Conrad Bannester is not a very rich man. Constance won't come into a fortune—a great fortune—by any means."

"Her face is her fortune," quoted Thor, smiling.

"Oh, but, my dear," Rita took him up sharply, "faces are the very worst investment! No other security depreciates so rapidly. An artist," she went on, more softly, "ought to have the power to command beauty everywhere, at any time. Beautiful countries, and lovely houses, and gardens, charming people—all the treasure of the whole world, when he wants it! And never to have to think of anything ugly, or mean, or petty. Beauty always, nothing but beauty! Tell me, Thor—tell me honestly—wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes, of course, I would," he admitted.

"Well, then ——"



She made a sweeping gesture.

He laughed impatiently.

"But I couldn't take it from you, Rita!"

She leaned toward him, her eyes glowing.

"You could if ——"

"Not under any circumstances."

She clutched his hand in her small, feverish grasp.

"Not even if we—oh, Thor, if you cared ——"

He stood up abruptly, and let go her hand.

"That would be only another reason against it."

She sprang from the couch, and came up quite close to him.

"Then—you mean—you do care?" she murmured.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," a cool, crisp voice interrupted, "but I just came in to get my cloak. I hope I'm not intruding, Rita."

Thor wheeled about, furiously crimson.

Constance eyed him coolly.

"Oh, I shan't drag you away, Thor," she said. "Tollie will take me home."

"He will do nothing of the sort," Thor replied.

Rita watched their furious faces with amusement.

"It's snowing dreadfully again," she said, drawing back the curtain from a window. "Just look! A regular blizzard!"

Rita laughed. "Thor and I were just discussing art."

Constance smiled coolly.

"Is that what you mean when you say you are an art lover, Rita?"

"Don't be silly, darling," Thor begged in a whisper.

"And don't flatter yourself I'm jealous! I simply want to go home, that's all."

"Very well," replied Thor. "I'm ready."

"But I think I told you I was going with Tollie."

"And I said you were not!"

"My dear Thor"—her laughter was amused, indulgent—"please don't make a scene."

Rita clapped her hands, and laughed like a child.

"It's too perfectly sweet!" she cried with enthusiasm. "You two are exactly like married people already."

"I wish to heaven we were married!" exclaimed poor Thor.

Something in the fervor of his tone pleased Constance. She also caught the quick, uncontrollable flash of annoyance through Rita's eyes, and so Constance did a right-about-face that quite took away Thor's breath.

"We really are too silly," she declared sweetly. "Squabbling over—nothing!" She slipped her hand in Thor's. "Do take me home, darling," she murmured languorously. "Good night"—she kissed Rita's cheek, a hasty peck—"and thanks for a perfectly marvelous evening. Your parties are always too thrilling!"

In the hall downstairs, while they waited for a taxi, she explained to Thor: "I wasn't going to fight with you just to please Rita."

"You surely didn't believe ——"

"Of course not! I might have known if there was a compromising situation, Rita had simply maneuvered you into it. She's a great little general. Can't you chuck those silly portraits, Thor?"

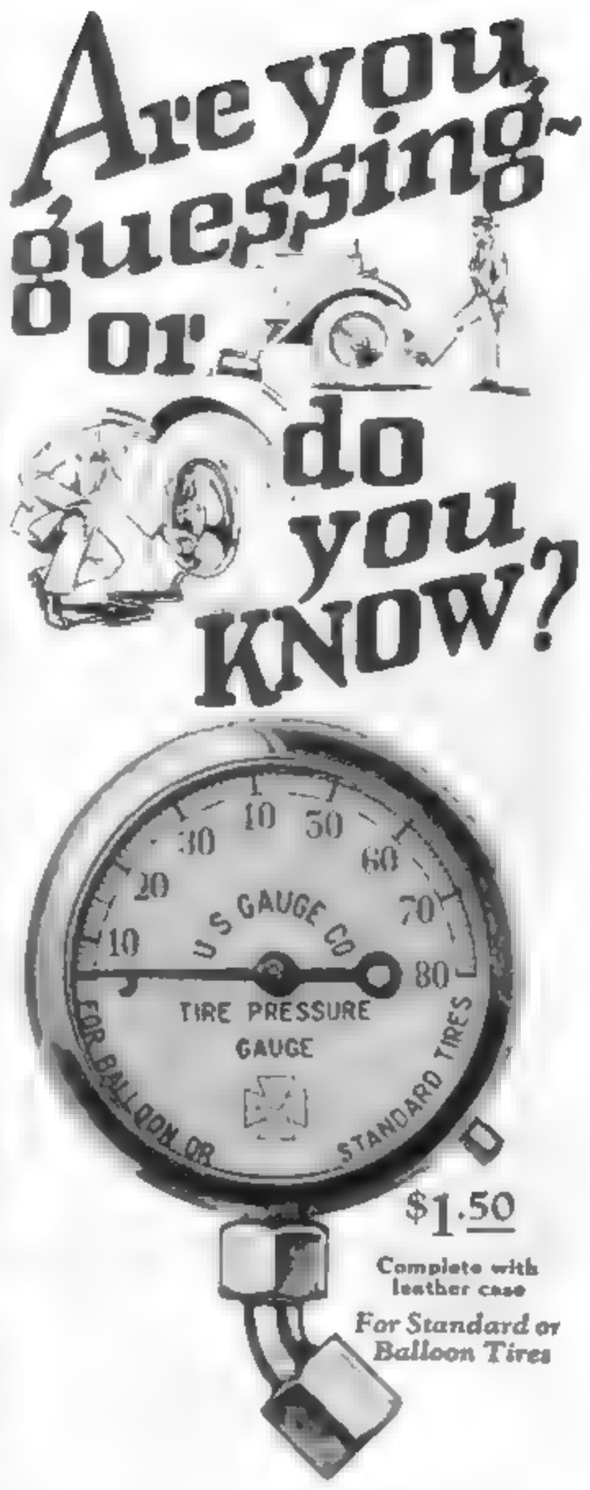
"I'd like to," he groaned. "If we didn't need the money so badly ——"

"Oh, let it go!" cried Constance. "I think I rather like being poor, Thor. After you've been with Rita a while, you simply get fed up on luxury. It sort of chokes you. Makes you long for simple things."

The door man, who had been outside blowing his whistle frantically, now came in again.

"Sorry, sir," he told Thor, "but I can't seem to hail a cab. The few passing, are all engaged this bad night. Shall I telephone, sir?"

They waited, while various taxicab companies were appealed to. The snow was coming down in thick, blinding sheets, blown by the wind. The door man reported that no company could promise to send out



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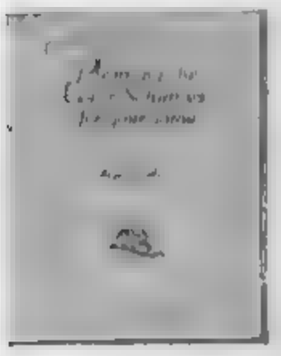

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a cab at once—the time would be most uncertain, if they cared to wait.

"We might ask Rita to send us home," Thor suggested.

"No!" replied Constance, so decidedly that they both laughed. "Shall we ask Tollie ——"

"No!" said Thor.

Then they laughed again, and suddenly all their anger had vanished, and they were two mischievous children, in a world of dignified adults, with the door man the most dignified, and disapproving, of all.

"Oh, let's walk!" cried Constance recklessly and, gathering her cloak tightly about her, ran toward the door.

She was out of it, and into the storm, before either Thor or the horrified door man could stop her.

XIX

THE wind took her, and she bent to it, laughing. In her ermine cloak, with its collar pulled up to her eyes, she was like a swirl of the flying snow itself. Thor plunged after her, shouting, clutched at her, but she slipped out of his grasp, and ran before him, calling back something that the wind carried away.

It had turned colder. The half-melted snow had frozen, and was covered by a fresh white carpet, thick and firm as velvet.

Thor overtook Constance, and caught her around the waist. The falling snow shut them in like an enchanted veil. They could see no one else, hear nothing but the strange, dreamlike sound of their own voices, muffled by the storm.

"Snow princess!" he shouted exultantly, against the wind.

"King of the north!" she answered, remembering the fairy tale. "Is this your ice palace?"

He whirled her up in his arms, and began to run.

"Oh, what are you doing, Thor?"

"This is your sleigh!" he shouted. "The reindeer sleigh."

A stinging burst of snow made her shut her eyes, and cling to him.

They reached the Subway station, and he put her down on the stairs. They were both gasping and breathless, flushed, and wildly exhilarated by the fiery cold of wind, and snow, and youth. Their hearts were pumping madly, and they laughed for no reason. They clattered down the echoing stairs into the deserted station, their fresh laughter rang out in its stale, tomblike depths.

"Lost in the catacombs," she whispered, in mock terror.

"Wait till you get to the shuttle!" he warned her.

She flung off her scarf, and shook it, while he brushed and shook the snow from her collar. Her dark hair, her eyelashes were glittering with tiny, frozen jewels.

"How charming you look," he whispered. "Why don't women decorate themselves with ice? It's a shame to spoil it."

But he dried her face with his handkerchief, and she submitted obediently, like a child.

"How frightful I must look!" she pouted, knowing perfectly well that her skin needed no cosmetics, was at its best and most beautiful just out of cold water.

A train roared in. They scrambled aboard. There was only one other passenger in their car—an old man, drooped and nodding.

"I don't mind the Subway a bit!" declared Constance, who had never seen it at the rush hour.

She slid closer to Thor.

"I'm sorry I was cross. I like being poor," she whispered. "It's ever so much more fun. Think how dull, always going home in a limousine! Never to have any adventures ——"

"My darling, do you really mean that? I've been so afraid ——"

"No, don't kiss me here, Thor! Yes, do! What do we care?"

She gave him her mouth, cold and fresh as strawberries.

At Grand Central station they had to change for the west side, and through a subterranean labyrinth they followed the green line, with hilarious laughter.

All at once, Constance cried like a child, "I'm hungry!"

So they went upstairs into the station, and sat on high stools before a lunch counter, consuming ham and eggs and coffee. And were stared at unmercifully for their wet evening clothes, and wet hair, and almost drunken laughter. And Thor was rather proud of Constance for never noticing the stares at all. He knew that Constance was only playing at Bohemia, but how much better she did it than the real Bohemians! Where they would have resented bourgeois stares, or else played up to them, Constance just failed to see anyone in the whole room except Thor. She had a power—when she chose to use it—of shutting off the outside world completely, and Thor felt as much alone with her, here, as in their enchanted veil of snow. It was as if, by a gesture, she could draw a magic ring about them, and with the utmost conviction pretend to be invisible, as well as unseeing

The wind had died down, and no snow was falling when they came out of the Subway, near Thor's studio. The empty street was as shiningly iced as a birthday cake, and the utter stillness was broken only by one forlorn little sheep bell far-away—Ping! Ping! Ping! Ping! Constance and Thor walked slowly, silently, arm in arm. They were reluctant to end their evening.

(Continued on Page 141)

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Analysis of over one million Primers submitted in The Home Lighting Contest in the Fall of 1924, covering over three million wired homes (one-fifth of the total), discloses the fact that the average living and dining rooms connected to your present lines are less than half lighted . . . One of the most important obligations of the Central Station to the community is to render an adequate home lighting service. The present inadequate home lighting is due entirely to insufficient and antiquated home lighting equipment. The analysis referred to above shows that 32 per cent of present home lighting equipment is entirely obsolete, judged by the most liberal standards . . . . It has been proved that obsolete equipment can be replaced without disturbance and home lighting standards vastly improved with greater customer satisfaction and good-will . . . . *To executives of lighting companies we shall be glad to send definite information of the way in which they can lend effective cooperation to this movement which has a vital bearing on satisfactory customer relations.*

Many obsolete home lighting fixtures have been and are being replaced by efficient and decorative Riddle Lighting Fitments, which, through consistent national advertising, including full page space (facing inside back cover) in The Saturday Evening Post every fourth week for several years, have come to be widely accepted as the standard of residential lighting. The Riddle Trade-In Allowance Plan for replacing inadequate lighting fixtures has been featured in much of the Riddle advertising and merchandising, with results indicating that your customers are ready and anxious to accept higher standards of home lighting . . . . Riddle Fitments with Macbeth-Evans glass shades are specially designed for use with the new "A" type Mazda lamps, thus providing shaded lighting equipment of artistic appearance and practical utility, taking full advantage of the efficiency of the improved lamp with the light correctly diffused in such a way as to obviate both gloom and glare.

For full information address

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Riddle

(Continued from Page 138
to give up the new magic they had found together. It was almost as if they had just fallen in love all over again, and more deeply.

In the dimly lit hall, Thor whispered, "I guess I'd better not go up. It's too late, and Marcia will be asleep."

He bent over Constance for their good-night kiss. But —

"Oh, Thor," she begged, "just take me to the door. The stairs are so dark."

The whole house was sleeping. There was not a light under any of the doors. Not a sound came in from the street, deadened by the snow. They tiptoed up the stairs, hand in hand, paused at each landing for a kiss. Halfway up, Constance drooped against Thor.

"I'm so tired," she whispered. "But it has been fun!"

He lifted her up in his arms. She struggled, laughing.

"Oh, no, you mustn't!"

"Why not?"

She lifted mischievous eyes.

"Because, I've read Sappho."

"Well?"

"Don't you remember, how heavy she got? How he began to hate her?"

"Don't worry about that!"

Thor laughed softly, and began to climb the stairs.

She clung to him, pressing her face against his coat, secure in the easy strength of his arms. She could hear his heart pounding steadily under her cheek. And the sound of his blood beating so near, made her love him as she had never loved him before.

They were at the top of the stairs, and she slipped from his arms. And for a moment they stood looking at each other silently, with something tense in the air.

There was something tense in Thor's voice when he whispered at last, "Good night, darling." But he did not move to kiss her.

She put her arms around his neck. Then he touched her cheek lightly, and would have gone.

She caught his sleeve, and pressed her face into his arm.

"Wait!" she begged. "Just until I open the door.

"Why are you so anxious to leave me, Thor?"

He came back to her in one stride.

"You know I don't want to go," he said, in a quick, breathless whisper.

She opened the studio door with her latchkey.

"You might just stay a few minutes, Thor," she coaxed. "We won't wake Marcia, if we whisper."

"What's that?" said Thor, stooping over.

He picked up a scrap of paper that had apparently been thrust under the door.

"A note from Mike," he said, as Constance turned on the lights. "He took a telephone message for you."

Thor was frowning intently at the scrap of paper in his hand.

His brows were drawn together, his cheeks were flushed, and he did not look at Constance.

"It's on account of the storm," he said "Marcia isn't coming home tonight."

"Tell me something, Thor," she whispered. "Did you mean what you said at Rita's?"

"What was that?"

"That you wished—that we were married?"

His arms closed about her fiercely, forgetting their strength. She lost her breath, and almost cried out at the hurt. Then, as quickly, he let her go, and turned toward the stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LONE VOYAGER

(Continued from Page 8)

He built himself a second boat, a smaller boat, a sloop twenty-five feet over all, named her the Republic, and issued a challenge to race any man in the world across the Atlantic in a boat up to thirty feet, each man to sail his own boat alone. He got several acceptances through the newspapers. On the appointed day for the start no competitors appeared. One sporting editor wished to claim for him the one-man ocean-sailing championship of the world by default, but Blackburn wasn't that kind of a champion. He would race his boat across anyway and see what time he could make of it.

He laid in his ship's stores—mostly canned corned beef, beans, peas, lobster and salmon. He bolted a fifty-gallon tank of fresh water in the bottom of the boat. Hard bread, tea, sugar, coffee and butter he stored in a locker built especially for them. He lashed a little oil cookstove so it wouldn't go drifting all over the cabin in heavy weather. He laid in a good supply of tobacco, chewing and smoking, and a five-gallon can of oil for the cookstove.

He sailed from Gloucester with a specially made silken pennant of the East Gloucester Yacht Club flying from his tiny masthead. He aimed to make Lisbon, Portugal, his port of destination. The prevailing judgment, even of Gloucester fishermen, was that if he crossed in fifty days he would be doing well. Sailing alone, there would be long watches when he would have to let his boat lay to for safety; and there would also have to be time for sleeping.

He planned to sail nights and sleep days; that is, when he had to sleep. He figured that it would be best to keep a lookout nights; in the daytime his boat would be seen and so in less danger of being run down. As for heaving to his boat while he was asleep—no, no. If he was to make any kind of time across he would have to keep her going always.

His schedule was to stay awake from six o'clock of the evening of each day to noon of the next day. That schedule he stuck to for most of the time across. When it came time to turn in he would set the riding sail and jib, lash the wheel and let her go, making what speed she could of it by herself. If bad weather should come on while he was asleep he counted on his sailor's instinct to awaken him before any great damage was done. But always he took a good look all around for bad-weather signs before turning in.

When he would turn out at five P.M., usually after a sleep, he did his cooking for the next twenty-four hours, preparing his supper, breakfast and dinner all at one time; that is, if the weather allowed. When it didn't allow he opened up a can of beef, and with biscuit and a little water made a meal of it.

A man crossing the ocean by himself in a twenty-five-foot boat, especially if he's in a hurry, meets with little adventures that are denied to passengers in big steamers. One afternoon it came foggy. According to his schedule, he should be in his bunk; but knowing he was in the steamship lane he had decided to stick close to the wheel and keep the foghorn handy. The fog stretched out into the second day and night, he pretty much all the time sitting on his tiny wheel box with the foghorn in his lap. It was calm and the boat barely making headway.

"What a fool I am to be sittin' here awake when I might be gettin' a good sleep," suddenly thought Howard; and so he turned in, taking the foghorn below with him for safety.

He was awakened by a steamer's whistle He had adjusted himself to his cramped quarters when awake, but not when asleep. In his hurry to get out of his bunk he bumped his head against a beam and was knocked onto the foghorn, damaging the horn so that he could get no sound out of it when he reached the deck. It would have done him no good if he did—the steamer, a huge bulk, was already on top of him.

She did not run him down, but she came so close that he could have heaved the foghorn at her and hit her high steel side going by. She swept on by, an enormous shadowy hull with pale yellow eyes blinking from behind a foggy curtain. Twenty knots at least she was going, and she was all of 20,000 tons. Her bow waves rolled high over his little boat. The swash from her filled his cockpit and open cabin.

Well, that was all right—no harm done, but no sense letting it happen again. He decided to get clear of the steamer lane as soon as he could.

Next morning while taking down his side lights, his port—red—light slipped overboard. He put a white light in its place. That same night his starboard—green—light would not burn; in pure disgust he threw it overboard and put another white light in its place. That made a white light to port and starboard, contrary to all maritime regulations for sailing lights, but in no way to be helped that he could see. It rained hard that night, the boat was going along by herself, and Blackburn was in the cabin trying to do a little cooking on his oil stove, he having missed his regular cooking session that afternoon. He heard the rumble of a steamer blowing off steam.

"She's handy enough," thought Howard, and had a look out on deck. There were the red and green sailing lights of a big steamer, she less than her length from the Republic and directly in his course.

He took his stand under one of his white lights. His little boat forged across her bow and they saw him. He waved his hand. They hailed back that they had seen the two white lights, and thinking it meant a wreck, had stopped the steamer to take the people off. Howard waved to let them know he heard. They made steam and put off to the west'ard.

The next afternoon he was awakened from a sound sleep by another steamer's whistle. He grabbed the foghorn, which he had in the meantime repaired, and hurried on deck, thinking thick weather had set in. He found the weather clear and fine. The whistle came from a steamer that was hove to close by. They hailed him to know if he was all right. He answered that he was all right. They gave him three whistles and steamed off.

"Too many steamers around here. I guess I better get out," thought Howard. "I'm in the way of steamers when I ought to be sleepin'." When a breeze sprang up he shifted his course.

The curious part about meeting the steamer people was that Blackburn was glad when they left him. Not having heard the sound of a human voice for so many days, his own voice answering their hail sounded so harsh and disagreeable that he made up his mind he would not let an hour pass again without using it. So thereafter when a thing had to be done, he would give orders to himself.

"Reef the mains'l!" he would shout, and hop to the reefing of it; or "Take in that outer jib! Time to rig her sailin' lights," and so on.

One night he cooked a beef stew of canned corned beef, potatoes, tomatoes, and so on—a lovely stew. He had been upon the deck for sixty hours of watching in a fog, and after having a meal off the stew he rolled into his bunk. Next morning he was rolling out of his bunk when he heard a noise from the stewpot, which was setting up on the cabin floor with its cover on. The cover started to slide off. He shoved it back in place, thinking the pitching of the boat was displacing it. There came a noise from inside the pot. Blackburn was startled. He gave the pot a kick. The pot upset and out onto the cabin floor hopped a Mother Carey's chicken, she all dressed up in beef-stew gravy. The little thing was terribly frightened. He took her up on deck, soothed her and talked to her and tossed her into the air. She flew off a little way and fluttered to the water. He was tempted to put back and stand by her, to make sure she would wash the gravy off her feathers and fly free again; but he had to be on his way sailing for a small-boat record across the Atlantic. He had no doubt she would free herself and by and by be on her own way too.

Blackburn tried to plot his position every day on his chart, but he had doubts at times as to where he was. So one day when a steamer came up from astern of him—he was still in the passenger-steamer lane, but this was a freighter—and when the steamer hailed him, asking if he needed any help, he hailed back to ask if they would give him his position. They replied that they had not worked it out yet, but they would do it now and let him know. The steamer was the Carlton, of Newcastle, England, and she was going three miles to Blackburn's one at the time; for all of that, they put her wheel over and steamed around in a circle miles wide and as the circle brought them under Blackburn's stern again they called out his position, gave him a whistle and sailed on. Blackburn felt grateful, but also regretful for putting a big steamer to so much trouble. He made up his mind that he would never ask another vessel for his position.

He had passed the Azores when he saw a steamer turning off her course and heading his way. She steamed all around him as if to look him over. By and by the watch officer yelled across to ask him if he wasn't the man who had previously sailed the little boat to Gloucester, England. Howard answered that he was the man.

"Thought so. Anything you want?"

"I'd like a little wind," answered Howard.

After that one left him, he ran into a storm and got all the wind he wanted. He had had a few breezes of wind before that, being now more than a month out, but this turned out to be a breeze worth talking about. The wind began to freshen at daylight. By ten o'clock in the forenoon it was blowing a gale. He took in his mainsail and set the storm trysail—a small triangular sail of heavy canvas used in place of the mainsail in heavy weather. He hauled down his jib and let her lay to while he reefed jib. She buried herself, sending him under to his neck several times, while he was at the work of reefing the jib; but the water being warm as milk, he did not mind it. With jib and trysail set and cabin closed up tight, he put her on her course again. It was a fair wind for Lisbon way and he held her to it. There was so much water rolling over her that for two days and nights he dared not open the cabin except twice, both times taking flying chances—once to wind the chronometer and get a drink of water, the second time to grab a bit of cold food before he should starve to death.

His little vessel was making great sailing time of it; but he began to fear that perhaps she was carrying too much sail for moderate safety. He hove her to and hauled half his trysail down on deck. To his mind she lay like a duck, and he went into the cabin for a mouthful of water. He was gone no more than half a minute, but that was long enough; a sea broke aboard and filled the cabin solid.

Presently a steamer came along and blew her whistle. She was in ballast, rolling and pitching heavily. They came as near to him as they dared and asked him if he wanted to be taken off.

"No, thank you," answered Howard.

(Continued on Page 145)

United States Tires

are built in modern plants by modern methods. At the right is one of three United States Tire Plants—The Morgan and Wright Plant at Detroit. Founded in 1905. This plant with its latest addition now covers approximately 21 acres and contains 2,500,000 square feet of manufacturing floor space.

The Leadership of the United States Rubber Company

1842—First to vulcanize rubber on commercial scale.

1891—First to patent and manufacture Clincher Tires.

1900—First in America to manufacture Straight Side Tires.

1903—First to produce and manufacture Cord Tires for automobiles.

1908—First to produce Pneumatic Tires specifically for Airplane service.

1909-1910—First to develop and produce Pneumatic Truck Tires.

1909—First American Rubber Manufacturers to plant and develop Rubber Plantations.

1916—First tire manufacturers to design and establish their own Cotton Mills for the production of Cord for Cord Tire construction.

1922—Invention of Latex-treated Web Cord. First to use pure Latex and eliminate cross-threads in building tires.

1922—Invention of Sprayed Rubber—the first acid-free and smoke-free rubber.

1922—Invention of Flat-Band Method, insuring equal tension and stress on each cord in the finished tire

1925—The first Pneumatic cord tire specifically designed for Bus Service.

UNITED STATES ROYAL CORD BALLOON

Do you know what is inside your Tires?

Questions and Answers about the Cord and Rubber Structure

Question—Why is it important for me to know about the inside of my tires?

Answer—Because you want the maximum *strength* and *flexibility* in the interests of *wear*, *safety*, and *comfort*.

Question—Can you have the maximum of both strength and flexibility without some compromise?

Answer—The makers of United States Tires did away with all compromises when they invented Sprayed Rubber, Latex-treated Web Cord, and the Flat-band Method of building a tire.

Question—What has Sprayed Rubber to do with it?

Answer—Sprayed Rubber is the new uncontaminated form of crude rubber originated by this company. It is produced by treating the pure rubber Latex with hot, dry air. It contains no acid, no smoke, no contamination of any kind. Sprayed Rubber is *pure* rubber. It is cleaner, more uniform and has a higher tensile strength.

Question—What is Latex-treated Web Cord?

Answer—This is the new Cord structure invented by this Company. The cords are immersed in pure rubber Latex. It penetrates through and between the cords, making an elastic rubber-webbed sheet of cords which are themselves impregnated with rubber.

Question—How does this method of treating cords differ from the old methods?

Answer—No injurious chemicals or weakening rubber solvents are used. Latex is pure natural liquid rubber—no acids, smoke, or contamination. Latex does not impair the strength or elasticity of the cotton cords. You get *all* the natural strength of the cords, and *all* the natural flexibility of pure rubber.

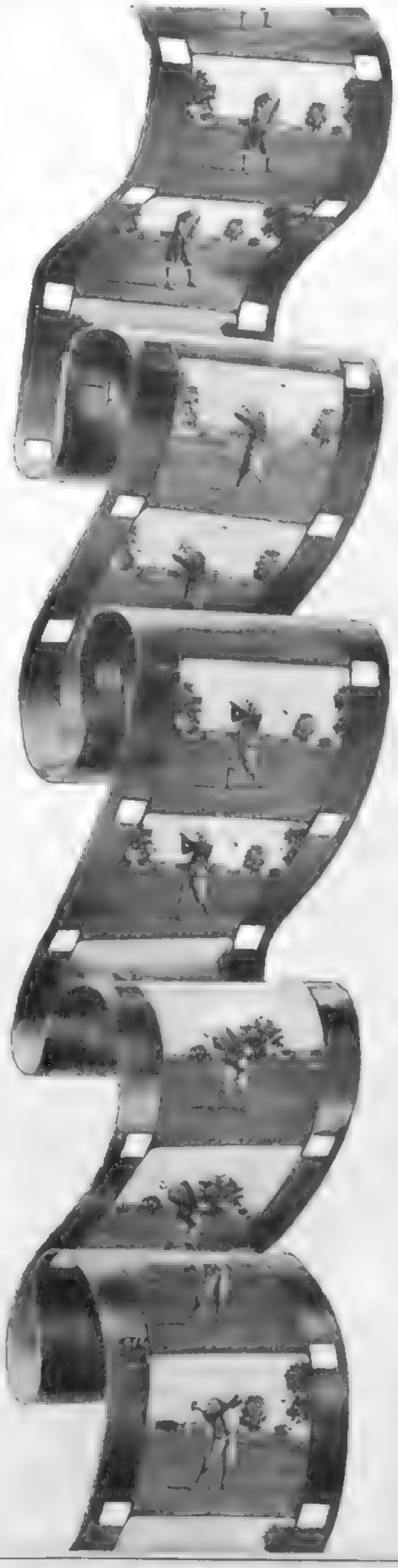
Question—Does the Flat-band Method give me any advantage?

Answer—Decidedly! When a tire is built by the Flat-band Method, every cord takes its best position for work; it is under correct tension; and it does its full share of the work—and *no more*.

Question—How can you prove that these methods give maximum strength and flexibility?

Answer—By the service record of hundreds of thousands of United States Royal Balloons. These tires are running at *true low pressure*. They give maximum flexibility and comfort. Maximum strength and safety. Maximum service life.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark



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$140

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Eastman Kodak Company

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

To show the movie, just turn on the switch

(Continued from Page 141)

"You may change your mind," they roared back at him through a megaphone. "We'll wait here awhile."

She remained alongside, waiting for him to change his mind. When Howard saw that the steamer would not leave him, he swayed up storm trysail, set his reefed jib and kept her on her course. The steamer followed him, which decided Howard to keep his little boat going at any risk. It was as if the steamer's gang thought he did not know what to do with a boat in a breeze.

He had a wild time of it keeping the little boat right side up in the gale; but she stayed up, and after an hour of it the steamer gave him three whistles and went on about her business.

Howard had intended to heave to again as soon as the steamer was out of sight, but the great little craft was making such good headway on her course, and she not seeming now to be minding so much the seas breaking over her, he kept her to it. He drew rapidly near to land.

When it moderated he found himself in the company of schools of flying fish, turtles and Portuguese men-o'-war. Some of the turtles were as beamy almost as the Republic. He sailed alongside one especially able-looking one, placed his hand under its side and flopped it over onto its back. It was comical to see him claw upward with his flippers, right himself and paddle off. That same day he was sitting on the wheel box steering, the boat going along easily, when he saw a strange-looking something lying on the water off his starboard beam. He hove the wheel down, trimmed sheets sharp in by the wind and stood over to the creature. It was all of twelve feet long, five inches in diameter, with smooth lead-colored skin. It held something in its mouth with which it was dashing the water into foam. Howard made a running bowline of the end of the main sheet and tried to lasso him. When the rope hit his head he sank out of sight.

In all his days at sea Howard had never seen anything like that. He had never believed in sea serpents, but he was not now so sure. This could have been a young one—why not?

That same day the wind went flat. The sun was very hot. Howard stretched himself across the cabin house and was staring sleepily into the water, his arms folded on the rail, when he was startled by the nose of a shark within a few inches of his face. He had an enormous mouth, which he closed with a snap as he flashed by. Without stirring, Howard watched him. He kept on swimming when his jaws snapped together on nothing at all, rubbing his belly against the entire length of the side of the boat until he disappeared under the bow. In a few minutes he reappeared, coming from under the after quarter of the boat, again turning on his back and snapping at the shadow of Howard's head in the water. He was attended by two small slim fishes, each ten to twelve inches long—pilot fishes evidently.

A breeze which sprang up prevented any further studies of the ways of sharks. The breeze developed into a gale. He had to get down to reefed jib and storm sail and lock up his cabin once more. For three days and two nights the seas crashed into and over his little boat, he making the best of it in his cockpit, which was just about big enough to hold him and his wheel box. Once he seized a chance to get into the cabin and wind up his chronometer and to grab a pocketful of hard bread and a bottle of water.

The incessant battering of the seas was loosening up the top of his cabin house and forcing much water between the house and deck into his cabin; but he could do nothing about it until the weather should moderate. If the cabin house carried away he would be in a bad fix—his boat might go down with him. As it was, her shipping so much water was making her logy, slower sailing. However, she slid along pretty well with the northeaster abeam.

On the thirty-eighth day out of Gloucester he made his landfall at Cape Espichel, Portugal. This was about fifteen miles farther south than he had aimed at, but not so bad a shot after 3000 and odd miles. He ran the fifteen miles up the coast to Cape Roca, which is where the Tagus River flows into the sea. There was a fishing boat with three men and two boys in it off Cape Roca. He laid a tin of kerosene oil, a tin of biscuit, a hunk of salt pork, a plug of smoking tobacco, two cans of tomatoes, two of corned beef and four of salmon in a row atop of the cabin house, unrolled a chart and said, "Pilot me up the river to Lisbon and you can have all these."

The oldest man among them, signing that he understood, fished out a milreis plaster from his clothes, laid it at the end of the row of canned good things, and made his fingers ask how many of them the Americano would pay him besides.

The value of the milreis was reckoned up in American money. For twelve milreis and the stores the old man agreed to pilot the Republic up the river to Lisbon. Tide and a fine breeze were behind them and up the river they went in style, the American flag to her peak, while down in the cabin Howard scrubbed the floors and lockers, shaved, washed and dressed himself all fresh for the shore.

There was an American flag flying from another ship in the stream off Lisbon. It was the only American flag he had seen since leaving shoal water on the other side; so he sailed joyfully around her, dipping his little yacht-club pennant to her.

The ship saluted him. She was the schoolship St. Mary. Later, in the American consul's office, Howard met the captain of the St. Mary, who had heard of his leaving Gloucester and now said good words to him for his great passage in so small a boat.

His passage was over. He stripped his great little boat, stowed sails, rigging and compass in her cabin, nailed up her cabin and saw to her being safely hoisted onto the deck of a steamer for New York. She was smaller than the smallest of the steamer's lifeboats.

He saw the sights in Portugal, France and England, being everywhere treated royally, and came back to New York on the steamer Columbus, which he thought a good name for a ship, Columbus also being a sailor.

All Gloucester turned out to greet him on his return. City Hall was decorated inside and out. Mayors, congressmen, honorable judges were there to welcome him home. Speeches were made, flags presented, food, smokes and other things were served. As Howard himself put it once in a reminiscent mood:

"There was good cheer and fellowship, and more than enough for all hands to eat and drink."

Howard was home again, and as he thought at the time, securely moored to his little place on Main Street. But men kept coming in and talking to him of the sea and sea things mostly; and he had only to stick his nose—which he frequently did—out of the back window to get a whiff of an easterly most any day. The old restlessness began to stir in him.

His little Republic was all this time tied up to where he had only to look out of the back door to see her. He was one day looking her over, and the more he looked at her, the more he felt what a pity it was that such a great little vessel should be drying the calking out of her seams under the hot sun and rotting her bottom planking in the low-tide mud. It was no fair way to treat her. One morning he had her hauled out onto the railway for a going over. He had them scrape her mast and hull, set up her rigging and bend her sails anew. He had her painted, and she certainly did look pretty again.

He had been reading and hearing a great deal about sailing on the Great Lakes. He had never been on the Great Lakes, but now he got out a map to measure them up. They weren't much to look at compared to the Atlantic, but pretty good-sized pieces of water they were at that.

He wondered how his Republic would behave herself in fresh water. He inquired further, and learned that after sailing the Great Lakes a man could keep on going through a canal and a river to the Mississippi and down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. From the Gulf it would be an easy matter, of course, to find his way up the Atlantic Coast and home again.

Not a bad little cruise that; so one fine May morning he put out once more from Gloucester Harbor for what he spoke of as a "fresh-water cruise for a change."

He sailed around Cape Cod, through Long Island Sound, up the Hudson River to Albany. He got in line behind a barge in the Erie Canal. The barge carried a crew of three men and four mules. The mules were to tow that barge and some more barges through the canal to Buffalo.

It was certainly different from ocean sailing. Sailing the Atlantic, a man might see nobody, hear nobody, for weeks. Here people leaned over the bridges and chatted with the barge crews while the barges were passing under them. Sometimes they'd heave down an apple or a morning paper, or maybe a fifty-cent piece or a two-dollar bill wrapped around a stone, asking one of the crew to buy 'em something when they got to Buffalo. An easy-going sociable sort of a life, though hardly what a man would call seagoing.

Blackburn was towed to Buffalo, sailed the Great Lakes in his little Republic, made the Mississippi to the Gulf, and was wrecked off the coast of Florida. He saved his life, but there was no saving his little Republic, and so she passed out.

"The best seagoin' boat of her tonnage in the world, bar none," declared Howard. "A great little vessel—no fault of hers she got wrecked when she did."

Once more Howard was home, and once more people who did not know him thought he was home to stay. Surely being wrecked had given him his fill of sailing in far waters. Those who did know him said, "M'm—wait!"

He did set out on one more trip, this time in a fisherman's dory. The dory trip was probably inspired by the feat of a Gloucester skipper years before. The year was 1876, the centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the patriotism of this young Captain Johnsen, who was not even born in this country, urged him to do some deed befitting the great year.

Johnsen conceived the idea of sailing across the Atlantic in a dory. He made the trip safely, and Centennial Johnsen is still alive, an honored man in Gloucester.

Johnsen and Howard Blackburn were friends, and nobody better appreciated what Johnsen had done than Blackburn; but—so the story goes—Howard one day said to Johnsen, "How long were you crossin' in that dory?"

"Thirteen weeks."

"What were you doin' out there all that time? You must've loafed along the road."

"I s'pose I ought to drove her," retorted Johnsen. "Try it yourself sometime an' see how much drivin' you'll do! You'll maybe be lucky to get across."

"Maybe I will," admitted Howard, "but I don't know but I'll give it a try and see what time I can make of it in a dory."

I asked Blackburn once if the story of his talk with Centennial was true. He smiled.

"It's a good story. Let it stand. What's the use spoiling a good story for a word or two?"

Howard took a fifteen-and-a-half-foot fishing dory, decked the forward half of it over as Johnsen had done, gave her a little jib and mainsail, stocked her up and sailed away for England or France, according to which would be the handiest to make when he neared the other side.

It was summertime, and by all the laws of chance he should have half-decent weather for part of the time at least. But it was wind and sea from the time he got well clear of Eastern Point, Gloucester.

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Chicago's Highest Dining Point

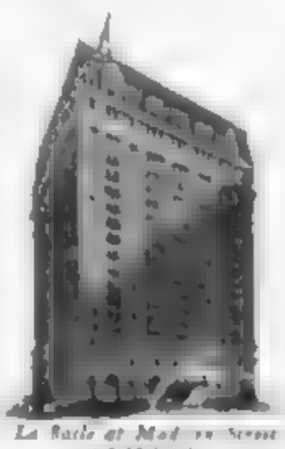
High above the streets—protected from sudden temperature or weather changes—you dine in balmy comfort at Hotel La Salle Roof Garden. Here at Chicago's most famous Roof Garden you dance to fascinating rhythm—and eat viands straight from the pages of a fairy tale—and while away the summer evening in refreshing enjoyment. Here, as in all five dining rooms at Hotel La Salle, you enjoy the exacting perfection in every service detail that exemplifies "Stevens Management" throughout.

ERNEST J. STEVENS, *President*

RATES FOR ROOMS

Number of Rooms	Price per day One Person	Two Persons
162	$2.50	$4.00
73	3.00	4.50
18	3.50	5.50
247	4.00	6.00
139	4.50	7.00
142	5.00	7.50
175	6.00	9.00
20	7.00	10.00

1 26 Guest Rooms



La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

LOOK FOR THE RED DIVING GIRL LABEL

The bath house of the famous Playa Marinao at Havana, Cuba, where Jantzen popularity is shown by a large cutout of the familiar red diving girl.

From Havana to Waikiki Jantzens are everywhere!

MILLIONS now know Jantzen—and the famous red diving girl. This figure is woven into the label of every Jantzen swimming suit. It means *genuine*. It guarantees not only *perfect* fit; but *permanent* fit. It assures you of all the patented Jantzen improvements.

Jantzen, you know, is the suit of permanent elasticity, snug fitting, warm, modest, beautiful More—it is made for *swimming;* free in give-and-take. And Jantzen long fibre yarn is spun only from purest virgin wool.

478 out of 517 leading physical instructors said the suit originated by Jantzen is ideal for swimming.

See the new Jantzen colors and stripings. Men's, women's, children's. Perfect fit *guaranteed*, if you give your *weight*

Ask your dealer for red diving girl sticker or send 4c for two; or 6c for four sizes of paint transfers of same for tire covers, rain slickers, etc. And send for catalog and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Portland, Oregon
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS OF CANADA, LTD
(Canadian Corporation, Vancouver, Canada

1 Unbreakable rubber button
2 Shaped to fit the body perfectly
3 Patented bow-trunks—give perfect fit across hips
4 Jantzen patented non-rip crotch

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

Before reaching Cape Sable he was hove down; which means that his dory was rolled over by the seas so that her mast lay flat out on the water.

The after part of her filled solid with water. After a battle he righted her and resumed his cruise

Between Cape Sable, which is in Nova Scotia, and Cape Race, in Newfoundland, he was hove down twice more. He was lucky each time not to be lost. He decided that it was his unlucky year and he came back home.

I was just back from a steamer trip to Europe after Howard's dory trip, and I was telling him of some things that had happened. I told him of a roommate, who turned into his bunk an hour after the steamer put out from the other side and stayed there until the steamer was going up New York Harbor.

"Seasick?" asked Howard.

"No: smooth as could be all the way."

"What was wrong with him?"

"Nothing. He wasn't at home on the water. Would you believe ——"

"And a 10,000-ton steamer? That's queer."

"Queer? Would you believe that there are people—I've known two myself—who want to go to Europe, but who have never gone because they're afraid of the trip over?"

"In a 10,000-ton steamer?" He pondered the matter. After a while, smiling slightly "They'd probably think I was crazy hah sailin' around the way I been"

I then asked him about the dory trip.

"Anything interesting happened you?" I asked him. "Besides being hove down, I mean."

"Nothin' much out to sea. But before I put out, there was a crowd on the wharf waitin' to see me leave. They're up on the wharf lookin' down and I'm on the stern of the dory most ready to put out. A lady comes bustlin' down the wharf and through the crowd on the wharf.

"'This Captain Blackburn?' she says, lookin' down at me.

"'Yes, ma'am,' I answered, lookin' up at her.

"'Are you the man who is going to sail across the ocean in a little boat?'

"'Yes, ma'am—to try to.'

"'Dear me! Well, I read about you and I was thinking it over and I said to myself, Now what can I get him of use on his way over? I couldn't think of anything but these,' and she passes me down a soft little package.

"I thanked her, and when she's decently out o' sight up the wharf I open up the package. And there's half a dozen hemstitched handkerchiefs with my initial—B—embroidered in violet in the corner of 'em

"Well, I ain't hardly over the shock o' that when down comes another nice pleasant lady—one o' the summer colony, same as the other one, I guess—and she bustles through the crowd and she stands on the stringpiece and looks down at me and she says, 'This Captain Blackburn?' and 'Yes, ma'am,' I says

"Are you the man who is going to sail across the Atlantic in a little boat?' and I says, 'Yes, I'm goin' to try it anyway.'

"'That the little boat?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'I thought so. The ladies were speaking of it over at the hotel in Magnolia last night, and so I drove over this morning and had a look through the shops. I could not think of anything especially useful to you, but I felt as though I should get you something, and so I brought you these.' And she passed down a package—a hard package this was. And I thanked her and soon's she's out of sight up the wharf I open the package and there's half a dozen bottles o' cologne!

"Can't you see me," resumed Howard, "sittin' in the stern of the dory and soaking those embroidered handkerchiefs in cologne and wipin' my nose with 'em in an easterly breeze?

"They were damn nice ladies, the pair of 'em"—his eyes were twinkling now—"but they must 've thought they were seein' off one of those ocean-liner passengers you been telling me about."

This man who, fingers and toes and half of one foot gone, sailed small boats across the Atlantic for recreation, is still living in Gloucester. Any man, woman or child of the port will point you out his little place on Main Street.

Since the change in our sumptuary laws his place is not the lively one of other days; but it is still there, and in the windows are the pen-and-ink drawings of the terrible dory adventure, the same done by a friend of his trawling days

That dory experience was too much for even his Homeric physique. The old 200 pounds of bone and gristle are not there now, but a good-sized man is still left, a man of gentle voice and kindly blue eyes; and something there is yet in the rough-hewn face of that vast resolution which impelled him to curve his fingers around the oar handles and so hold them until they froze, so that when they froze they would freeze in such shape as would allow him to keep on rowing and so do a doryman's full share.

Humphrey's Falls in the San Juan Mountains, Colorado

It's the Hylastic* Cord

It's the Hylastic Cord structure that makes each Mason Balloon such a sturdy, flexible, pneumatic cushion—saving both driver and car from the bumps and jolts of the road —giving greater comfort plus longer wear.

* Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

MASON BALLOONS

More than 200 models, no two alike, from which to choose

WHAT price have you in mind? How many cylinders? What type body? If you are puzzled by the confusing variety of makes, the claims and counter claims, here is help for you!

Here is a single group of cars and trucks which you can examine as a unit, in the confident expectation of finding the one particular model which will suit you best. In passenger cars alone, there are thirteen different roadsters from $1145 to $2985; eight coupes from $1175 to $3180; thirteen touring cars from $1095 to $2750; twenty sedans from $1195 to $4600; coaches, broughams, cabriolets; fours, sixes and eights-in-line a range of models and prices covering almost every requirement of taste or pocketbook. In trucks, every standard type of body model; capacities from one to two and a half tons, twenty-six different chassis, ranging in price from $1085 to $3200.

No matter which you select, you will have the satisfying certainty of Lycoming Motor performance—that much-talked-of performance that is enjoyed by almost half a million owners.

Each of the builders of these more than two hundred different Lycoming-powered models has built distinction into his particular make according to his individual conception of what a car or truck should be. It has been the privilege of the Lycoming organization to assist each maker by the creation of motors to the same individual ideals. Each of these makers has added to his own broad experience and resources the specialized experience and resources of Lycoming—the highly developed engineering skill, the vast production facilities, the close-knit organization which have grown out of eighteen years' continuous concentration upon the building of motors for the automotive industry.

Thus you may select any of these more than 200 models, however the motors may differ in number of cylinders, power ratings or structural details, however the models themselves may differ in type, with the comfortable assurance that the maker is giving you the utmost in performance, plus the assurance that more than four thousand distributors and dealers are serving owners of Lycoming-powered cars and trucks. You will know that your investment has behind it, in addition to the car maker's proven integrity, the reputation established by Lycoming's conspicuous contribution to the industry and the motoring public.

CARS and TRUCKS
powered with
LYCOMING MOTORS

Have Us Send You this Book—For your convenience, the creators of Lycoming Motors have prepared and printed a book describing and illustrating all of these more than two hundred models of various car and truck makers, so that you can, in one written request, get in concise form the salient facts regarding this whole big group. The prices range from $1085 to $4600. This complete illustrated book will be sent upon request to any responsible person really interested. In writing please state whether interested in a passenger car or truck.

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS CREATORS OF MOTORS FOR THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 54)

complete with secretary. Important people telephoning questions that can be answered in monosyllables. Golf at three, with a car to take you to the club. Something like that.

Truly, getting rid of details is an essential part of getting a bigger job. But it pays to remember that one of the oldest and most satisfactory methods of getting rid of details is to take care of them, one after the other!

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.

Back to Earth

SHORTLY after the signing of the Armistice an officer about twenty-five years of age called upon the manager of the foreign sales department of a widely known manufacturing company in New York.

He had enlisted in the army after completing an academic course in a Midwestern university, and had served overseas. When discharged he had attained the rank of lieutenant.

"Now what do you suppose that boy wanted to sell me?" the official asked me. "You can have as many guesses as you want, but I'll save your time. He wanted to sell me his services as a sales representative of our concern in France. When I had recovered from the blow I asked him what actual selling along machinery lines he had done. He confessed that machinery had not been his long suit, but that he had helped pay his way through college by selling magazines and insignia. He also dropped the old saw that salesmen are born and not made, and that if a man can sell one thing he can sell another. I swallowed hard and asked him what other business degree he carried which he thought peculiarly qualified him for foreign sales work. His answer was that through study at college and contacts abroad he had gained a working knowledge of the French language.

"Believe me, he was as serious as I am in telling you about it. I didn't have the heart to ask him if he knew anything about our particular line of hoisting machinery, but if I had I'm satisfied he would have come back at me with the statement that he had a relative in the business and, therefore, it wouldn't take him long to pick it up.

"Finally, after a Dutch-uncle talk, I told him that if he wanted to take a two-year course out at our plant in Ohio I would see that he was given a tryout at selling in this country when he had completed his apprenticeship; then, if he made good and had not forgotten his working knowledge of French and was still firm about trying his luck three thousand miles from home, I would seriously consider assigning him to our Paris office for as much more training as our representative there thought necessary. The blow bent him but didn't break him, for he told me later he had tried several export houses after leaving me. Nevertheless, it took him two weeks to deflate and make up his mind to accept my proposition, which, in the meantime, I'd forgotten all about.

"However, I sent him West. And now the home office tells me that he is doing first rate and has made a number of very practical suggestions along safety-first lines in the manufacturing end of the business and that he will probably be detailed to that department. In any event, I never worried about that tentative promise I made him, because I knew he would find his level, as most young fellows do when you puncture their dreams, and then give them a chance to realize them."

—KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

OUR COSTLY DEPENDENCE ON OTHER COUNTRIES

(Continued from Page 15)

Every breakfast table in the United States where coffee is served pays tribute to the Brazilian monopoly. Each year we import more than 1,000,000,000 pounds and the annual charge is, roughly, $200,000,000.

Most people have read more or less about what is known as the valorization of Brazilian coffee. Stated in the simplest terms, it means the entrance of the government into the market on a scale enabling it to control the price of the commodity. This is done by the purchase of actual supplies of the product, segregation of these stocks and the regulation of shipments from the government warehouses in the interior to Santos, the great coffee port. When I say "government" I mean the administration of the Brazilian state of São Paulo, which grows more coffee than any other area in the world. Recently, São Paulo has brought the other Brazilian coffee-producing sections into its scheme of restriction.

Brazilian valorization is a sort of mother of monopolies. Although antedated by the Chilean control of nitrates, it represented the first big venture in official disturbance of the law of demand and supply. It originated in 1902, when the government passed legislation penalizing the planting of new acreages. Since that time the scheme has been considerably elaborated. Until this year the principal operation was the purchase of large stocks and holding them until the inevitable shortage forced up the price. As with rubber, the ostensible purpose was to stabilize price. Such measures, however, never do anything but increase the cost to the consumer.

Coffee Valorization

Just how these Brazilian purchases of coffee have operated is effectively set forth in a statement made by Dr. Julius Klein, director of the foreign service of the Department of Commerce. In commenting on the various entrances of the São Paulo Government into the market, he said:

"There have been three separate instances of the government's buying of quantities of coffee and selling it again at a profit. The purpose alleged has, of course, been the maintenance of a stable price, or a so-called fair price, but a chart showing the price curve of coffee contains many Matterhorns that appear within the period of valorization, which is perhaps the most vivid evidence of the ineffectuality of valorization as a stabilizing factor.

"The chart also shows that after every one of these governmental purchases of coffee there is a steadily mounting curve of price, sale by the government, and then an immediate drop thereafter. The government comes in, up goes the price very abruptly; sale by the government, another drop, the government comes in once more, up shoots the price again. Thus there is a succession of hills and valleys, with government purchase coming in at the valley, then a very rapid ascent of price.

"At the present moment we seem to be on the eve of similar developments. According to recent newspaper dispatches, the government of São Paulo has negotiated a £10,000,000 loan through British, Dutch and Swiss bankers, the purpose of which is indicated in a general way to be to 'assist' the coffee situation, which may or may not involve governmental intrusion into market operations."

According to Department of Commerce reports, the artificial increase in price resulting from the Brazilian valorization scheme cost the American consumer more than $82,000,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925. The average price of imported coffee was 20.878 cents a pound, or 44.5 per cent higher than the average for the preceding fiscal year. The crop year begins in July. The average wholesale price of what is known as Santos 4's, unroasted, the grade most in demand in this country, increased from fifteen cents a pound in 1924 to twenty-nine cents a pound early in 1925—a rise of nearly 100 per cent.

Since the beginning of 1926 there has been a decrease in the price, with the usual result that the Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee, which now supervises

valorization, has gone into the market again and bought supplies. If this buying continues, the consumer cost will once more increase.

The São Paulo Government has begun to depend less upon actual purchase and more and more upon what might be called the damming up of supplies by concentrating stocks in the eleven interior warehouses which it operates. Where formerly from 30,000 to 40,000 bags of 132 pounds each were permitted to flow into Santos every day for sale and shipment, the number is only a bare 22,000 at the time I write.

A Three-Way Hardship

The effect of this segregation is destructive to producer, dealer and consumer. First, take the planter, whose plight in some instances has become desperate. It develops from the inability often to liquidate his crop for six to eight months after it has been harvested. During this time he has a continuous and heavy outlay for wages and other expenses. With no government control, he could ship his crop to Santos and get his money at once. Now it goes into a government warehouse and may remain there indefinitely. If he wishes to realize upon delivery, he must sell it at a heavy discount from the current market price to a *comisario*, or intermediary, at Santos, or borrow money on his certificate of storage at a bank at interest rates that are not less than 2 per cent a month.

Under the organic law of the Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee the body is authorized to establish an agricultural credit bank to make loans to the planters on the security of their crop. The £10,000,000 loan negotiated this year, to which Doctor Klein referred, was made presumably for this purpose. But the planter is still at the mercy of private bankers, who are naturally unfavorable toward any plan which might increase his independence of them through the low interest rate that an agricultural bank would charge.

One other detail in relation to coffee planting under valorization emphasizes the general hardship that such operation imposes. The Brazilian output of coffee today is practically the same as ten years ago. If the present system continues, Brazil's prestige as the premier producing area may be seriously menaced ten years hence. Because of consumer resentment over price fluctuation, our imports shrank more than

. . . grass stains . . . grease spots . . . these disappear from white shoes almost at the first touch of White Dyanshine.

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EVEN though your car has a mechanical windshield wiper, there will be many times when you would not exchange having your windshield treated with NO-BLUR for ten times its small cost. One application is effective for six months. It is invisible on your windshield, in fact you wouldn't know it was there but for the perfect vision it enables you to enjoy through the ENTIRE windshield each time it rains. Regular 2 Oz. size contains enough to last the life of your car. Price $1.00 at your dealer's or sent postpaid direct. Results guaranteed.

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For the Kiddies' Clothing
When their buttons disappear, simply snap on
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No needle or thread required. Neat and attractive. Three sizes, three colors. Sold Everywhere. Samples Free.
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Something New in Transportation

A PRESSED STEEL* Hand Truck! Wherever strength is essential—strength with minimum weight—pressed steel is today the preferred material.

The American Pulley Company, applying its experience of some thirty years as successful specialists in pressed steel, has perfected a series of all-steel hand trucks scientifically designed for greater ruggedness, safety, economy and ease in handling. These new trucks were created after investigating all known truck uses, comparing the merits and disadvantages of former types, studying and testing every detail of stress, balance and structure.

Not a mere assembly of standard steel bars, but a truck constructed of steel parts, formed to our own design in our own shops. The result—a truck as light as wood, of great strength, at a reasonable price, which will last indefinitely with little or no maintenance or repair. In fine balance, easy running, a pleasure to use.

Every "American" Steel Truck is finished RED for identification as well as for appearance. Order from your dealer, or write us for full information.

*The handle grips only are made of hard wood for handling comfort. Pressed steel wheels are standard on some models, optional on others

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AMERICAN PRESSED STEEL TRUCKS

PATENTS PENDING

150,000,000 pounds last year. Between 1910 and 1925, Brazilian coffee imports into the United States declined from 78 per cent of the crop to 67 per cent. Meanwhile the percentage imported from Colombia, Brazil's strongest rival, has risen during these years from 6 to 17 per cent.

Valorization works a serious hardship upon the dealer, because the governmental reservoir of stock is constantly held over his head. No one knows exactly how much coffee is stored, or when or how it is to be released. A vast quantity might be let loose upon the market at any time. The constant complaint of the American trade is that it remains in the dark. Hence uncertainty prevails in the merchant mind all the time.

In this connection one of the chief indictments of valorization is pertinent. It is the secrecy that envelops the whole supply situation. Coffee statistics are more inadequate than those of any other standard commodity. You get the two extremes when you look at the lucid and comprehensive figures continuously available about our corn, cotton and wheat crops, and the misty, irregular data that trickle out concerning coffee

The coffee status is further complicated by the fact that the control of the market is a political agency. Therefore the commodity is not subject to all the ordinary fluctuations of demand and supply. Frequently the market is influenced by various political factors growing out of the friction between state and federal officials in Brazil. As one American coffee expert put it to me, "A political question might arise any time in Brazil that would have grave effects on our trading operations"

I have already indicated the most important phase of the effect of valorization on the consumer in the shrinkage in our imports from Brazil. There is no doubt that this has been directly due to widespread hostility to the control scheme. At the price peak a boycott was threatened and consumption declined 20 per cent. People either cut down their coffee drinking or turned to substitutes.

The Nitrate Monopoly

Of more universal significance, perhaps, is the Chilean monopoly in nitrate of soda. Millions of people do not drink coffee and prefer alternatives like tea or cocoa, but everybody must have food. To raise it, fertilizers are necessary. Here is where nitrates come in, because they are first in the list of fertilizers. Since about 365,000,000 acres of land in this country produce harvested crops, you can get some idea of our need of material with which to enrich the soil.

Fully to comprehend this matter of nitrates, which is something of a puzzle to the layman because of its scientific ramifications, he must be informed concerning the sources of nitrogen. What is known as fixed nitrogen has two important sources - Chilean nitrate, and ammonia as a by-product of coke and gas plants. Unfixed nitrogen—that is, the synthetic kind, which has had great publicity because it can be manufactured at Muscle Shoals—comes out of the air.

The difficulty confronting the supply of fixed nitrogen as dependent upon coke and gas plants lies in the fact that it depends upon the productive capacity of the plants. The maximum production of ammonium sulphate will be reached in the near future, when by-produced coke ovens have reached the economic limit and the construction of gas plants has completely met with public approval.

Chilean nitrate, according to authorities, has peculiar values. It contains nitrogen in a form more available for plant food than an equivalent amount of nitrogen in any other form of nitrogenous fertilizer. It is peculiarly efficacious for cotton, tobacco, sugar beets—indeed, most farm crops grown in temperate climates. Although the productive capacity of the world in synthetic nitrogenous products has been rapidly expanding, it is not increasing fast enough to supply the advance in the demand for nitrogen.

Hence the dependence upon Chile. So far as modern science has been able to discover, the world's entire supply of nitrate of soda reposes in her northern desert area. The origin of these deposits and why they should exist only in Chile have long been subjects of many theories. No adequate explanation, however, has been advanced.

The Chileans have not bothered about scientific causes. They were quite satisfied with the results. Small wonder therefore that, with Nature as an unshakable first aid, they should bulwark their natural monopoly. This they have done to the limit.

Control Without Gouging

In one of the articles of my South American series I explained the production of these nitrates in detail. It is a simple process. What might be called the ore—that is, the *caliche*—is dug out of the ground and the nitrate recovered by a process of leaching and crystallization

Every ton of nitrate produced in Chile is under the control of the government. This control, the oldest of them all save the one in camphor, having been inaugurated in 1885, is vested in the Nitrate Producers' Association. Some 67 per cent of the members are either Chileans, British, Jugo-Slavs or Germans. It embraces all producers of nitrates with the exception of the two American companies engaged in the industry. Their supply, however, is subject to the same restriction as those of the members. The Chilean Government is directly a party to the association, four of the eighteen directors being appointed by the president of the republic. The government tax is $12.34 for each metric ton and approximates 20 per cent of the sales price.

The buyer of nitrate of soda, regardless of nationality, does not buy from the individual producer, but from the association, which controls prices and allocates quotas for distribution. To the credit of the Chilean monopoly, it must be said that there has been no gouge in price, as the rates prevailing today are practically those that obtained during the prewar era.

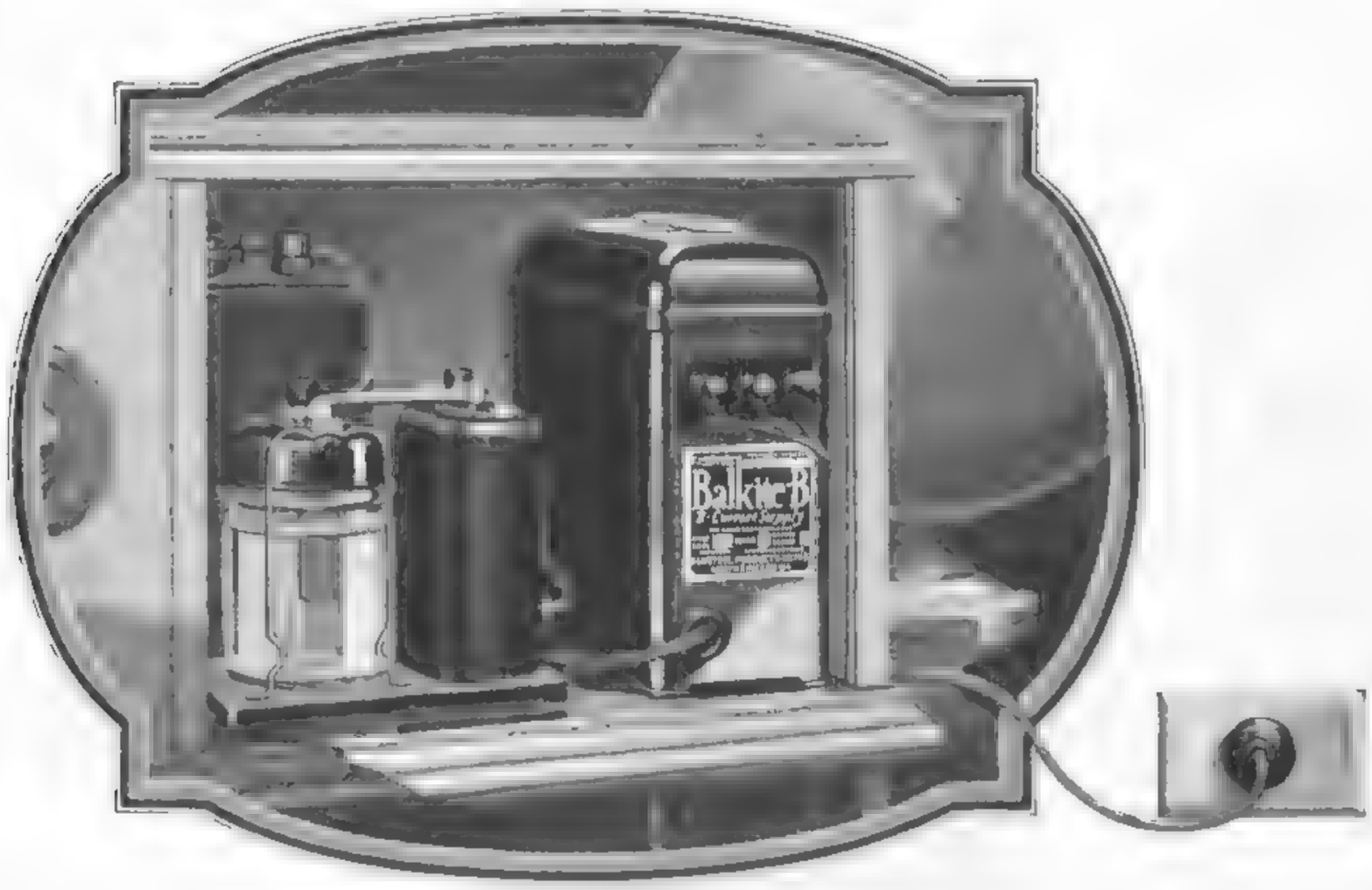
We are by far the greatest consumers of Chilean nitrates, accounting for half the entire output. Our imports last year were considerably more than 1,000,000 tons. Europe and Egypt took 46 per cent of the production.

The United States is not so much concerned about the actual existence of the Chilean monopoly as it is in what might happen in case of war. There are two definite reasons for this apprehension. One is that through a possible blockade of ocean lanes we would be deprived of one of the best and most needful fertilizers. The other is that 20 per cent of the nitrates produced is used in the manufacture of gunpowder and other explosives.

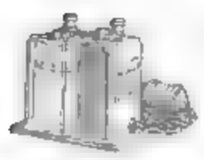
If you go back for a moment to the Great War you will discover that of all the industries affected, few were so completely involved as the world fertilizer activity. Fertilizers are a big item in world trade. When hostilities began in 1914, Germany was supplying practically all the potassium salts used. This source was cut off and the fertilizer industry was up against it hard. As you will presently see, Germany must now divide the one-time exclusive potash pickings with France, which inherited the Alsace-Lorraine area under the Versailles Treaty. We are beginning an independent potash movement in Texas.

A far more impressive undertaking is the widespread effort to produce synthetic nitrogen products. Every world power is concentrating money and capital to achieve some degree of immunity from dependence upon the natural sources. The most remarkable illustration of complete independence already established is in Germany. The Reich is not required to import a single ton of the Chilean product. She has made herself self-sufficient through domestic atmospheric nitrogen development. Hence a

(Continued on Page 153)

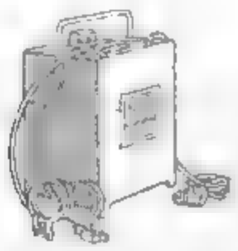


Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger convert your radio receiver into a light socket set



Balkite *Trickle Charger*

Converts any 6-volt "A" battery of 30 ampere-hours or more into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes "A" current from the light socket. With 4-volt and smaller 6-volt batteries may be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added to cut down the charging rate. $10. West of Rockies, $10.50. In Canada, $15.



Balkite *Battery Charger*

The popular rapid charger for 6-volt "A" batteries. Noiseless. Can be used while the set is in operation. Special model for 25-40 cycles. $19.50. West of Rockies, $20. In Canada $27.50.

Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. Keeps the "B" circuit always at full power. For sets of 6 tubes and less. $35. In Canada, $49.50.

Balkite "B" II

Will serve any standard set. Capacity 20 milliamperes at 135 volts. Especially adapted to sets of 6 tubes or more. $55. In Canada, $75.

Operate your present receiver from the light socket. Then you need never again worry about recharging or replacing batteries. Nor will your set ever again be handicapped by weak power. With full even power, always exactly as required, your set will give consistently good reception to be had in no other way.

No changes in your set are necessary. You need add only Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger. Balkite "B" replaces "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light socket. The Balkite Trickle Charger, once connected to the lighting circuit, is left on permanent charge. It keeps your "A" battery always at full power. For maximum convenience, you may also purchase from your dealer a switch that cuts out the charger and turns on Balkite "B" during operation.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger* are entirely noiseless. They are permanent pieces of equipment with no bulbs or moving parts and nothing to replace or get out of order. Other than a negligible amount of household current, their first cost is the last. Add them to your set and convert it into a light socket receiver. Ask your dealer.

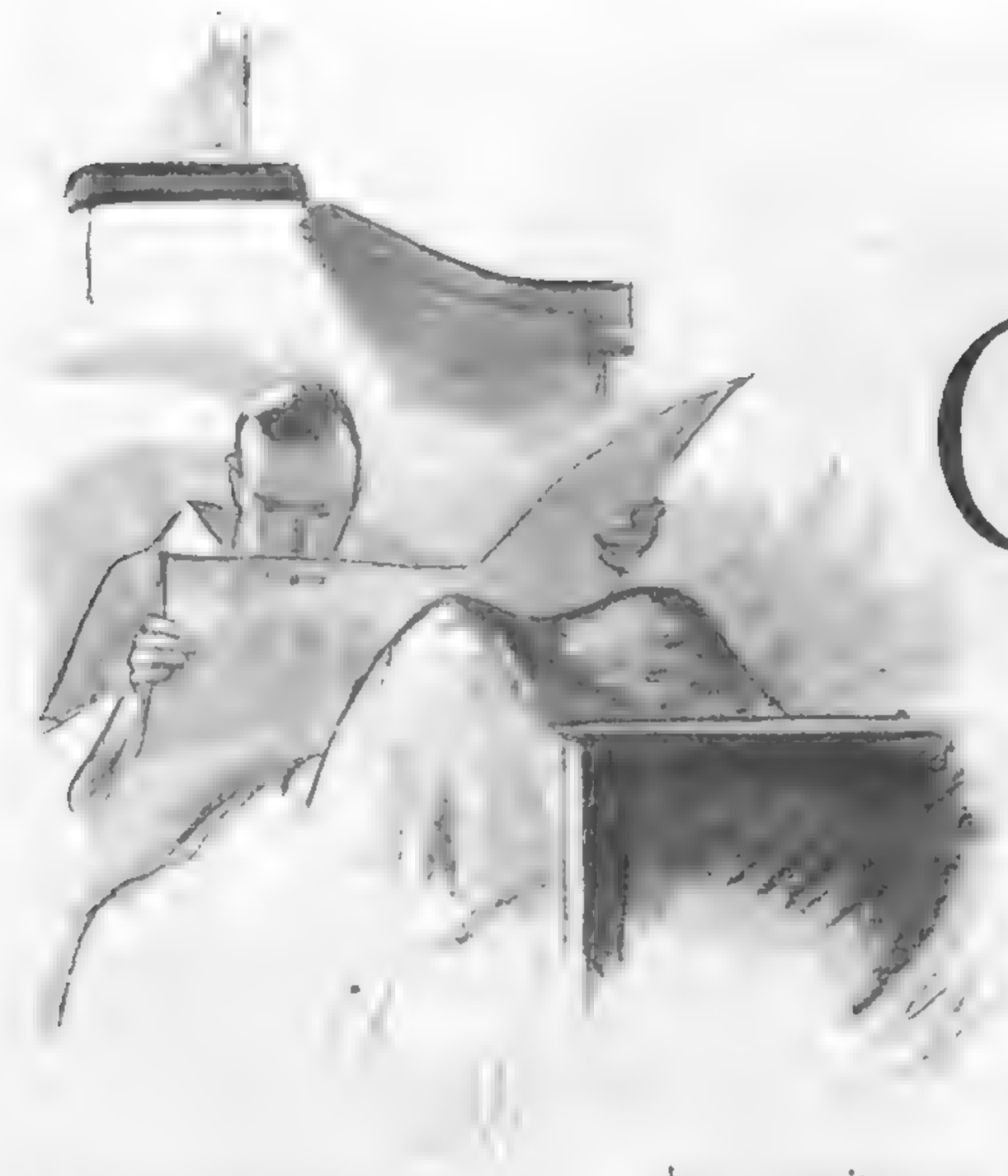
*The Balkite System of Trickle (or continuous) Charging is standard in many industries besides radio. In railway signal systems, where absolute infallibility of operation is required, its use is practically universal, and the Balkite Railway Signal Rectifier is standard on over 60 leading American and Canadian Railroads. The same method is also used for charging telephone, burglar alarm, emergency lighting and other battery systems. In fact wherever there are batteries to be charged Balkite Rectifiers on trickle charge are now in use. Engineers are invited to write for information.

FANSTEEL

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

Manufactured by FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., *North Chicago, Illinois*

SOLE LICENSEES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM: MESSRS. RADIO ACCESSORIES LTD., 9-13 HYTHE RD., WILLESDEN, LONDON, N. W. 10



Over-Sunday Hotels

PLAN, when you're traveling, to spend your week-end in a Statler Hotel. For Sunday's a pleasant day in these houses.

When you wake you will find that a morning paper has been slipped under your door—just as on other days.

If you want to stay in bathrobe and slippers, your breakfast will be sent up to your room. If you want to read in bed, there's a lamp to light your paper just right.

Your clean and comfortable bathroom is waiting for you; a desk, well supplied with stationery, is right there; the hotel's well-selected library awaits your telephone call for a book to match your mood.

Downstairs, whenever you're ready for them, are attractive lounges, comfortable chairs. Excellent restaurants invite you. At certain hours an orchestra plays for you.

And as to service: If, in any transaction in our hotels, you get something less than the complete satisfaction we promise you, I wish you'd just remind the employee serving you of *his* promise to *me*—which is to satisfy you if he can; or, if he can't, to turn the matter over to his superior at once. You'll get satisfaction, every time, if it's someone in authority.

Sunday's a pleasant day, in these hotels.

E. M. Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Rates are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York. For two people, these rooms are $4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis; $5 in Detroit; $5 50 in Buffalo, and $6 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Now Building in Boston:

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the Park Square District of Boston to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

And an Office Building:

Adjoining the hotel will be the Statler Office Building, with 200,000 sq. ft. of highly desirable office space. The two structures will occupy the entire block.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

(Continued from Page 150)

prompt solution of the Muscle Shoals problem is of vast importance to the whole United States.

I have merely hinted at the international effort in synthetic nitrogenous products. In the next article, which will be devoted to all the offensives being waged against foreign raw-material controls, it will be dealt with in detail.

A by-product of Chilean nitrates is iodine, in which another monopoly exists. Its production is controlled by a close corporation called the Combinación de Yodo, which is so favored by the government that any producer who tries to operate outside it would find himself bankrupt. As in nitrate of soda, the iodine combine assigns production quotas, regulates exportation, establishes prices and supervises sales. Though the combination is not in itself governmentally controlled, it is closely associated with the Nitrate Producers' Association. Sales of iodine in the United States are made through one concern only, and the same is true of Europe.

Dividing the Potash Trade

A feature of this iodine trust—it manifests itself in nearly all similar operations—is that the production in Chile could be increased at least 20 per cent if the trade were free. Under present conditions, much of the nitrate from which it might be obtained as a by-product remains unworked. It becomes just so much waste. The cost of iodine production is a very small fraction of the present price, which, during the past three years, has averaged $4.50 a pound.

Full brother to nitrates in value as fertilizer is potash, which also is a monopoly. It faces no menace so far from synthetic supply, while independent sources outside the area controlled by the trust are negligible.

Before the World War, Germany had a natural monopoly of the largest potash beds of the world. They were controlled by the Kali Syndikat, which means Potash Syndicate, and it was one of the old empire's favorite commercial protégés. Some of the beds were in Alsace and Lorraine, and they were restored to France under the Versailles Treaty, as I have already pointed out.

With peace, the French started an intensive development of the restored property with such energy and success that their product began to supplant the Teuton in many quarters, especially in the United States. The Germans are born mergers. Before long they made overtures to their competitors across the Rhine for a combine. The first negotiations failed, because Germany was willing to offer France only a 15 per cent share of the world market.

In May, 1925, an agreement was entered into between the Potash Syndicate and the French producers, who also have an association, for a combination to supply the world market jointly on a 70–30 basis, Germany to get the major end of the business. This was the first evidence of a Franco-German economic accord, which is to be followed by a similar agreement in iron and steel, and possibly chemicals. The potash agreement was unique in the history of international industrial relations, since it involved a practical monopoly of an essential raw material, and further because one of the signatories was a state—that is, the French Government—and the other an industry under the control of the German Government.

This agreement was to be operative for a year. On April eleventh last, at a conference held at Lugano, a small lake town in Switzerland near the Italian frontier, it was renewed. It became effective May first and will continue for a period of seven years.

The general provisions of the May, 1925, accord are continued; which means that Germany will continue to supply 70 per cent of the product and France 30. The spread, however, is to be gradually diminished until a final basis of 50 per cent for each country is arrived at. This consummation is expected to be achieved by May 1, 1931.

As with the original agreement, the new deal not only allocates markets but prevents geographical duplication of selling except in the United States, where the product of both countries is available. Germany retains the German market and France the French market, including her colonies and protectorates. The ratio of deliveries in the American market remains unchanged for the present, but future ratios for all countries with the exception of France and Germany are dependent upon the extent to which potash sales increase. The combine has set aside a considerable fund for scientific research throughout the world with a view to stimulating potash consumption. It is also establishing an intensive propaganda service.

Both the Germans and the French realize the potentialities of potash as a national asset. It is peculiarly vital to Germany, because her only other great natural resource is coal. She has turned to potash expansion with such energy that, whereas the output of pure potash in 1924 was only 842,060 metric tons, it had increased to 1,235,450 metric tons in 1925.

During the past twelve months the Potash Syndicate has pursued a policy of improving its equipment and centralizing its production in a comparatively small number of plants. Only 90 out of 220 pits are being worked, but through concentration the general output is increased. I cite this because potash is an exception to the rule of controlled products, where methods usually suffer through complete domination of the market.

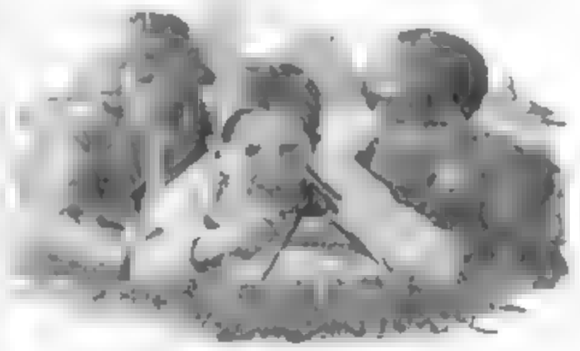
American Potash

How does all this international manipulation of the markets affect us? The big fact is that the outlook for cheaper potash available for agricultural use is less favorable than for cheaper nitrogen. Though there has been no sharp advance in price, our annual bill has run close to the $50,000,000 mark. During the war, when the foreign supply was cut off, we spent a similar sum in an effort to develop an American potash industry. Potash was recovered from kelp, from the salines of Nebraska, Utah and California, from blasting-furnace and cement-factory dusts, and from various potash-bearing rocks. At no time, however, were we able to produce more than 10 per cent of our needs.

When French and German potash resumed its place in the world market, our potash effort to produce a competing article practically subsided. New life has been infused into the movement through a congressional appropriation made on April fifteenth, setting aside $550,000 a year for five years to enable the United States Geological Survey and the Department of Agriculture to investigate the location and extent of potash deposits throughout the country, especially Texas, and to devise new and improved methods of extraction. There is no lack of low-grade potash minerals in the United States and with proper development they may become profitable.

Bringing Out the Potash Salts in a German Mine

Bang! Flash! Smoke!
Yet a Safe "4th" and Sane



Here's real 4th of July fun! Merely turn the crank and the RONSON Machine Gun lets fire a sizzling barrage of crackling, flashing, smoking machine gun fire. A boon to parents! Your boy cannot get into trouble, because there are no caps and nothing to ignite. All of the thrill—none of the danger!

Absolutely Harmless

Made of steel, handsomely enameled in olive drab, mounted on tripod with legs of bright red. Simple to operate. Ready for action. Comes loaded with thousands of shots. Sold at nearly all toy and department stores. If your dealer has not yet stocked it, use coupon below.

RONSON
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
MACHINE GUN

Jobbers & Dealers: Ask for our proposition. Order now. Immediate delivery. Write or wire

$1.00 The Art Metal Works, 38 Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
Enclosed find $1 for RONSON Machine Gun, packed and loaded for action
$1.25 west of the Rockies
Name.....
Address.....

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO
CANADA

The American's natural playground

hill and glen, forest, lake and stream.... scenes of enchanting beauty and infinite variety;

—days of glorious sunshine... cool nights of refreshing sleep... fragrance of pine and balsam... health;

—trout, bass, game fish in abounding numbers await your lure in pure, cool waters;

—good roads, appetizing meals... every recreation want anticipated... all combine with Nature to provide the setting for a never-to-be-forgotten holiday

Our booklet—"Your vacation in Ontario" and our Road Map of Ontario are yours for the asking.

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT
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SANFORD'S PASTE
Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

Will you go on
forever in the same old shaving rut?

OR will you, realizing there are better ways, make this simple experiment? It will free you from crude shaving and give you the art of a professional.

A barber-like edge for every shave if you use a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Stropped just before every shave—the only razor that sharpens its own blades.

Then shave as never before. Speedier. More comfortable. No pulling.

To try a Valet AutoStrop Razor for a change is to use it constantly thereafter. You will never again be content with dulling blades. Never the annoyance of having to throw them away.

With a Valet AutoStrop Razor you can sharpen the blade before each shave in a jiffy, then shave, then clean, all without removal.

Learn the difference between your present way and the way we offer here.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

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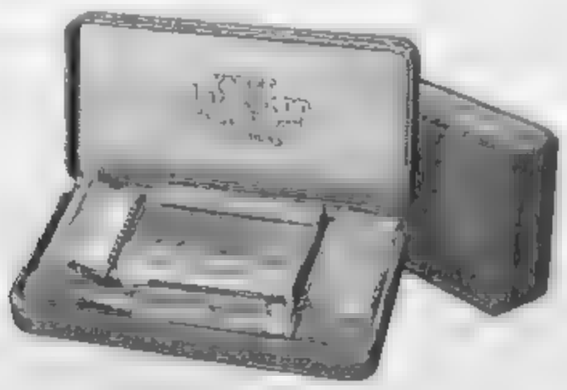
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Avenue, New York City



The Razor That Sharpens Itself

The trouble here, as with most other controlled products, is that it has been easier to pay tribute to a foreign monopoly than to go at it on our own.

With the operation of the rubber, coffee, potash and nitrate monopolies the general public is fairly familiar. Not so with the control of Mexican sisal, although it is nearest at hand, being located in Yucatan and therefore aided and abetted by Mexico. The effect of its manipulation, both upon production and consumption, was for a time highly destructive. It ran afoul of the law, was investigated by the United States Senate and became involved in litigation. It presents one of the few instances where Uncle Sam was sufficiently aroused to go hotfoot after a foreign octopus. In every detail the monopoly has been a conspicuous example of the kind of restriction with which this article is concerned. Moreover, it has been linked with socialistic experiment and bound up in revolution.

To comprehend just how far-reaching is the sisal monopoly, you must be told at the start that it is one of the two principal fibers used in the manufacture of binder twine. The other fiber is manila hemp, grown exclusively in the Philippines. Some 85 per cent of America's binder twine, however, is made from sisal, or henequen, as it is also called. The twine fashioned out of manila hemp is used in Canada. What manila hemp we do import is manufactured into cordage other than binder twine.

Though manila fiber runs higher than sisal in footage per pound of binder twine, sisal answers all the requirements of binder twine more satisfactorily than any fiber thus far discovered. Other and softer fibers may be mixed with sisal to a certain extent for twine spinning, but apparently there is no satisfactory substitute for binder-twine production.

Sisal is a product of low latitudes and low altitudes, requiring a hot moist climate. It has been called a cousin of the century plant, which it resembles. Because the freshly cut leaves are of a glossy green, it is frequently dubbed the green gold of Yucatan. One of the main difficulties attending sisal-fiber production is the length of time required for a plant to mature. Like rubber, it takes from six to seven years. So much for the plant background.

Binder twine is an indispensable adjunct of American agriculture. In the moister climates of the greater part of the North American grain-producing area, twine of some kind must be used to bind the bundles of wheat, rye, oats and barley. It is also employed in binding corn.

Our Need for Sisal

In order to meet the farmer's need satisfactorily, binder twine must be of satisfactory quality as to length, strength and smoothness so that it will run freely through the self-binding reaper without knotting or tangling. It must be proof against weather exposure and insects. Also, because it is a product incapable of any reuse or salvage, it must be cheap. Since harvesting will not admit of delay, the farmer's supply of twine must be absolutely dependable.

Binder twine is produced with a minimum of labor as compared with all the other products of the farm-equipment industry. It is spun and balled by machinery which is very largely automatic. The raw material, consisting almost entirely of fiber, is therefore the principal factor in determining the manufacturing price and cost of binder twine.

The United States and Canada produce annually about 150,000 tons of binder twine, most of which is consumed within their confines. American agriculture in normal years consumes from 100,000 to 110,000 tons. This demand is chiefly met by the mills of eleven American manufacturers, although about 27,500 tons are being produced by convict labor in nine state prisons.

Since 85 per cent of American-made binder twine is manufactured from Yucatan sisal, and furthermore, since Yucatan is practically the sole source of supply, Mexico holds what really amounts to a world monopoly of a product absolutely essential to American agriculture. Since 1915, except for an interval of two years—1919 to 1921—this monopoly has been under the control of the state of Yucatan and the government of Mexico. In the intervening years from 1915, the sisal market has been closed by various kinds of governmental control, so that our manufacturers and importers were unable to buy direct from the Yucatan producer, and were compelled to purchase from various forms of government agencies at prices and under conditions fixed entirely by the monopoly. Just what havoc has been wrought has been shown by the fact that during a single decade the price has ranged from 2.5 cents to 23.5 cents a pound. At the time I write it is 8.5 cents. The only commodity comparable in price fluctuation is rubber.

Prosperity in a Free Market

Prior to 1915, and for the period between 1919 and 1921, when control temporarily collapsed, the sisal market was free and open. Under the operation of the law of demand and supply the industry was fairly stable, both as to production and prices. Despite the fact that the average price was less than six cents a pound, Yucatan prospered and the planters became wealthy. Evidence is ample that a free market for sisal brings prosperity to the fiber producers and results in reasonable prices and dependable supply for the twine manufacturer. Since the price of binder twine is very largely determined by the cost of the fiber, the open market, with its lower price, is directly beneficial to the American farmer.

The effect of the monopoly upon sisal production was almost ruinous. At the time of the Mexican revolution in 1914 the industry was flourishing. Plantations were being well cultivated and the acreage was being extended. There was every indication that within a few years the annual production would be increased from the 1,000,000 bales of 1914 to 1,500,000 bales.

The unwise management of the monopoly formed in 1915, which arbitrarily advanced the price above nineteen cents—later it went to 23.5 cents—forced manufacturers to find substitutes and resulted in heavy accumulation of stocks. In the same period the intensely radical government of Yucatan began expropriating plantations and dividing them up into small parcels among individual laborers. In this fashion and otherwise the monopoly and the government so upset labor, business and agricultural conditions that many plantations were neglected and some were abandoned. As a result, the annual production had fallen by 1922—when plantations were at their worst from the effect of the government action—from 1,000,000 to less than 500,000 bales.

Under the somewhat better conditions prevailing in the past few years production has increased, until it reached 750,000 bales in 1925. Since it takes six years after setting out for the sisal plant to mature, it will be some time before production again reaches normal. The closed market, coupled with the frequent political disturbances in Yucatan and Mexico, has repeatedly put our agriculture in imminent danger of a disastrous binder-twine shortage in consequence of interruption of production and shipments.

Now a word about the specific operation of the monopoly. In many respects it differs in method from any other. In 1915 the Congress of Yucatan took the first step in sisal control by putting a production tax on the crop and later establishing a purchasing commission called the *Reguladora*, to regulate production, price and sale of the fiber.

This meant that the growers had to sell their output to the commission, which in turn was given all the rights to regulate price and sale of the fiber abroad. An American financial corporation was formed

(Continued on Page 157)

THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER NINE

John Maxwell became so impressed by the need for encouraging thrift, that at the first opportunity he brought before the officials of his Company the advantages to them and to their employees of providing old age incomes under the Salary Budget Plan

"Their Future is *Yours!"*

You pay them well for loyalty and effort . . you reward ability with advancement . . but what are you going to do when they reach the limit of their usefulness . . and you no longer feel able to continue them on the pay-roll? . . They are worried about the future. . . How much more they would give to their work, to themselves and you, if they knew they were going to be taken care of!

HELP them to get a steady monthly income for life when they reach the age of 65. Under the Ætna Salary Budget Plan you can do this without cost to yourself. Yet the benefit to your employees will be none the less real! The improvement in their mental and financial condition will be directly reflected in their work.

Under the Salary Budget Plan, each employee is given an opportunity to save a nominal amount each month regularly—on a convenient and economical basis. You, as employer, deduct this amount from his salary. The employee receives a savings contract which guarantees him a certain steady monthly income for life when he is 65—plus protection for his dependents in the meantime. He is laying up security for his old age and for his family, yet he feels no present strain at all.

Offer your employees this service! Let the Ætna-izer in your community explain this service to you. He is a man worth knowing. He can also give you valuable advice about your own insurance problems. He is a representative of the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

This great Ætna organization can offer you and your employees protection against virtually every known form of loss—not only Life Insurance, but Accident and Health Insurance, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine Insurance, and Fidelity and Surety Bonds.

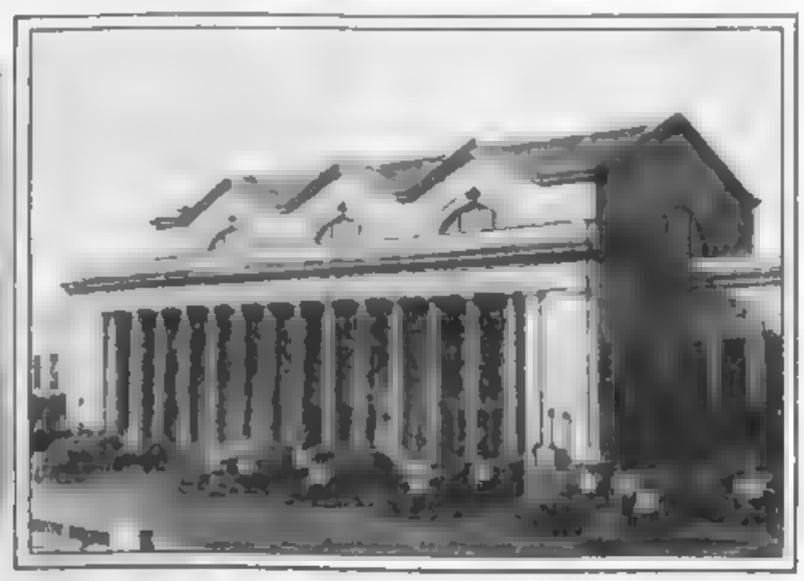
Ætna-ize! Help your employees to Ætna-ize. As you and they prosper, and as your obligations increase!

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Southeastward—on to Jacksonville—moves the new flood of population and wealth



Union passenger station at Jacksonville, Florida. Write for the free booklet now.

ANYONE who has observed the new movement of American population and wealth has inevitably seen that the trend is southeastward. And those who have studied the Southeast see in Jacksonville, Florida, the business center and capital of this growing section.

Jacksonville is seaport, rail center, banking and manufacturing headquarters for America's new Southeast. Jacksonville clears Florida's citrus wealth, lumber and the ever-increasing shipments of winter fruits and vegetables. Its year-round mild climate and phenomenally low electric power rate make it ideal as a manufacturing city. Its railroads and shipping make it inevitable as a distributing center.

Already Jacksonville has 432 industrial plants with an annual production of $100,000,000—more and more manufacturers and distributors are selecting their locations here. Ford placed one of his largest assembly plants here, doubled it in size in one year—recently completed new docks for this plant costing four hundred thousand dollars. New skyscrapers, roads, bridges, docks, schools and homes are but visible evidences of Jacksonville's response to the developing Southeast. Building permits for 1925 fell just short of $15,000,000. Jacksonville, with its favorable manufacturing conditions—friendly power rates, abundant labor, raw materials and shipping—is only 36 hours by rail from 55 per cent of the entire population of the United States.

With all these advantages, Jacksonville offers the ideal all-year home, with fine schools and spacious playgrounds. Those who seek prosperity and with it the chance to live life to the full, summer and winter, cannot ignore Jacksonville's opportunities.

Would you start a new business, or open a branch factory or distributing point for the Southeast? Have you capital to invest in the section toward which new population and wealth are flowing? Could you transfer your profession or special ability here, where it would have the fullest realization? Then come to Jacksonville and study things on the ground. Come personally and see for yourself what is happening here. Write for the free booklet that describes the city—be sure and come here for your vacation. It well might determine your whole future. Write for the free booklet now. Address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN
INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING.
AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE"

(Continued from Page 154)

in New York to finance the distribution. Only exclusive agents, named by the *Reguladora*, could market the crop in this country.

In consequence the price was forced to high levels. For three years it ranged from 14.5 to 19.25 cents a pound.

So persistent and pernicious became the operations of the sisal monopoly that it came under investigation by a United States Senate committee in 1916. The hearings disclosed the fact that the control imposed "an annual increased cost to the American people of more than $26,000,000, and a direct increased cost to the farmers on the amount used for binder twine of more than $19,000,000."

Following the recommendation of the Senate committee report, the Department of Justice brought a dissolution proceeding against the *Reguladora* and its American agents' banking connections. This action was without result because of the liquidation of the American financing corporation and later of the *Reguladora* itself. The events that led to an ultimate reckoning are illuminating.

When the United States entered the war in April, 1917, sisal prices advanced to the high of 23.5 cents a pound owing to the enormous war demand for fibers and the increasing requirements of the American farmer because of the greatly stimulated production of wheat. In the following September the United States Food Administration entered into negotiations with the *Reguladora* to obtain a price of twelve cents.

Even this was regarded as exorbitant, but to save the wheat crop there was a compromise on 19.5 cents. By establishing limitations of profits in twine manufacture the average retail price of the commodity was held down.

The *Reguladora*, however, paid for its cupidity. The Food Administration undertook a widespread campaign for conservation in twine use and for the substitution of other fibers. Consumption declined and stocks piled up. Late in 1919 the *Reguladora* and its American coöperators found themselves faced with a surplus of 540,000 bales, practically a year's supply for the American market, upon which large financial advances had been made by our banks. The bankruptcy of the *Reguladora* followed and the price of sisal collapsed to 2.5 cents a pound.

Between 1919 and 1921 was the only period of noncontrol since the Yucatan Government entered the field. In 1921 the monopoly was reëstablished and a new Yucatan marketing corporation, known as the *Comision Exportadora*, was organized, with new sales connections in this country, but with much the same purpose and effect as before. Since the revival of the monopoly in 1921, it has operated variously through the *Comision Exportadora*, or nominally as a coöperative association of sisal growers.

Binder Twine Tied Up

On August 23, 1924, by direction of Attorney General Stone, the United States district attorney of New York filed a complaint in the United States District Court of Southern New York against the monopoly's numerous American connections, charging an illegal combination to control the importation of fiber into the United States and seeking an injunction.

This proceeding was dismissed by Judge Hand on June 4, 1925, chiefly on the ground that an injunction to restrain a monopoly operating in another country would be futile as far as the public interest was concerned.

Since early in 1925 the monopoly has been operating as a coöperative association, but the coöperation appears to be only another name for compulsion. It is true that American binder-twine manufacturers can buy, or contract to buy, sisal direct from the producers in Yucatan; but fiber so purchased cannot be exported without the consent of the coöperative association of producers. This consent is rigorously withheld, so that the sisal market is actually closed as hard and fast as it ever was.

In the long run every abuse of productive power is its own undoing. In the next article you will see how American manufacturers are seeking to make themselves independent of Yucatan sisal by establishing new sources of supply in Ecuador and Cuba. Other competitive fields are being opened up in East Africa and Java.

While the controls in major products run into hundreds of millions of dollars and bulk big in demand, the need of the minor ones similarly manipulated is no less acute. Take camphor, which goes into nearly every home in some form. Here you have the oldest of natural trusts.

Camphor is obtained from a large evergreen tree of the laurel family and was first marketed in China and subsequently in Formosa. Early in the eighteenth century the Chinese introduced a camphor monopoly into Formosa. Any evasion of its regulations was punishable by death. It continued in somewhat modified form until 1868.

When the Japanese acquired Formosa after the war with China, the production and sale of Formosan camphor again became a government monopoly, which was extended to Japan in 1903. Following the reconstruction of control the price advanced 100 per cent. During the World War camphor went to four dollars a pound. Now it averages about ninety-four cents.

Our Long-Staple Cotton Import

Few monopolies are so closely riveted as is that in camphor. Producers of crude camphor oil must have licenses to carry on their trade; they must keep exact inventories of their manufacture and deliver their products to the Japanese Government at a rate fixed by it.

Camphor refining is an exclusive prerogative of the state, which restricts output when market conditions make it necessary. As is the case with nitrates, the government allocates the distribution to countries other than Japan.

Quinine also comes under a strict control. Although originally indigenous to South America, especially Peru, the *Chinchona calisaya*, the tree from which quinine is produced, was introduced into Java by the Netherlands Government in 1854. As a result the Dutch today are masters of 90 per cent of the world supply and operate the market at their will. The quinine industry parallels rubber production in the Middle East in that a natural monopoly was transferred from the New World to the Old World through intensive conservation. The British in Ceylon have emulated the Dutch and account for the remaining 10 per cent of the output. South American quinine has become a negligible quantity because of ignorant and wasteful methods of management.

In view of our large cotton production, many people are surprised to learn that we must import on an average of 225,000 bales of the Egyptian long-staple every year. This is due to the fact that the peculiar softness of the product made it indispensable for a time to the manufacturer of tires and cords. This need has lessened, but long-staple is still necessary for very fine fabrics and sheer goods.

Long-staple cotton is under control of the Egyptian Government, which restricted the acreage in 1915 and in 1921. Shortage of water brought about the first reduction, but a desire to influence price animated the second.

There is a strong intimation that the 1926–27 crop also will be restricted for price reasons. The Egyptians have taken the Brazilian valorization lesson to heart, because, on occasion, they go into the market and purchase cotton, holding it until its release would not have a depressing effect on price.

Happily for us, we can, in a push, get along without Egyptian cotton, because we raise a limited quantity of a similar

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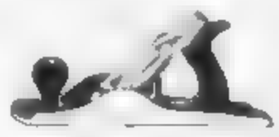

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fiber. It is called American-Egyptian cotton and grows in Arizona and California. Because of lower production costs in Egypt, the industry has lagged until we now produce only a limited quantity.

With quebracho, an extract used in tanning leather, we are not so fortunate. Argentina has a natural monopoly on the tree from which it is extracted. The United States is the world's greatest producer of leather and therefore the largest consumer of the product. An unfailing supply of the extract at reasonable prices is essential to one of our great industries.

Although the Argentine Government has no official connection with the quebracho output, it permits highly monopolistic methods of production and marketing. A few powerful corporations run the whole show. Chief among them is La Forestal, which potentially operates the market because it produces half the output. It was founded forty years ago by two young German tanners, who went out to Argentina to make their fortunes and quickly realized the possibilities that lay in the valuable tanning properties of the quebracho tree. The corporation now operates forests, refineries and railways, and represents almost unlimited capital.

Up to 1922 the price of the quebracho extract was considered almost excessive. During the war it fluctuated from four to eighteen cents a pound. Since 1922 little reason for complaint has arisen. There is always the opportunity for drastic control, however, and North American tanners are concentrating on research to find a substitute.

Tanning extracts are found in mangrove bark, which comes from Madagascar and East Africa; wattle bark, which is Australian and South African; and Italian sumac. Some degree of independence of the Argentine article may be expected within the next few years.

An essential subject to official supervision is mercury. The Spanish sources of supply, which are capable of supplying the world demand for many years, as well as the Italian output, are controlled by the government. The Spanish product is marketed by the Rothschilds.

Supply But No Demand

Not all controls exist in raw materials. Australia has come to the front with the Dried Fruit Export Board which is a variation of the monopolistic theme. Following the war, an attempt was made to increase the general prosperity of Australia and to provide occupations for returned soldiers by developing certain irrigated regions. The effort was partly successful, for large areas were taken up and planted in deciduous fruits and vines. By 1922 production had passed domestic consumption and foreign markets remained undeveloped. Prices were so low that the new settlers were on the point of giving up their lands and would probably have become public charges. They felt that the government had misled them in urging this development without producing outlets.

In the circumstances, the state and commonwealth governments felt obliged to render direct assistance to the growers. In the canning industry bounties were given to the canners under a condition that certain minimum prices would be paid to the growers. There was also a bounty for exported canned goods. A somewhat similar arrangement was made for the dried-fruit producers.

The Dried Fruit Export Board was established, comprising representatives of the various states, of established firms and the government. In order to maintain the quality of dried fruits, export was prohibited unless the goods had been packed for or graded by representatives of the control board. The board was empowered to supervise and control all contracts for the export of dried fruits, and arrange for the sale of Australian output in the United Kingdom through a London agency. Individuals, upon obtaining licenses from the board, could export, but sales in the United Kingdom could not be made until approval of the London agency of the board had been obtained.

Control board licenses for the export of dried fruits to Canada were permitted. These requirements covered minimum prices, brokerage, terms of sale, minimum size of shipments, provision for inspection and grading.

By another act, steps were taken to advance to the grower from 70 to 80 per cent of the value placed upon his products by a representative of the export board. Provisions were made for the form in which application for such advances must be made and for the expenditure of such advances in specified ways, approved by the Minister of Trade and Customs.

The system of government control or aid has not been satisfactory, as large losses have occurred in both the canning and dried fruit industries. If the packers exercise sufficient care in the selection and grading of their products, and in the maintenance of uniformity, sharp competition with American products could easily develop. At the present time, however, American products are selling in immediate competition with the Australian and at higher prices. The existence of these higher prices is justified by the superior quality of the American fruit. This experiment shows that controls are not always successful. Such failure, however, is an exception to the rule.

In addition to the controlled commodities, various needful raw materials are intermittently subject to governmental stewardship. Raw silk is a conspicuous illustration. Until it was superseded by raw rubber, it ranked first among our imports in value.

Japan produces 75 per cent of the world silk, and we consume 80 per cent of the Japanese production. At the height of the postwar inflation raw silk mounted to sixteen dollars a pound. When the boom was punctured, the price collapsed. The Japanese Government stepped in, subsidized an imperial silk syndicate and supported the market until stabilization was brought about. Though this was an emergency measure, the performance might be repeated any time.

We are not bound hand and foot to silk, first because it is a luxury and second because of the growing substitution of the artificial variety in which we lead the world in output. We could do without the real thing if it was absolutely necessary, except for one or two wartime uses such as parachutes and the manufacture of gunpowder bags.

Jute and burlap also could easily be controlled. They are necessary to American industry for the manufacture of bags for coffee, sugar, potatoes, and for covering raw cotton. Our total imports of jute and burlap represent an average annual value of nearly $90,000,000.

Practically the whole world supply of jute is raised in British India. There are no large plantations, the fiber being cultivated on small farms by the peasants, who sell the jute to local merchants and dealers. These dealers in turn dispose of the fiber to other brokers and traders, so that the jute is bought and resold many times before it is finally manufactured or exported.

King-Pin In Tin

It has never been asserted that there is a direct or indirect control over the production and distribution of jute which might influence price. The facts that we use more than one-quarter of the total supply of British India, and that prices in 1925 advanced so that they were almost double the 1923 scale, make the subject one of increasing interest to American consumers.

Another commodity in which our dependence upon foreign sources is almost absolute is tin. We use 60 per cent of the entire output, which comes mainly from Malaya, Bolivia and the Dutch East Indies, and produce only 3 per cent of the world's total. This insignificant production is by two American companies, one operating in Bolivia and the other in the Federated Malay States. Both are controlled by the Guggenheims.

As in rubber, Britain is the king-pin in tin. She controls 70 per cent of the production either economically or politically. The tin control is through widespread smelting operations. The Dutch, who are responsible for 18 per cent of the world output, have established control by government ownership and restriction of output based on the estimated productivity of the fields. Most of the Bolivian tin is smelted by the British.

To enumerate the remaining materials controlled continuously or spasmodically would mean to catalogue a list of not less than sixty other indispensables. One, however, must be mentioned, because few pause to associate it with our amazing dependence upon foreign sources of supply. I refer to pepper, of which we are the largest single importer. Our bill each year is more than $4,000,000.

The trade in pepper dates back to the colonization of the East Indies and the foundation of the Dutch East India Company. Through compulsory and restricted plantings, and purchases from native growers at fixed prices, the Dutch gained control of the spice trade. It is said that the resulting high prices induced Queen Elizabeth to confer a monopoly on the British East India Company with a view of breaking up the Dutch power in the East. For many years the Dutch, Portuguese and English fought for the control of the spice-growing regions. Competition about the beginning of the nineteenth century seems to have broken the control, because since that time the trade has been free.

To Control Controls

The world supply of black and white pepper comes chiefly from the Dutch East Indies, British Malaya and British India. Considerable quantities are produced also in French Indo-China and Siam, with smaller amounts in other tropical countries.

Whence the relief from all this actual or potential control? This is the vital question that American production faces today.

One possible source is the League of Nations. When Congress began to investigate soaring rubber prices, there was a repercussion at Geneva. The idealists there saw a heaven-born opportunity to make a gesture that would influence the United States to join them, and began to look into the Dutch control of quinine. No action was taken. Long and costly experience has proved that you cannot effect drastic economic reforms with a town meeting. If these monopolies are to be curbed, it must be through practical and therefore constructive action.

The preliminary Congressional report on commodity controls made the following suggestions:

"The first is to secure immediate relief from high prices by conservation and substitution campaigns among our consumers, such as the very successful rubber conservation campaign for which the Department of Commerce is responsible.

"The second is by governmental and private action to create an independent source of supply which cannot be brought under foreign control.

"The third is for American citizens to refuse to furnish credit to these controls.

"The fourth is direct retaliation in some form."

Two of these recommendations mean trade war, which is always hazardous. The value of conservation has been demonstrated with rubber. In the end, the best of all remedies lies in American independence wherever possible. The campaign in rubber, potash, nitrates and sisal is already launched. We can now see just what is being done.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with alien commodity controls. The next and last will be devoted to the American effort to achieve independence of them.

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TO COAL

(Continued from Page 7

made not the least difference in the world to Grant King or Morris. Frank was a fine shift boss; and, as might be expected, had a following of the toughest, hardest, most reckless rock eaters that ever broke a sinking record. What is a fair-and-square killing, more or less, between shaft-sinking brothers anyway?

Just the same, Morris, on the day of which we speak, was in no mood to lose a fine handy man and prospective hoisting engineer. So Morris reached George first. A shipment of pick handles on the station platform furnished an implement of persuasion for the strengthening of Rufe's remarks. He hooked one hand in George's collar, yanked him perpendicular. George blinked and came to his senses as Rufe talked.

"Say," inquired Rufe, "where in Gehenna do you guineas think you are? Back in starra country—in the old country? This is U. S. A., you hunyaks, where everybody's too whang-blasted busy working to take time out for hating. I don't blame George for pulling steel, you big bohunk. You're too big for George. Too big for me, too, Frank; and if you don't back up I'll tie a half hitch round your neck with this Irish anchor handle."

Big Frank backed up. Rufe Morris and his pick-handle technic had a reputation among shaft-sinking men.

"Listen, leatherheads! This little wop is going to hoist tomorrow. And if he's any good he's going to keep on hauling muck till the hoisting shaft hits coal. Jack Jones'll take the air shaft when he shows up. And if you Owstries are afraid to work under a Dago, you can all sit right here on your bundles till the train comes back tomorrow morning."

A wise lad, Rufe. Except for that one word "afraid," used on that reckless crew, he would have lost them—every man.

Big Frank picked up his wardrobe trunk, which was a suit of oilskins tied with heavy twine, wrapped round a pair of huge shaft boots. All his men followed suit. From over the crest there came back the whistle of the train, pausing at the next station, Isaac, on its way back into the United States.

"Which place be camp?" Big Frank inquired cheerfully.

Rufe Morris would never have tried out George or any other unknown at the engine throttle for deep work. But the first twenty feet or more of Bildad's shafts went through soil, and that was only cellar digging. But George, it proved, could do more with a hoisting engine than a monkey with a peanut, and by the time we got to rock there was not an Austrian in his shaft who would not risk his life without a thought to George's skill. As to race animosity, this seemed entirely forgotten—lost in the good old job of work, and it was a thing of beautiful delight to see those bohunks lay their lives in that little black Sicilian's hands.

Coal was about two thousand feet below the surface at our camp, and until the very last day of the job those big Slavs, standing on the muck bucket's rim, hung on a small steel cable over a couple thousand feet of nothing, would bawl at George the lusty, reckless chorus, "Cut da rope!"

A shaft muck bucket is perhaps four feet across and maybe three feet deep. Four men would toss their picks and bars and shovels into it. Then, holding to the cable, they would step from the landing platform to the bucket's rim. There they would stand in a little circle while the head man steadied the bucket's gentle swaying. Oilskins shining in their torches' light, sou'westers glistening, broad rough-hewed faces, underground-pale, contrasting vividly with their jet-black outfits; clumsy, huge, picturesque, they made a fine he picture, gently swaying there, over that black quarter mile of hole. Tough, reckless Slavic men. Male men, doing a good male job. An eyeful? Man, you said it! An earful also, let me tell! For, as you watch them slowly circling there, an elegant four-throated roar comes bellowing:

"A'right, Chorch! Cut da rope!"

And George would cut 'er! George would cut loose everything. Foot off the band-break lever, hand off the drum clutch, everything free. And almost as though he had hacked through the cable with an ax, those four big Slavs would drop down that black hole so fast that the last thing you'd see of them would be their coat tails.

Down like a dropped rock they would fall, those four, five hundred feet—six, seven, eight, nine, ten—while George lit a cigarette and let old man S. Gravity do his worst. "Cut the rope" was right! You would stand and gasp as that hoist-engine drum spun round. But George's eye was on a little piece of lashing—a little piece of rope yarn tied round the cable that told George when the bucket neared the bottom of the shaft. And as the cable unwound closer to the turn marked by the little yarn, George's hand and foot would seek the two controls in ample time, and with a smooth deceleration the big drum's mad whirlings would come to a quick end. There would come then a pair of "Tonks!" on a sheet of metal at the shaft head, and at this signal from the depths George would let cable run slowly till he felt it slacken. In a dripping chamber, weirdly torchlit, where black and glistening clumsy goblins delved to the deafening reverberation of slugging pump and crazy drills, the four would be clumping, heavy-booted, safely onto rock a thousand feet below.

Cut the rope, Chorch! And four, standing calmly on a thin bucket edge, would fall a thousand feet. Menfolks, all; Latin and Slav, working together, all silly old hates laid aside. Old hates are starra-country stuff—old-country stuff, mere imbecilities in the U. S. A. Fine if the sons of those old hates who are Americans would all combine to write back home how imbecile they are.

A splendid camaraderie, even, sprang up between George and the Slavic shaft men. They horsed each other endlessly; came at last even to making their national foibles the butt of good-natured raillery; as wholesome a peace sign as may be come upon in a world obsessed with the ridiculous complex of race superiority.

To George, the name of every Austrian on the job was Stanislas Bwbwtska. Bwbwtska really can't be put on paper. But it was a perfect knock-out. With that name in reserve, George, single-handed, could repel the verbal sallies of a whole shift of Slavs. Bwbwtska! Chuckleheaded, dumb, thick, stubborn, emotionless—it was all that and more, the way that George inimitably pronounced it. In it George summed up every foible of the Slav.

"Yak se mash, starra Spaghett?"—"How dost thou have thyself, old Spaghetti?"—this from the new shift, swishing past the hoist-engine shanty in their stiff oilskins toward the shaft head.

"Dobra, ma-ootsta"—"Good, my honor"—this in Slovak from George. Then in his own tongue—"Come sta', Mr. Bwbwtska?" "How dost thou stand?"

"St'bene" "I stand good—sittin' pretty"—in a fine roaring Italian chorus from the Austrians.

Then from the shaft head, where a quartet of them stand laughing on the suspended bucket's edge: "Sure, st'bene, Chorch. Cut da rope!"

Menfolks. Latin and Slav. Hates aside—old-country, starra-country stuff. Work to do. People need coal. This is Bildad, America. Cut the rope, George!

But though all old race animosities died a vastly appreciated death in Bildad, U. S. A., there was still that ugly scar on Big Frank Danyo's arm, a mark that changed the racial acrimony that was natural between the Danyo and the Tafagliaristi to a deadly personal affair. That ugly scar kept Frank in ugly mood; it kept reminding him every time he saw it of a pair of promises he had made—one that showed sense, one that exhibited all the rationality of a piqued rhinoceros.

At the end of the first day's work on the shaft, Frank had come up to George at his engine.

"Listen, wop," Frank had said, "you plenty capish hoist engine, a'right. Me, I tell you dot. I never see more better engineer—Jack Jones—nobody. A'right. I like you hoist my shift all time, till coal. Dis be Rufe Morris' job. Ahts white man, Rufe. I no mek trawbl Morris. Just-a same, finish dis job, you watch little bit. I come op outa shaft, black face, got coal, Morris job finish, I'm gon' come dis engine shanty, break you two piece dot day for dot knife cut, you little monkey wop. Capish?"

"Capish?" George asked, putting his oil can down. "Razumiem!" He snapped in Slavish. "Versteh! Compre! Sabe! Any talk, I unde'stand a'right, you big-a chiuch, hunky jackass! You break-a me, eh? Some day strike coal, Morris job feenish, you watch you'self, Bwbwtska. Mebbe Morris no help-a you next-a time. Mebbe I get dat knife-a blade 'n-a you guts!"

It was a tough camp, ours, three miles out in the burnt-over jungles back of Bildad. One shift was manned by Cuffy. Cuffy, the smoke, is a whacking good shaft man—if you can keep the coke away from him. But some vile peddler had got past Rufe Morris' keen eye, and so we had a killing at the black shanties one day.

Rufe burst through the door of the shack from which the reports seemed to come and found the killer standing looking at the limp thing at his feet. He trembled when he saw Rufe in the door, and put the smoking gun into Rufe's outstretched hand.

"Well," Rufe said, "what you standing there for? Got your man, didn't you? Beat it then, black boy! Think I want to bother with you? Hit the jungles, and don't come back here on this job or I'll bend this gun across your conk. You're full of snow. Out through the stumps now, talking to yourself!"

Rufe faced a shantyful of black men as the door banged shut behind the killer—a shantyful, out there in that God-forsaken hole, more than one of them crazy with dope and the excitement of the shooting.

"Listen, you shines!" he said. "You can't sniff coke and work on my job or live in my camp. Any man that's got any, hand it over—I'll pay you for it—or else put your dogs to work and leave this nice hot shanty for the drifts. And remember, I can tell it in your eyes as plain as print in a dream book, and I'll boot the insides out of any dinge that comes out full of dope and tries to ride a bucket down my shaft!

"Call up the coroner, Holden. And we don't know a thing about this dead boy here. These smokes can knock one another over till the last man's flat before I mix up in their killings."

There were a couple nasty knifings in the Dago outfit that the railroad sent in to run the new line through the brush from Bildad to our shaft. And there was that night when one of our Owstries got the D. T.'s or something from an overdose of rotgut and ran amuck with a broken bottle in each hand. We had a lot of ghastly slashes to patch up that night—all of them on the back but Frank Danyo's. You'll know Frank if you ever run across him when he has his hat off, for there is a long pale streak over his left ear where the hair won't grow. Frank took his slash head on. Morris told the coroner that the drunken man fell off the bucket down the shaft, breaking his back across a timber as he dropped.

It was a tough camp, all right. And as we got down nearer and nearer to the coal, a tension grew. Drama was in the air, with tragedy stalking, maybe, just behind the scenes. We all knew that when the last load of rock came up and the first bucketful of coal came following, someone was

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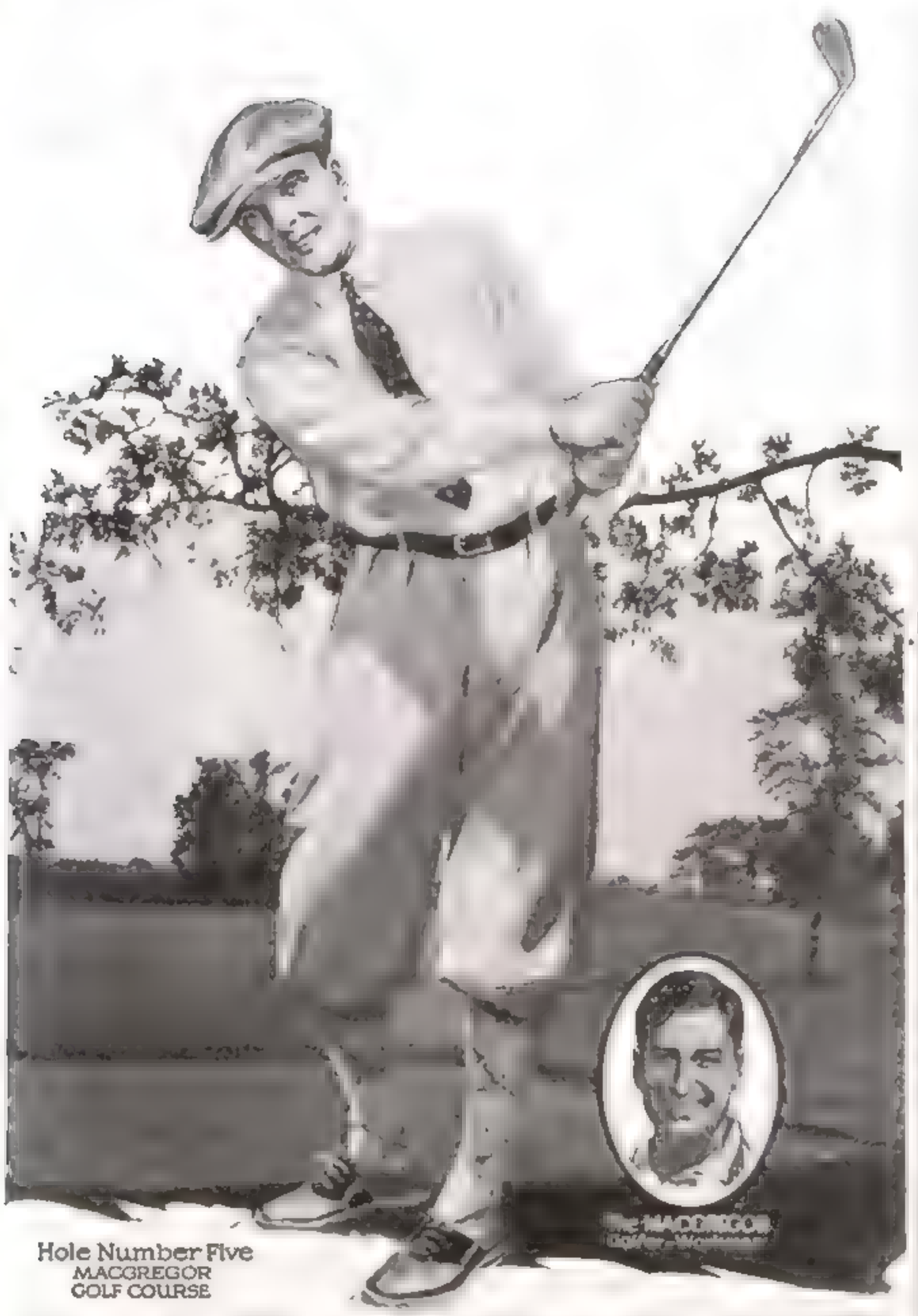

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going to get badly carved or someone badly broken, for the camp was tough at Bildad, W. Va.

"Kako si ti, Bwbwtska?" George would say each day—"How art thou?"—to Frank as he scraped past in oilskins toward the shaft. "How many feet you gon' make-a t'day, eh, Bwbwtska?"

And Frank would shrug. "Fi'-six!" And add the old bohunk jingle: "Mebbe yes, mebbe no. Mebbe rain, mebbe snow!" Voicing the Slavic attitude that the number of feet you sank each day was, like the weather, a matter in the hands of the velik Bog—each day and its attainments resting with the great God.

"'Bout one month," Frank would add, "my steel I get through to black. Then you watch, wop."

"'Bout one-a month, bohunk, I get-a my steel through to yellow," George would come back, his white teeth shining in his dark face. "You watch youself littl-a bit, Ignatz. St'bene?"

"Sure, st'bene, Dago!" This from Frank standing on the bucket's edge. "Cut da rope!"

But had it not been for Rufe Morris' widely known squareness to men, our job would have lost all its dramatic suspense early in the work.

Three months down in the rock the big fellow of the coal company, best known on the Great Backbone as Old King Cole, made pilgrimage to Bildad to see how things were going. Rufe had the job all framed for him when he arrived. He had shot a bottom the night before and had not sent the muckers down till morning, so she was coming up out of the air shaft as fast as Jack Jones could haul it, which was plenty fast, when the big fellow landed on the job. The other shaft was cleaned out down to hard as though the muck had been pulled up with a vacuum sweeper; a good sump had the floor drained dry, all the ring-pump leaks were patched and the boys were pushing steel down into a regular little ballroom floor like hatpins into cheese. Everything fine on top, everything fine to take the big fellow down.

Sure, he'd go down. He was there to see the works. Drilling in the hoist shaft? He'd go down there first. But he pretty nearly didn't. He pretty nearly lost his nerve. You could hardly blame him.

It's strange how often, just before you step aboard, you look toward the hoisting-engine house to see if everything there is jake. Your life is there. They are an interesting pair to you just then, that engineer and his obedient iron servant. Rufe was holding the bucket over against the platform's edge, and the big fellow was just about to step on its rim, when he yanked his foot back as though the drill steels lashed against the bucket's bail were cobras reared to strike. He went as pale as buttermilk. Rufe steadied him. Old King Cole had looked toward the engine shed.

"That man you've got on the engine," said the big fellow, when his breath came back—"his name's Tafagliaristi, isn't it? Or is he going by some other on this job?"

Grant King, our engineer from Pittsburgh, who was on hand for this inspection, said, "Yes, I think that's George's name. Isn't it, Rufe?" Rufe told them that it was.

"Have to ask you to fire that fellow, Mr. King," said the coal boss. "Won't have that little South Italian on any of our property. Bad egg. Maffia or something. Trouble maker. I had him jailed at Oscar workings once, and he swore he'd get me for it. He'd have dropped me like a sea gull drops a clam if I had stepped aboard. I'll have to ask you ——"

"Certainly," said Grant King. "Certainly, Mr. Colestock. We didn't know, of course. Glad to find out about the man. Rufe, have Jack Jones let us down. And lay the Italian off."

Rufe Morris bristled on the instant. He opened his mouth to speak quick indignation. Grant winked at him.

"Oh!" said Rufe, with understanding. "All right, Mr. King. I'll can the bird this minute."

Next morning, however, when Rufe Morris stood at Bildad station with Mr. King, waiting till he should board a train back to the United States, talking a last few words of this and that regarding the needs and progress of the job, the matter of Giorgio Tafagharisti came up.

"You fired the Italian, Rufe?" asked Grant

"You bet your neck I fired him," stated Rufe. "Think I'd have anybody on my job that I'd hesitate to introduce to my class of Sunday-school girls? That wop is tough, I mean."

Just then a whistle sounded down the grade. Grant King picked up his bag and brief case.

"By the way," said Rufe, "I pretty near forgot. I wanted to ask you before you left if the company's got any rule against rehiring a good man that may have been let go in mistake; and also if you think Old King Cole will be back for another inspection here before we hit the black."

Grant King looked up into a sky of cloudless blue. "It looks like rain," said King.

"Ain't diplomacy grand?" Rufe asked that fleckless firmament. "And I was all set to tell the old buck to go take a dive into the blacksmith's tempering tub. Tell Rudolph and Frank, the boy contractors back in Smoketown, that when they die I hope they sizzle well. Good-by!"

And Rufe would have just about told Old King Cole to dive in Smitty's tub if Grant King hadn't winked in time. Rufe was a white man, and rather than let a good man on his job get squeezed out by pressure of a twenty-million-dollar coal outfit, he'd have jacked the job himself and let Gillun fly away with all cowardly bullyings of the little by the great.

Next day the coal company's survey gang came out about the shafts, running contours to get the best grades for the new branch line from Bildad in to us. The head of the party, who was the average good egg that generally has a corps in tow, was checking up with Rufe his figures for the next estimate.

"And listen, Charlie," Rufe concluded as their mathematics tallied, "if anybody asks you if George Tafagliaristi is still on the Bildad job, you don't know—which you won't, when they're asking you—but you heard Rufe Morris say he'd canned him."

"Yes, sir, I got your order," Charlie said. "And on his way out of the camp, so rumor saith, he fell down the air shaft and broke his watch crystal. Anything else, Mr. Morris?"

Charlie, that scout, with pencil poised over his field notes in best go-getter sales manner, was looking up into Rufe's face with rapt expectancy. Rufe's countenance stayed serious.

"No kiddin'," he remarked, "that Dago sure could haul up muck. What did he have on Old King Cole anyway?"

"Vendetta!" Charlie snarled. "Bandito! Maffia! Camorra! Sacra! Diabolo! Ha-ha-ha!" He turned his hat brim back, flat above his forehead and bared his teeth, a burlesque terrorist fit for any comic opera. Then suddenly his nonsense ended.

"Two of George's brothers, Rufe," he said, "were in the gang that got caught in Number 3 level at Rachel a couple years ago. Remember? George always blamed the company. George was on the machinist gang and was down packing a pump on Number 3 when the thing happened. He knew too much to suit Old King Cole, who had some other Dagos get George stewed and then got him jailed. Timed it so that George was cooped up in the stony lonesome during the whole time of the investigation of the accident. And then when George talked vengeance after he got out he ran him off all company property for good, out of all company towns. He'll run him out of Bildad, now that they're going after coal here too. That'll be tough, for George makes a good living here, and causes no man trouble. He cuts ties. Got a verbal contract with the railroad which lets him get them out of a stand of small stuff in a

(Continued on Page 164)

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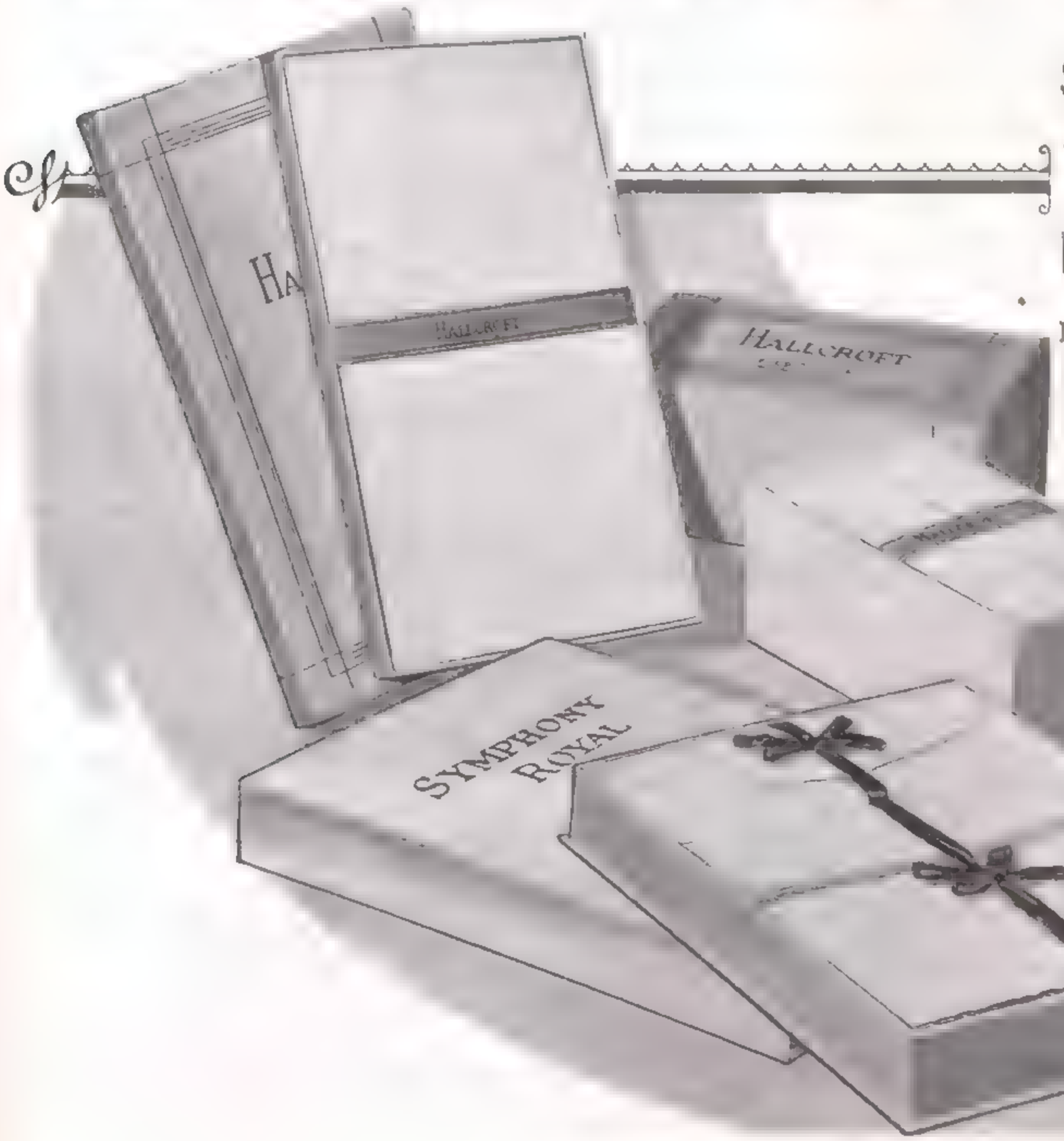

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ravine a couple-three miles back of Bildad. A hole that the lumberjack foreman wouldn't tackle, because, he claimed, it would cost more to get that light stuff out than it was worth. George cuts and trims in summer and sleds it out over the stumps with a cast-off mine mule in the winter. They say he makes good jack. I'll say he ought to. He lives year round in Bildad!"

The day arrived at last when a shift came up out of the air shaft with black-splashed faces, and Jack Jones disappeared. When Jack Jones disappeared his shaft was done. Old Jack, the hoister extraordinary; Jack, the reliable; Jack, who never missed a trick; Jack, the camp tightwad, who never took a drink or spent a nickel he could keep from spending from the time he tightened cable on his first load of surface dirt till the steels broke through to coal. But once the drills whacked no more on hard rock, but felt the soft cushioning of coal, old Cousin Jack was through. He never even hauled the last shot out. He hauled his freight instead—to the nearest bar, and stayed right there till he had poured the last nickel of a year's savings down his neck.

The day arrived when Bildad knew Jack Jones no more. One shaft was done. In a few days then the other would be hitting black. And the tension of the deadly little drama between Big Frank the Slav and little George the wop grew suddenly tight. It was a tough camp, Bildad.

Then, as we watched the drillers' faces keenly for black splashings as they came up at the end of every trick, the long hard mountain winter suddenly broke with rain.

Rain! What a holy fright that country turned with the coming of the end-of-winter rains! If desolation had encompassed Bildad round about when we reached it in the early summer, it was a very abomination of desolation that formed the setting of that hideous village when we prepared to leave it in the spring.

When other regions glowed with resurrection's promise Bildad put on fresh grave clothes. Bildad was strong on cerements. It changed them with the seasons. A moldy one of ghastly green for summer gave way to sere and desiccated mummy wrappings in the fall, and this in turn to a winter pall of vast and dreadful white. And now, to greet the spring, tra-la, Bildad donned such a shroud as outdid all her other gay attire. Clammy it was, and adhesive and muggy and cold, dripping unutterable woe. Poe must have gone through springtime Bildad just before he wrote The Conqueror Worm.

Mud! Mud in the buckwheat-cake batter, mud in the coffee, mud in your hair, mud on your shining, chaste, immortal soul—or what you had. It seemed that every flake of snow that had fallen on the Great Backbone turned suddenly to hasty pudding. And, brother, take it from the Boyle Contracting Company's time-a-keep', it had snowed that winter. It seemed that every drop of water from the weeping sky turned semisolid when it hit Bildad, and the skies wept as they had not wept since Shem and Ham and Japheth helped their daddy lay a keel.

But suddenly, after a fortnight of rain that dropped like ropes, the treeless gumbo of the Great Backbone seemed everywhere at once to reach its saturation point and to run off. And the dark trickle that had been crawling stealthily about beneath a sickly, hiding tangle for a year, down at the foot of the knoll on which our head frame stood, in an hour put on menace, swelled venomously, and squirmed along over the blackened stumps, hissing in ugly whispers to itself. And still it rained, while out from the steaming darky shanties, rich with the humor and the melancholy of the race that sings as sings no other people, came wailing melody:

"Who buil' de ahk?
Broth' Noen! Broth' Noch!
Who buil' de ahk?
Brotha Noe-e-e-h, he bui-i-i-il' de ahk!"

We had no fear whatever that this tiny runnel would ever lift the thirty feet or so that it would have to lift to reach the level of the shaft mouth. But it did raise six feet and more, all in an hour or so, and somehow it had escaped us that disaster would not come across the surface of the ground. Our shaft had gone through twenty-odd feet of dirt before we got to rock. Six feet of water in that evil little stream was plenty for disaster, plenty almost for death to honest hunyak shaft men. For, following the surface of the rock, that flood crept underground, and suddenly burst a dirt-dammed cascade through blasting crevices down the hoisting shaft.

It happened in the night, a night when rain came down in dismal cataracts out of a black sky that seemed inexhaustible. The shaft was done. The day before, the drillers had come up with their gray, rock-splashed faces spotted black. Coal! They had shot the last rock loose, and this night's shift of muckers had just sent up the last bucket of rock.

A load of tools was hanging at the head-house platform. When they were taken out, down would go the bucket again, and up would come the men, riding one of the apple-butter kettles into which, with their tough thews, lump at a time, shovelful at a time, they had loaded a quarter mile of what had once been solid rock. Two trips of four men each, upon the bucket's rim. Then last, riding a load of coal, the first coal up at Bildad, would come Frank.

Not a Slovak on the job so dull as to miss the splendid drama of that last ride up for Big Frank Danyo, little George hoisting him. Big Frank's sou'wester rising up above the head-house platform, the short front brim of that he hat cocked back above one eye. That man could wear a shaft lid with more dash than a boulevardier could wear a topper. Then his great shoulders, wet and gleaming, the water still running off his hat's long back brim onto them. His feet at last, leather-soled, hugely shod in rubber, level now with the landing platform. No man too dull to see him rising up out of the earth's bowels like some great black evil kobold. No man too unimaginative to see him pausing there on the bucket's rim to snuff his smoking torch against the bail—deliberately, the big reckless devil, giving his enemy George a chance to drop him back down the shaft to death.

But George would never drop him. We knew George, and so did Frank. George had worked with us for a year. George was a man. George had been waiting for a year to feel his knife in Big Frank Danyo's meat. Somebody, inside the span of a very few short minutes, was going to get badly hurt. Everyone knew that Frank would use no weapons but his hands. It would be worth waiting nearly a year to see. No one would stop it. It was a tough camp, Bildad.

But the head man—the one who was stationed always at the shaft head! What was he doing now? He had been lifting bars and picks and shovels carefully from the bucket. Now he had stopped. Now he was kneeling. Now he was lying flat on his stomach on the landing platform, his head hung down inside the shaft, below the platform's level. Then, as we watched him curiously from our shelter in George's little engine house, we saw him leap wildly to his feet. We could see him by his shielded torchlight, dimly through the cascading rain, gesticulating wildly, hear him dully through the roaring downpour, yelling for George to cut the rope.

Rufe Morris left me like a charging water buffalo, his heavy shaft boots stamping on the greasy floor boards of that little engine shanty for a step or two, then splashing through the mud; his oilskins rasping at my side one moment, then gleaming out of the torrential night beyond, the scrape of them lost in the rain's great voice. I heard George's voice say something in Italian as I plunged after Rufe. I recognized only the words "*la morte.*" I heard a clank, as of something metallic falling back of me, as those words "*la morte*" drove me through slithering mud toward the shaft head.

I never shall forget that sound of waters. Almost two thousand feet the flood was pouring down that black, black hole. Almost two thousand feet, plumb down—and down there at the bottom there were men. Squirting between the packing logs, jetting through cracks between the lining planks on all four sides and uniting in a central waterfall, that flood pounced down in one great leap, a quarter mile, upon Frank Danyo and his gang.

A terrible reverberation shook the long air column of that shaft till you could fairly feel its quiver in your body, as you can sometimes feel a pulsing in some tremendous organ's lower tones. But here was a cosmic organ pipe, two thousand feet in length, and its frightful snarl shook terror into us, as though a giant's hand were rattling our bones. What must have been the terror then below! All torches drowned. A horror of great dark upon them. A deluge pounding on those huddled brave sou'westers; a deluge of roaring, rising, wildly lashing water; a deluge of great dark and numbing cold and fear. They could not hear one another, see one another—could scarcely feel one another, what of the icy buffeting.

Helplessly anchored to the stony bottom of that shaft. Anchored! For great boots shod them, boots doubly soled and heeled with gum plus leather against a stony floor that would have cut mere rubber through in a single shift. Boots hip high, buckled to the belt, belt buckled under clumsy oilskin jumpers, the jumpers buckled under clumsy oilskin coat. Great boots that, filled with water, anchored them down two thousand feet below earth's surface while a swift death, with icy hands, climbed up along their strong warm bodies.

And yet, somehow, deep below there in that terrifying place, Big Frank must have kept panic down, for to our thankful ears there came a calm, unhurried striking of the hammer on the plate beside the head man's little shelter. A clear and orderly "Tonk! Tonk!" Down in that hellish welter, far below, Big Frank had coolly pulled the signal wire.

We saw the cable start, then pause a tiny fraction of a second, feeling of its load, then leap to speed. I could not take my eyes away from that swift upward-flowing rope of steel.

But Rufe—well, Rufe is what you call a shaft man, no mere time-a-keep'. Rufe stood like no thickheaded dolt, watching a racing cable. There would pass the best part of a minute before whatever that swift cable lifted reached the top. The best part of a minute—time; time, that mysterious stuff, which, left unused, you never get a chance to use again. The vital thing now was that squat obedient genie whose swift steel thews were hauling up the cable that I gaped at. Rufe used his precious bit of time to look to that.

I heard him yell. Except for that, I doubtless would have stood and stared slack-jawed at that rising cable till sou'wester hats appeared. I often think, if Rufe had stood and stared, cow-eyed, like that! I turned when Morris yelled.

I! I had done that hideous thing! I had heard the clank of metal back of me as I had blundered swiftly out of the engine shanty, charging clumsily after Rufe toward the shaft. I had never looked behind. I had heard the clank of falling metal back of me, but had not turned to see that my shoulder, brushing a torch that hung against a studding post, had knocked it down, nor that, striking the floor, its wick pipe had broken off, nor that its contents, spreading like a red rug suddenly unrolled, had carpeted the greasy engine-shanty floor with fire. But now, turning at Morris' wild yell, I saw all this—and more. I saw that George Tafagliaristi was aflame!

Ours was a little red world in a great black void. The night, the deluge, pressed in close, cutting us off completely from whatever other world there was. A million slender vertical thin glass bars were being driven through the black roof of our little red world into the black wet floor of it. The head man, who dared not leave his post,

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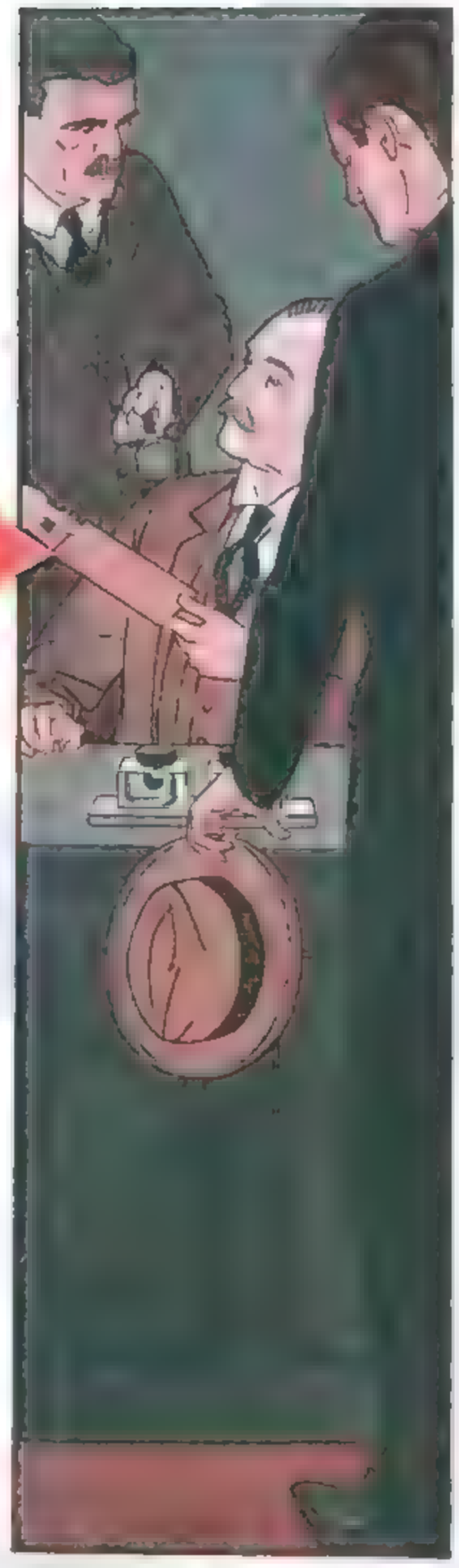

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and Morris and burning George Tafagliaristi peopled it—they and I. There was the mighty clash of waters in it. There was the steady bat-bat-bat-bat of a pump that lifted water from the swollen creek to the boiler-supply tank. There was the roar of natural-gas burners under unseen boilers close at hand. And there was I, standing, looking. I remember praying that the accursed roof of that engine shanty would burn through so that the rain could put the fire out. I also prayed, I think, that I would some day be a man like Morris; one to do the right thing so instantly that luck seemed always forced to aid him. How else did a drinking-water bucket come into his hand? Where he picked it up I'll never be able to tell you—nor will he.

Where he found water was no mystery. Our small red world was water. He merely had to drag his bucket as he ran. Through the open front of the little engine house he hurled the muddy contents of it, and struck George fair and full, washing down off George the mass of small red vampire bats that had been swarming up his clothes toward his face. They still clung to his legs, and started climbing up again; but George paid no more heed to them than though they were so many harmless butterflies.

Then, as Rufe Morris deluged him afresh, I saw his right arm lift, his left hand lower and his foot come down. And instantly black, clumsy, shiny, dripping men were pushing round me. I counted them as they unloaded from the crowded bucket. Four from the rim, three out of the brimming cup of it—seven.

I saw it clearly in the hundredth of a second. Maybe the hair-trigger thinking of Rufe Morris is contagious. True, some such inane heroics as a descent down through that inky cataract of roaring ice water entered my mind. But I dismissed it instantly. I saw the situation with Rufe's eyes. The thing to do—the only thing to do—was to keep George Tafagliaristi hoisting.

I did not clearly see the face of a single man that came up on the bucket; but I did not need to see a face to know that Big Frank was the man still down the shaft. Unable to see, unable to hear, unable almost to feel, up to his neck at the last in icy thrashing water, he had somehow herded seven men who also could not see or hear, who almost could not feel, into the bucket. Seven men, as nearly as in that wild, terrifying tumult he could judge. Then he had pulled the signal wire—and stayed down. Not sure, Big Frank, of his wild count of seven. Maybe six only. He would see. Wading about chin deep in water that splashed almost solidly high above his head, Big Frank, down there, was checking up his count, quartering that little shaft floor like a bird dog covering a field. George, the little wop, would cut the rope. The bucket would be down again on time.

The thing to do—the only thing to do—was to keep George hoisting. I led the seven of them, splashing like a herd of hippopotamuses, across that small red world. Some of us scooped up mud and water with our sou'westers; some tried to beat the fire out with their oilskins. Little use. That oil-soaked tinder box just burned. We were afraid to try to tear it down. The roof had caught and that would fall on George. At least we did our best. At least we kept George drenched. It only took a minute more or less to drop that water-loaded bucket down and hoist it up again; but it seemed ages till we saw George tramp his foot brake down. And as he did the roof fell in on him.

He dogged the drum as we struggled with the blazing stuff around him. He dogged it tight and true. His load was up. And then, instead of dashing madly out of fire for the rain, he stooped and took hold of a burning floor board with his hands. Doubtless there was a loose board somewhere there, from what we found out afterward; but in the fear and pain and haste that was upon him his hands did not chance to find it. Nevertheless, the board that he took hold of came up just as quickly. Lucky those muscles in his back had come there through long centuries of peasant forbears. Not a man on the job could have done the thing he did, not even Frank Danyo.

With a wild screech that two-by-twelve came up, bristling underneath with nails. George tossed it aside, snatched down between the sleepers and brought up some object that spat fire out into the rain. He heaved a burning two-by-four off the back of his neck and made three great leaps out into the night, yelling "Fire!" at the top pitch of his lungs at every jump. Then he heaved that spitting bundle far out into the night and dived into the mud.

We all dived with him to a man. We all knew what that bawled word "Fire!" meant. There was perhaps a second's pause, and then the black world out beyond our little red one jumped asunder. There must have been two dozen sticks of taffy in that spitting bundle.

When the chunks of stumps stopped raining in upon us out of the surrounding dark, we rose—all of us but George. He still was rolling in the mud, extinguishing the last sparks on him. Rufe Morris dug him out. He came up out of Bildad's slime a woeful sight, protesting innocence, affirming loyalty.

"No steal-a dynamite from you, Meest'r Rufe. Coal companee track-a gang shoot-a da stump. Dees track gang boss no watch-a too much. I take little bit. One-two piece today, one-two-t'ree piece tomorrow. By 'm' by got maybe twenty piece, fuse, every-t'ing, maybe twenty-fi'."

"What the blue blazes were you gonna do with all that widow maker, George?" growled Rufe accusingly, his hand still firm on George's shoulder. "Watch for Old King Cole on his next inspection trip and give him a shot in the arm?"

I thought that George's poor singed head would wag off his shoulders in denial. "No, no! No, no, Meest'r Rufe! All-a vendett'—dat's old-a country stuff. George-a Tafagliaristi no maffia. No Seechilyano now. Americano, good-a man. Got-a fine wife. North Italy. Lombardia girl. Eyes what call. Turchino—blue. Got fine American bambini—chinga. Dolores, Nuncia, Gloria, Barbarita, Mike. Dot Mike, 'e's got red hair! Fi' kids. Too much-a biz. No got-a time vendett'."

Dolores, with blue eyes, with long black lashes, with a smooth olive skin. Barbarita, with Lombardy hair and rosy cheeks and great dark Sicilian eyes. Heaven help America's young men when these American girls grow up! And redhead Mike. Blood in him that came sledding down the Alpine steeps on the shields of the Longobards; the Longbeards, red-beards, out of Germany's wilds, giving the province into which they slid their name.

If only for a century the yawping of the nationalist orators might be sandbagged into silence! If only all diplomats could be put to sinking shafts, all international politicians handcuffed to a stout muck shovel! The good God gouged the Brenner Pass so that stout Teuton lads could the more easily get them soft-eyed Latin brides. He did not gouge it for the carrying through of war flags, either north or south.

"No got-a time vendett'," thus Giorgio Tafagliaristi. "You see, dis Old-a King-a Cole, 'e no let-a nobodee sell-a me dynamite. Me, I like-a shoot about twenty stump-a myself. Dat's gimme good nice road for sled out ties next wint'. She's get-a pretty old dat old Signora Mongibello chiuch I got. I like make a nice-a road for her. You no tell-a somebodee I take-a dat leetl-a dynamite, eh, Meester Rufe?"

"Tell-a somebodee!" snorted Rufe. "Say, George, if the Boyle Contracting Company is too dad-whacked tight to give you a couple boxes of dynamite after what you did tonight, I know seven Austrians who will dump their last pay checks on this job into a hat to buy you all you want. Fact is I know eight Owstries that will do it. By the way, Mr. Tafagliaristi, have you ever met my good friend, Mr. Ferencz Danyo?"

George turned. And there was Big Frank, black and monstrous, glistening in his drenched oilskins and monstrous leather-soled gum boots, towering above him. Here at last was the hour of combat; but George, for his part, bedraggled and scorched and mud-plastered, looked more like seven cents' worth of cat meat than like a hero dight for deadly battle.

Big Frank glanced once toward the black hole in the earth, up through whose quarter-mile cataract of icy water he had just sped, giving death the slip. He looked once at the hoisting engine, where it sat huddled like some great wet toad, under a heap of embers that still sizzled in the rain. He tried to pierce the black world out of which blasted stumps and clods of mud had rained in on us just a little while before. Then he poked forth a hand about the size of the average bunch of bananas.

George took as much of that great paw in his small hard brown one as he could.

"Mr. Danyo," said Rufe, "this is my friend Signor Giorgio Tafagliaristi, hundred per center, father of Mike the Red and president of Tagliarini, Bildad's peppiest Serve-us Club. Mit the signor!"

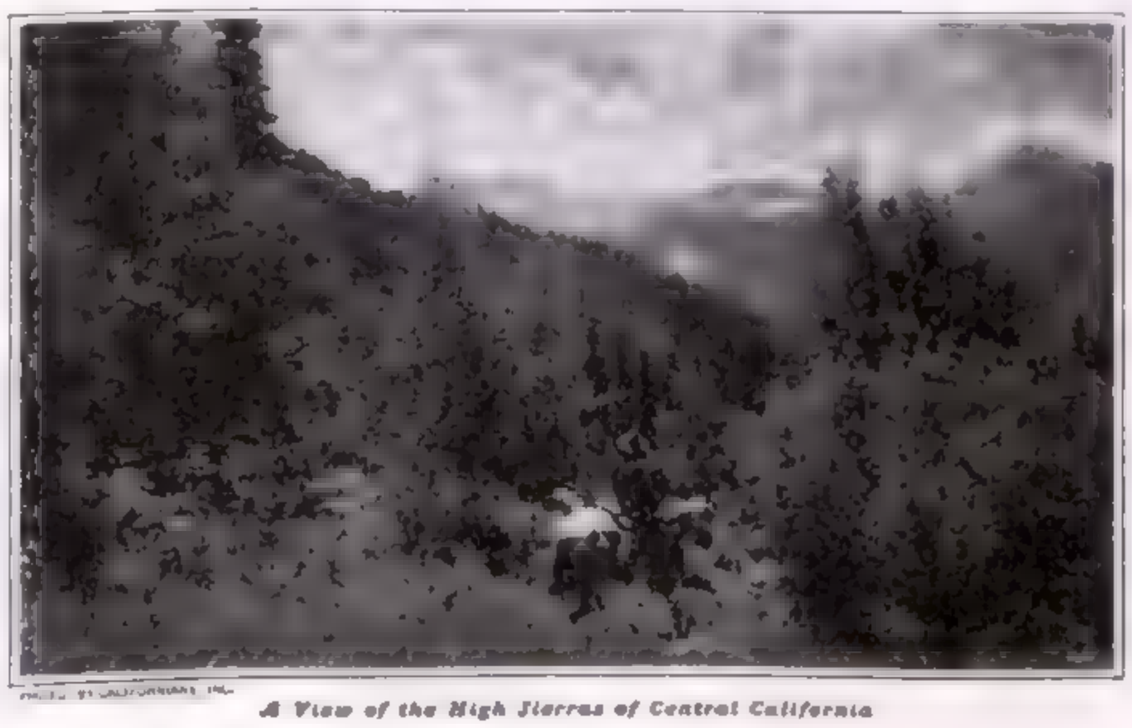
George bowed with ceremony.

"Much-a 'blige to meet-a you, Meester Bwbwtaka!" said Signor Tafagliaristi graciously.

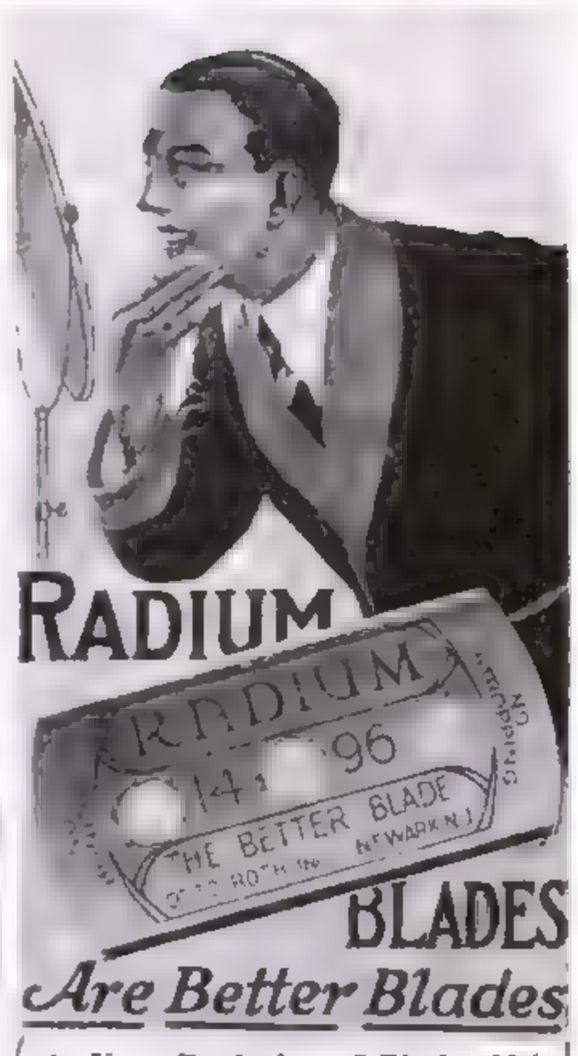
George grinned and tried to keep from wincing as he said it. But Big Frank must have caught some small grimace of pain, and realized that he had in his grasp a very badly burned small hard brown hand. He let go of it at once. His great shaft boots, as has been said, were soled and heeled with leather. Metal plates reenforced the heels.

He brought them together with a crack you could have heard in Elkins, giving bedraggled little George the Austrian military salute.

"Ma ootsta, wop"—"My honor"—said Frank Danyo.



A View of the High Sierras of Central California



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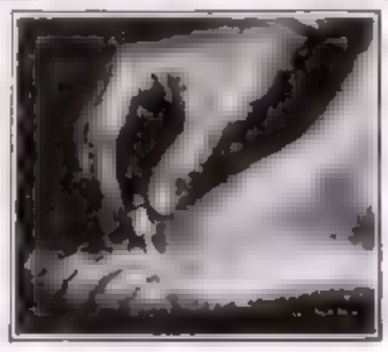

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Plupy Becomes a Distinguished Amateur Upon the E Flat Alto

(Continued from Page 41)

and i dident know how i ever cood have let go it if mother hadent come and put sum greace on my fingers.

then i melted it until the outside was all soft and then i filled all the cracks in the alto horn and then when it had become hard i tride to blow the horn and realy i cood maik it toot 2 tones. jest then father come home and i showed him my alto horn and played my 2 tones and father he thougt i had done pretty good. after supper father he set down in the rocking chair and read the paper and i practised on my horn. but not very long becaus father sed i maid moar noise than the Amesberry Massachusatts fire alarm so he maid me stop so he cood hear Cele and Keene sing alla companni damfiano and cheerfulness and oar the brite and sparkling waters and i dident get another chanct.

well about nine o'clock father sed he wood taik a drink of water and go to bed so he tride to get up and coodent get out of the chair. he cood stand up all rite but the chair stuck rite to the seet of his briches. so father he sed what in hel have i set on and he tried to pull it away and got his hand stuck and had hard wirk to get loose.

then mother sed why George Shute you have set on the shoe maikers wax. and father he sed what shoemaikers wax and i dident say ennything because i thougt i wood let mother do the talking. so mother sed the wax Henry got for the cracks in his horn and father sed what in thunder was it doing in my rocking chair and he begun to yank and pull and mother sed hold on a minit or you will pull the seet of your trowsers off. i can pry you loose with a bread gnife and father he sed well hurry up I dont want to spend the rest of my life hiched to the rocking chair by the seet of my briches and mother laffed and got a gnife and pride the ball of wax loose from the chair and then she put sum greace on her hand and pulled with one hand and pride with the gnife and clipped with the sizzors and bimeby got it loose without cutting a hole in his briches. father sed he dident know those $3 doller briches wood stand so mutch strane and he shood tell Earl and Cutts the men whitch sold them to him that they gave him a good trade. then he told me to put that wax out in the shed and keep it there or he wood taik my alto horn away. gosh i got out of that better than i xpected.

Wensday, April 21, 186—today i took my alto horn over to Frank Hirveys and he showd me how to play the scale. he cood play a lot of tunes on it. jest befoar the battle mother and tramp tramp tramp the boys are marching and let me kiss him for his mother and Annie Lile and when Johnny comes marching home again. gosh if i cood play as well as he i wood never wirk in a resturent. you can blow 4 diferent tones on the same valve and all with your lips. i practised 2 hours today. finaly i coodent maik enny noise at all on it becaus my lips was so swelled up. father sed if i wasent cairful i wood trip over my under lip or step on it and throw myself down and peraps get hirt. father he sed i had better pin it up with a diaper pin so as to keep it from dragging on the ground and peraps getting poizened.

Thirsday, April 22, 186—today it raned. last nite i went down to the band room and took my alto horn with me. the fellers let me in and Bruce Brigam took my alto horn and played splendid on it. he sed he remembered that horn in the army. he sed it was a good horn one time but it had saw two mutch service. he showed me how to finger the scale. this is the way it went. doe, no fingers down. ray, the first and 3th fingers down. mee, the first and 2th fingers down. far, the ferst finger down. soll, no fingers down. laa, the ferst and 2th fingers down. see, the 2th finger down. doe, no fingers down.

i got so i cood maik the fingers all rite but my notes was all the same and auful fuzzy. Bruce Briggam he looked at my mouth and sed why you had augt to be playing a double base horn or a cole stove with a xtra big stove pipe with that mouth. what is the matter. have you been stang with a yellow bellied hornet or did a horse kick you.

i sed no i havent been stang or kicked but i practised on the horn over 2 hours. then Bruce Briggam he sed you cussed little fool, dident you know better than that and i sed i suposed a feller had to practise most all the time and Bruce Briggam he sed he had gnew fellers whitch has spoilt their lips by playing two mutch and they never cood maik another toot. gosh i hoap i can play sum moar.

Bruce Briggam he told me not to play a note for 3 days and to put cold water on my mouth and after three days i cood try it a little and if i cood maik a note i cood practise 5 minites and no moar. the nex day if i was all rite i cood practise 5 minites and then wait 5 minutes and then practise 5 minutes moar and then wait 10 minites and then practise 5 minutes moar whitch wood maik 15 minites of practise and 15 minites of waiting and then wait until the nex day whitch makes it lots moar wating as enny-one can see. the nex day i cood do it the saim and the nex day i cood practise 15 minites 2 times but not moar than ½ hour enny day.

then he played the pretiest tune i ever herd. i dont know the naim of it but he sed it was a him tune. he sed he wood show me how to play it sum day. then the band practised and i had the best time i ever had in my life. i bet the Exeter silver cornet band can play as good as Gilmores band.

Friday, April 23, 186—today I practised on my alto horn without blowing it. i done it this way. i hummed the scale and maid my fingers go rite jest as Bruce Brigam rote it down. doe ray mee far soll laa see doe. then i hummed it backwards and maid my fingers go doe see laa soll far me ray doe. i done it for a hour this morning in my room and was going to practise after school this afternoon but Beany got berried under his woodpile whitch fell on him and me and Pewt and Beanys brother Gim and old Squire Lane and 2 men whitch were going by on a lode of hay had to go out and dig for Beany.

you see Beany was in a hurry to fill the woodbox and insted of taking the wood from the top of the pile he took it from the bottom and the hoal pile come down on him and squashed him so flat that he coodent holler. if his mother hadent sent Beany out to get the wood and herd the pile come down she mite never have gnew what become of Beany and he woodent have been found until they had used up the wood whitch wood have been too lait for poor Beany. but when she herd the auful racket she run out and begun to holler Elbridge are you under the wood, Elbridge are you ded Elbridge why dont you anser me and when Beany dident say nothing his mother run out into the yard and begun to scream for help and we all piled over as fast as we cood and begun to throw the wood out of the shed throug the door and winders and evrywhere. it was 10 minutes and seemed a hour befoar we heard a yip from Beany. it wasent a yip xactly but the sort of a howl a feller maiks when his mouth is full of sumthing. when we herd that we wirked harder than ever and prety soon we found him. Beany was kind of dented in all over but nothing was broke xcept the winders of the shed and old Squire Lanes speck-tacle whitch got hit when he stuck his head round a corner jest when the stick of wood got there at the same time

Beany sed we were the slowest old pokes he ever saw. he thougt we never wood get him. Beany felt two badly injered to set up

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for a while but after me and Pewt had threw back all the wood into the shed he felt well enuf to walk a little. so i lost part of my practise on the alto horn. Beany says that the fellers whitch broke the winders had augt to pay for them.

tonite i practised again on my alto horn without blowing it. father says that is the best way to practise. he hoaps i will always practise that way. he says he thinks every band player had augt to practise that way and there wood be less murders committed and less peeple shot down in cold blood and less peeple drove crasy and maid maniocs of.

I asted him why he dident maik Cele and Keene sing their songs and duets jest by maiking up faces and not maiking enny noise and he sed he wasent talking about musicions but people whitch played alto horns. so i shet up. peraps he will think diferent when he hears me play real tunes in a concirt. Beany spoke of the winders again and me and Pewt sed the nex time he gets berried in a woodpile or a sawdust pile or enny kind of a pile we wont get him out at all if he dont shet up.

Saterday, April 24, 186—today I practised 2 half hours with my fingers. I can hardly wait for tomorow to see if I can blow the horn. the swelling has all gone from my mouth but it still feals a little numm.

Sunday, April 25, 186—hooray. i tride to blow my horn today and i cood. so i practised easy for 5 minites and i cood get 6 of the notes in the scale. i never had so mutch fun in my life. tomorrow i can practise 15 minites.

Monday, April 26, 186—today i lerned to play 2 tunes on my alto horn. home sweet home and the last rose of summer. all but the 2 hyest notes. when i came to those notes i wood sing them and play the rest. i herd a feller over at the stable whisling the new tune that Bruce Brigam played. it is auful prety. i can whistle it and i whistled it to Cele and she played it rite off. today she played my 2 tunes with me. they sounded splendid. today I lerned Maxweltons banks are bony almost. tomorow nite is band nite.

Tuesday, April 27, 186—today I practised Annie Laurie. when i can get the high notes i can play all those tunes. sumtimes i can get them but not always. father wasent going to let me go to the band room tonite but after a while he sed i mite go and see Bruce Brigam and only stay until haff past eigt. so i went down erly. Bruce Brigam herd me play my 3 tunes and sed i was doing prety well. he sed if i kept on i cood play in the band sum day. then he rote out that new tune for me with the numbers. the fellers all laffed when i sed that him tune was the best i ever herd. then i had to go.

i dident stop to hear the band practise but I went up to my room and practised the him tune until father told me to shet up as Cele and Keene was to sing one of their old duets. i think i had augt to have a chanct onct in a while.

Keene and Cele sang duets until 9 oh clock and after they stoped i begun to practise my new tune whitch Bruce Brigam rote down for me but father come to the foot of the stares and told me if i wanted to keep that horn i had better shet up and shet up prety quick two. so i shet up but i think Keene and Cele are prety mean to want to sing all the time. I gess a alto horn is better than a alto voice enny day or a treble voice eether.

Wensday, April 28, 186—today i herd one of the hostlers in Mager Blakes stable singing that tune with wirds and i went over to ask him to sing it for me and he laffed and told me to go to hel. ennyway it is a him tune for Bruce Brigham told me so and he played it to me two.

Thirsday, April 29, 186—in a weak from Sunday they is going to be a sunday school concirt in the first chirch. Keene and Cele are going to sing now i lay me down to sleap. a stewdcat is going to play a flute with the organ. today i went over and asted Mister Barrows the minister if i cood play a tune on my alto horn if Cele wood play with me.

Mister Barrows he sed he dident know and he asted me what a alto horn was and i sed it was sumthing like a cornet but bigger and a lot softer. then he sed what kind of a tune can you play and i sed i like him tunes best and he sed that is verry nice i like them best myself. then he sed he had got to refir the question to the committy of the concirt and he sed he wood let me know

Friday, April 30, 186—today i practised 4 times for 15 minites a time. i can play most of now i lay me down to sleap, all of the last rose of sumer. i am not verry sure of the high notes but most always can get them. then i can play quite a lot of jest befoar the battle mother. but i am wirking hardest on my new him. i hoap old mister Barrows will let me play. the committy is mister Gale and old Francis and Mrs. Dany Wingate Gim Wingits mother and old Gnatt Weaks. she can sing alto splendid.

Saterday, May 1, 186—today i asted Cele if she wood play with me if they let me play. so she sed she wood and we practised and only maid 2 or 3 mistaiks. Cele was sirprised and mother and aunt Sarah and father sed i done well. mother she likes drink to me only with my eys and i will drink with thine better than my new him but father laffed and sed things wood come to a prety pass if a drinking song was aloud to be played or sang in a sunday school concirt.

Sunday, May 2, 186—hooray i saw mister Barrows today and he sed he had saw the committy and they had desided i cood play if Cele wood play with me. he sed the committy seamed to feal that i was not always relieable but if Cele was there they gnew they cood trust me. i gess they needent wurry about me because no feller likes to play musie rong and as for being relieable i gess i dont lie haff as mutch as lots of fellers i cood mension. but as long as they let me play i dont cair what they think.

i bet they will find that Keene and Cele aint the only ones in my family whitch can sing or play. so i am going to practise steddy jest as Bruce Brigham told me to.

tonite i done sumthing that maid father so mad that i am afrade he will sell Nellie. gosh i hoap not. i dont know what i wood do without Nellie to ride and to drive and to currey down and to feed. she bites me sumtimes and onct in a grate while she kicks me. but she likes me and I like her and i wood rather lose my alto horn than lose Nellie.

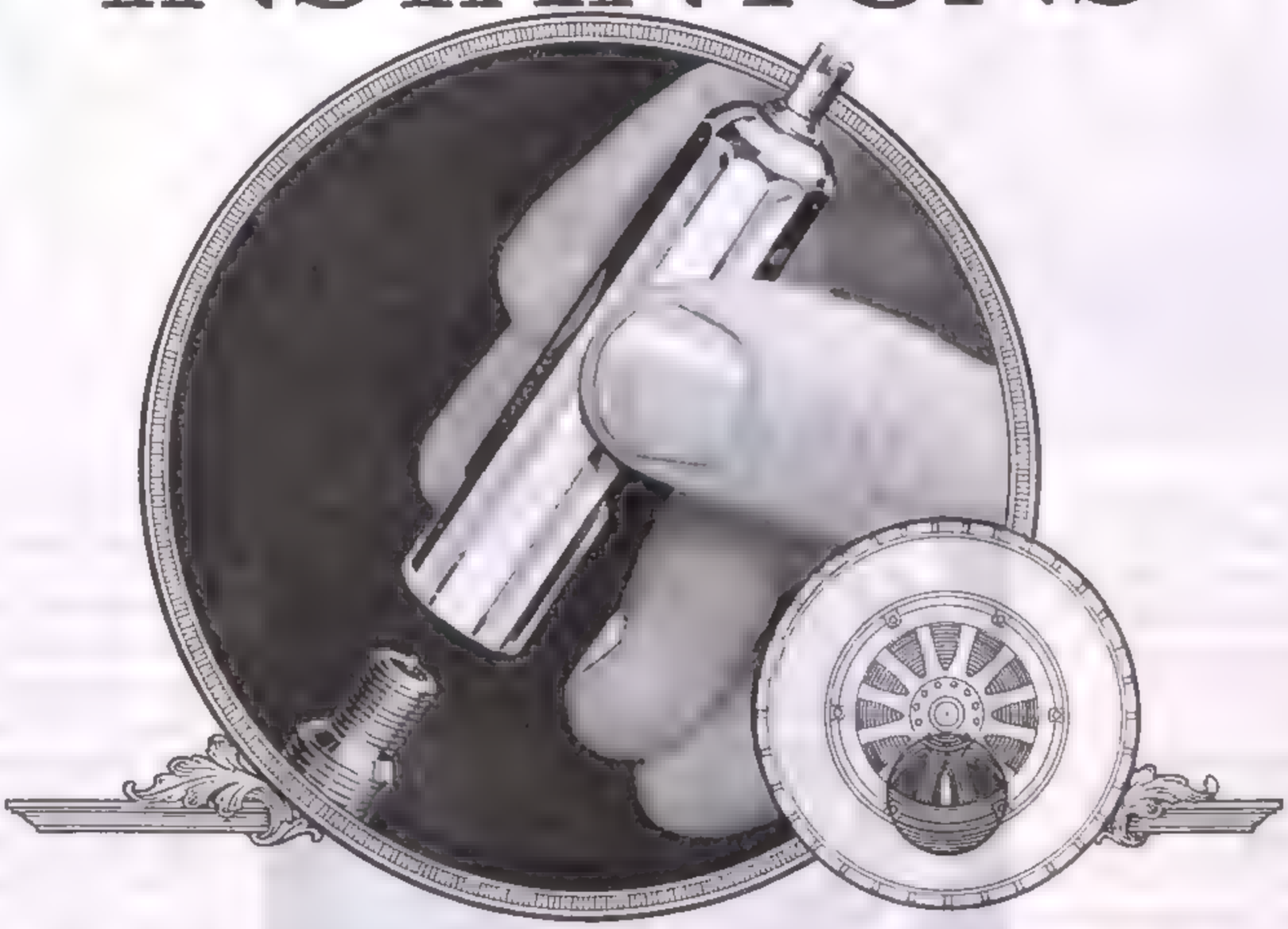
you see tonite after supper father hiched up Nellie in the lite buggy and took mother to ride. they sed they were going down to Hampton road. aunt Sarah was putting the little children to bed and Keene and Cele and Georgie was washing and wiping dishes and putting them away and singing duets and so i took my alto horn into the barn to practise. i practised 20 minutes becaus Cele sed she wood play my tunes for me later. well i had got throug practising and had been lieing down on the hay and was almost asleap when i herd father drive into the yard.

so i went out and father was laffing and mother was saying i dont think you shood have did it George, George is father you know, and father he sed well Joey, Joey is mother you know, I showed that old cuss that becaus he has got a hundred thousand dollers and a pair of black trotting horses and a nigger driver that i dont taik his dust and mother sed well i dont think you were verry polite and i dont like to race horses on Sunday and she laffed and went into the house.

then father he sed that old Woodbridge Odhn came driving by in his shiny carrige with his nigger and his gold mounted harnsses gingling and his side whiskers waiving in the breeze and went by him and dident look so he jest clucked to Nellie and he lifted theranes and she went after that big black pair and passed them rite befoar lots of people and old Woodbridge maid the

(Continued on Page 173)

6 reasons why 31 leading car makers use INSTANT-ONS



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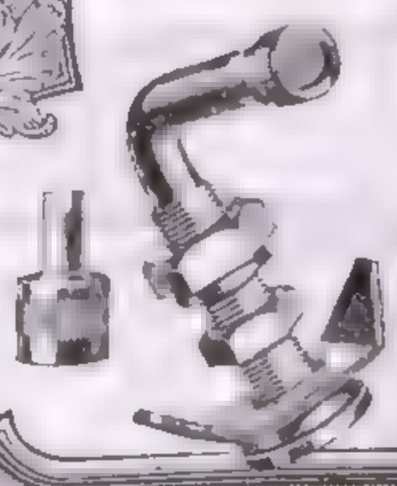

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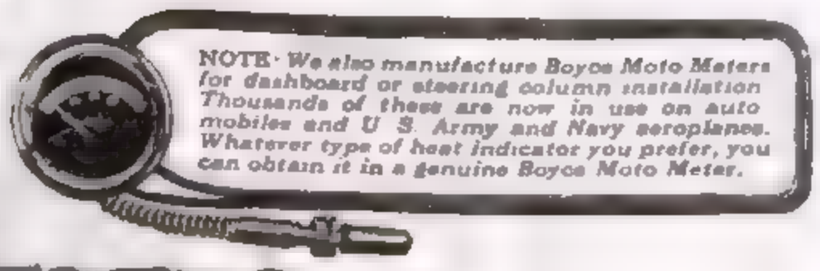
Dealers everywhere represent the Boyce Moto Meters made by the largest manufacturers of motor heat indicators in the world. They will gladly show you various models in different designs at a range of prices —$3.50 to $15.00.



NOTE: *We also manufacture Boyce Moto Meters for dashboard or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U. S. Army and Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain it in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter.*

BOYCE MOTO METER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., THE MOTO METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ontario

The name "Moto Meter" is the registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of this Company

(Continued from Page 170)

nigger lay on the whip and galop his horses but they coodent catch Nellie.

so father felt prety good and he got me to get 2 pails of water and taik the chill off with a little hot water and then he washed Nellie all over after he had left her role on the ground and had let me waik her round to cool her off and then he put on her blanket and he was leading her towerds the barn. father he was walking ahead with the halter rope in his hand and wound round his wrist and Nellie was coming along with her head sort of down as if she was tired and most asleap when i thougt i wood see if i cood waik her up with my alto horn and so when she went by i blowed a auful toot in her ear. gosh i wish you cood have saw that scean. Nellie throwed up her head and yanked back so quick that father whitch had one hine leg in the air jest steping up into the barn door was snached rite into the air and came within a intch of tirning a back summerset.

gosh he was mad and when he had got Nellie by the head he yelled at me to taik that cussid horn and put it away for a year and that if i dident know enny moar than to do that to a horse he wood sell her and by me a saw horse. he sed it was bad enuf to be scairt to deth by a cussid fool boy blowing a fish horn but he dident perpose to tirn summersets for a lot of dam fools to laff at. you see the men over to the stable saw him and neerly dide laffing.

so i am going to get mother to talk to him after he gets over his mad. i wish you cood have saw him. i cant help laffing when i think of it. i am glad it was after supper becaus if i had been at the supper table and thougt of him with his legs kicking in the air and him triing to come down rite i wood laff and make him madder than he was befoar.

onct in chirch when the minister was preeching i hapened to think of how old Squawhoo Bowley fell down on the ice the Saterday befoar and what a auful tunk his head maid when it hit on the ice and i got laffing so loud and so hard that the minister stoped preeching and maid me go home. i was auful ashaimed while i was going out but was glad of it after i got out.

Monday, May 3, 186—last nite i told mother what had hapened and asted her to talk to father and this morning she sed father had desided to give me one moar chanct and only one. so i am all rite. today i practised alone and with Cele. i do that evry day. i can play sum new tunes but the 2 tunes i am best on is the one Bruce Brigham rote for me the naim of whitch i do not know and one other tune whitch i have herd but dont know the naim of. i am going to maik up sum naimes for them and peraps if i get time i will wright sum wirds for them. if we play them fast they maik prety good dance tunes and if we play them slow they maik splendid hims. we are going to play them slow.

Beany says he wishes my alto horn was in the bottom of the river. he says all i do now is to blatt on an old horn from morning to nite and if i keep on this way he will wish i had staid up on Lincoln street where i belong. Beany dont cair mutch about music so he aint mutch to blaim.

it is funny what a diference there is in fellers. i can sing alto and draw pretty good and i like fishing and birds egging and maiking aquarians for minnys and pirch and pickeril and like to ride and drive horses but i like to play a horn best.

Pewt can sing alto and can draw better than i can and can pant pictures and is a good shooter and fisher but dont cair about aquarians or birds and dont cair to play a horn or to play in a band and dont know how to ride or drive a horse and dont like horses.

Beany wood rather ride or drive a horse then do ennything else in this wirld but he dont cair for ennything elce xcept to rase time. he doesent know the diference between a leest fli catchers eg and a ostrichs eg if sumone dident tell him.

Pewt can maik ennything with tools. but neether me nor Beany can drive a nale without pounding our thums or splitting the board

you wood think i wood like Pewt best becaus we like so menny things but i like Beany best. he is the funniest feller i know and best natured and gets licked moar than i do but not so mutch moar. but Pewt almost never gets licked becaus almost always he gets out of it while me and Beany gets caugt and licked two.

onct in a grate while Pewt gets licked and me and Beany has the best time in the wirld and neerly die laffing about it. but Pewt is mad for a long time. i tell you fellers is diferent in lots of ways.

Tuesday, May 4, 186—to nite i practised 2 times with Cele. we played let me kiss him for his mother let me kiss his dear youthful brow. it is in the niteingail our new singing book. it went pretty well but we spent most of our time on the 2 him tunes. the concirt is next sunday. i can hardly wait for it.

i gess they will find that Charlie Gerrish aint the only feller in Exeter that can play a instrument or Ed Piper eether and they will find that Keene and Cele aint the only Shutes whitch can play.

it seems as if the concirt never wood come.

Editor's Note—This is the thirteenth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue

"Now, Now, Boys! Do Try to Play More Quietly!"

TIP-TOP *the wrist-watch.* It looks a sedan. It lasts like a truck

CLASS! That's Tip-Top! You can wear him, with pride, anywhere. People will say, "What a corking watch! Where did you get it?" If they know you well enough they'll ask, "How much?" When you say, "Three seventy-five," they won't believe you. Tip-Top looks twice that price.

Tip-Top's thinness and smallness are marks of gentility, but he has a marvelous rough-and-tumble constitution. The ideal watch for sports and play. A great watch for boys—sturdy, stolid, takes a lot of banging 'round. He's a True Time Teller and a real Tip-Top Notcher.

And now note the angle Tip-Top's set on the strap. You won't find that in any other wrist-watch. Yet it's just about the smartest wrist-watch idea ever discovered. That angle means you can always read Tip-Top's time, without twisting your wrist or your neck.

Take a look at Tip-Top, the wrist-watch, at your dealer's today! Octagon case, cubist numerals, open hands, clear beveled crystal, quiet ticker. $3.75 for the silver-dialed Tip-Top. $4.50 for the radium luminous dial. See also Tip-Top, the pocket watch, of the same design. White dial $1.75. Radium luminous dial $2.75.

Your dealer will show you Tom-Tom too. Tom-Tom is the famous octagon True Time Teller Alarm Clock. White dial $3.25. Radium dial $4.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

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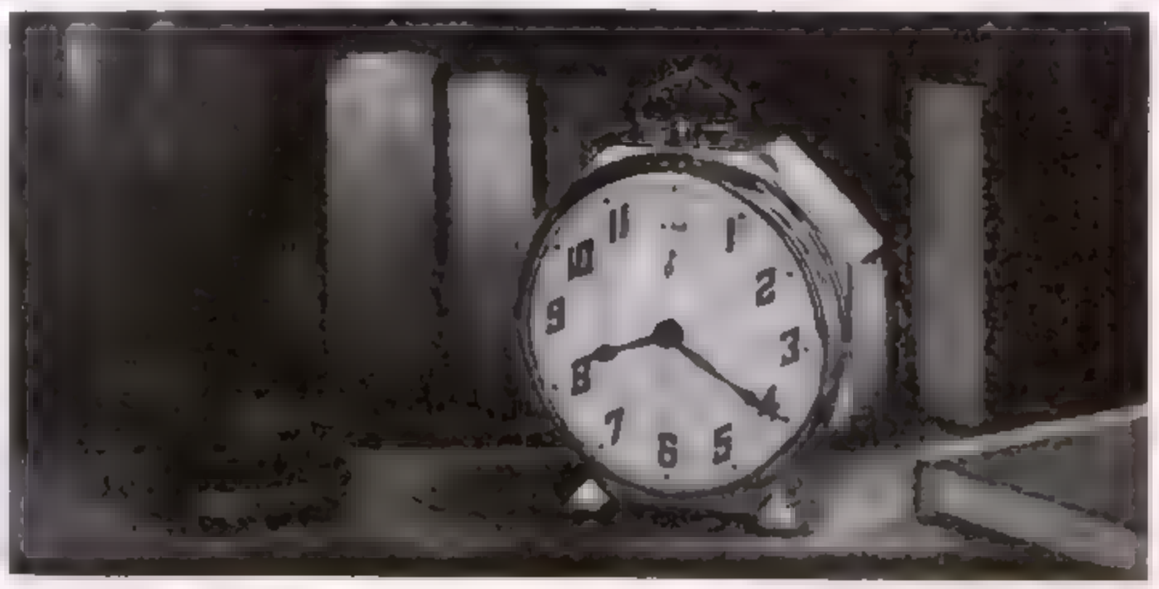

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Garters that Stay Comfortable

BRIGHTON Wide-Webs are built to stay comfortable. In Brighton "comfort" elastic, only thin strands of long-stretch rubber are used, and the rubber is specially cured to give wonderful ease to the elastic.

This means comfort from start to finish—and a garter that can be worn loosely, yet keeps the sock adjusted neatly. Never any binding—never a check to circulation.

What's more, each strand of rubber in Brighton elastic is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thus assure double wear—double wear, with unending comfort.

For comfort's sake, for economy's sake, insist on Brighton Wide-Webs at the men's furnishings counter. ***Your legs will thank you.***

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Brighton Garters

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip 35c and up Double Grip 50c and up

THE MANAGER

Continued from Page 21

with such regularity. Forty years of baseball campaigning had left their mark upon him. Gaunt, wrinkled and gray he sat there and discussed pennant races of the past and those yet to come. He appeared to speak with difficulty. Suddenly the flame burned up within him and he rose to his feet and stretched out one long arm. His words were clear enough now, and they came in a tone that thrilled Jimmy Isaminger, the veteran baseball writer, and me to the depths when he declared: "There is no such thing as age in baseball. I tell you that Eddie Collins is twenty-two today and that Hornsby is twenty-four. Their game proves it. They say I am too old to lead a team to a pennant, but I tell you that in the spirit I feel like forty this year."

Mack figures out every angle of the game down to the minutest detail. He is the strategist rather than the fighter or the leader who thrills by his personality or his color or his unction. His forte is his patience. He is kind and fair and even-tempered and untiring in his crafty coaching of young men in the baseball way they should go. Like master, like man. The result has been that his character has been reflected in his great teams. His star players have always been mechanical marvels rather than glowing, battling, colorful types upon the field. A unique and lovable gentleman is Connie Mack and his character will leave an impression on the game.

Of the many wonderful young men who have toiled for Mack, Eddie Collins is the only one who has made a success as a manager. Mack fashioned Collins by his own pattern and Eddie unconsciously acquired the Mack method of leadership. It was thus that Fletcher was fashioned after the manner of his fighting manager, John McGraw. And yet masters and pupils have scored and are now scoring equal successes by methods as far apart as the poles.

Few of the students of baseball thought that the gentle, soft-spoken, mild-mannered Eddie Collins and George Sisler would succeed as managers. Yet the former in Chicago and the latter in St. Louis are fast winning their spurs.

Recently six young men, all famous infielders, have been appointed managers: Hornsby, Sisler, Harris, Bancroft, Fletcher and Collins. All of these famous players have yet to show in the World's Series, except Harris, and yet all have already shown much promise. Hornsby, leader of the St. Louis Cardinals, the last and newest of the six, lifted his club many notches his first year. The word from his training camp this spring was that he had the team welded smoothly and full of aggressiveness. He has a contender.

The Wright Brothers

There were doubts about the quiet, unemotional Hornsby. They did not think he was aggressive enough to handle a team in the pennant fight. But the minute the serene and silent batsman assumed responsibility his disposition changed. Within a week after becoming manager he had a fist fight on the field with Arthur Fletcher during a game in St. Louis.

"Why in the world did you hit Fletcher?" I asked the champion batsman after the fray.

Hornsby looked down and he looked up. He shifted his feet and cleared his throat. Finally he grinned shamefacedly and said, "I couldn't make any headway against him talking. I had to do something, so I hit him. Talking is not my line. But I am strong for action."

Hornsby has a level head and a lot of common sense. He is using these simple but matchless qualities with marked effect in his managerial reign. He succeeded a manager whose characteristics were in striking contrast. Branch Rickey, leader of one St. Louis team or the other for more than a dozen years, was one of the notable characters of the game. A man of marked intelligence, forceful, gifted, with a winning personality, he should have been a success in anything he undertook. He knew baseball and was a notable judge of young players. But he carried theory too far for any practical purpose. His active mind was too active. His nerve centers fired too hot a spark. A leader of men must have much patience and sit cool and calm in the midst of strife. Rickey brought many great players into the game. By his Chautauqua addresses, his example and his strong, clean personality he did much to elevate the game. But with all this his teams were more often in the second division than in the first at the end of the season.

What the Wright brothers were to aviation, an earlier pair of Wright brothers were to baseball. Back in 1868, seven years before the birth of the National League, George and Harry Wright were playing professional baseball and managing clubs. George compiled a managerial record with the first Cincinnati Reds in 1869 that has never been approached by any manager since that dim and distant day and never will be. His team won every one of its fifty-seven games scheduled for that season.

Harry Wright was a successful manager of Boston and Philadelphia clubs for twenty years. Both of these baseball managers became successful business men in Boston and useful citizens. George died a few years ago. Harry lives in Boston today.

A. G. Spalding, one of the organizers of the National League, and also the organizer of a large business firm, was one of the great managers of the early days.

The Quick and the Dumb

Pop Anson was one of the earliest and greatest of managers. Charles Comiskey was a beloved and successful pilot of the old St. Louis Browns before he became the owner of the Chicago White Sox. Frank Selee left a name in Boston to rank with Cabot and Lowell. Ned Hanlon of the Baltimore Orioles bossed possibly the greatest team the game ever has known. Fred Clarke made baseball history in Pittsburgh and Frank Chance in Chicago, and George Stallings won the title of Miracle Man by rushing the National League off its feet in 1914, bringing a weak team up from last place in July to win the pennant, and then take the world's championship away from the supposedly invincible Mack and his Athletics. Stallings was the driving, up-and-at-'em type, and oddly he never repeated.

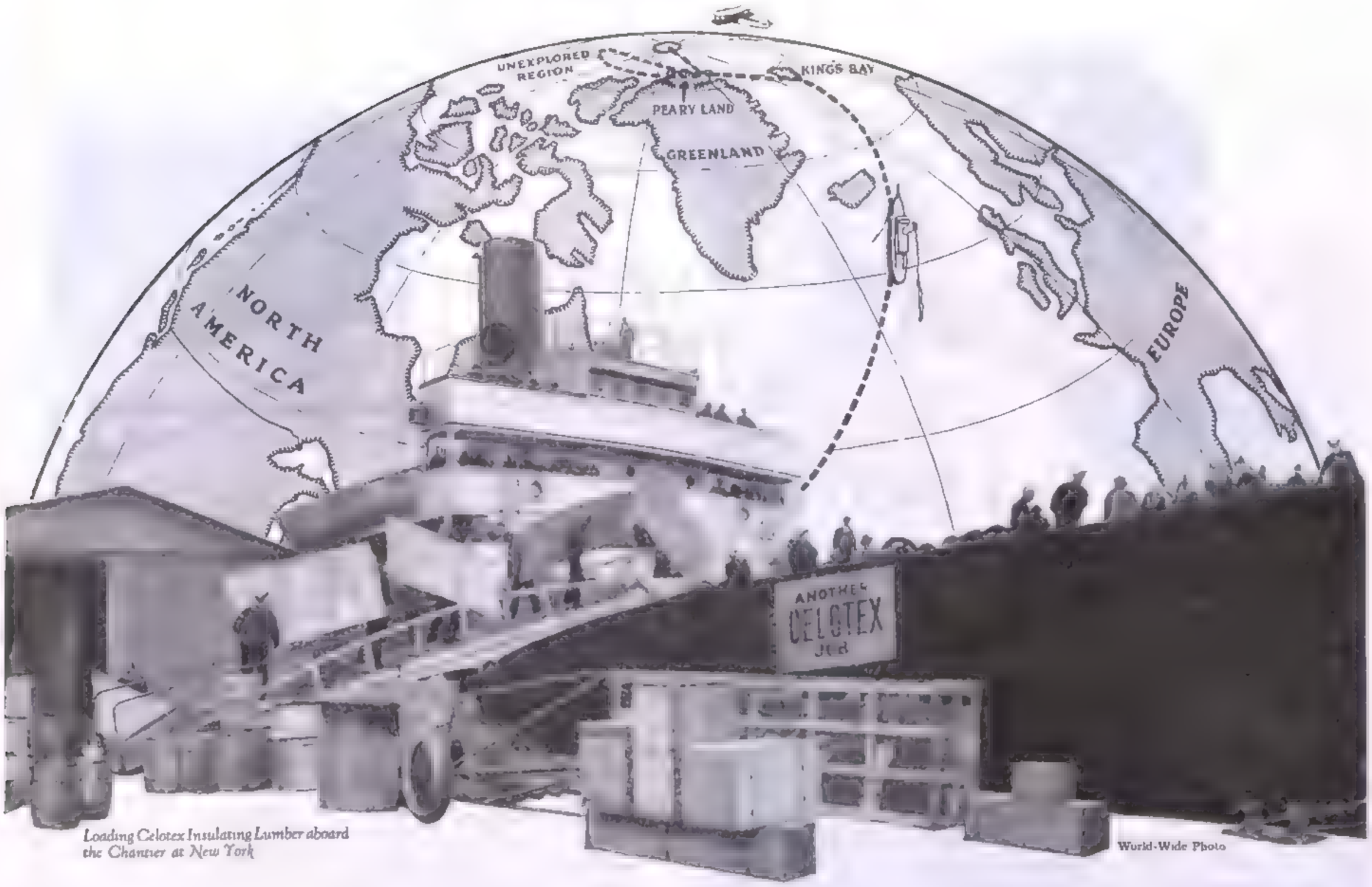
There is a disposition to question Miller Huggins' ability, but I, for one, am convinced that the master of the Yankees is a smart and capable manager. No one but Huggins himself ever will know the problem he has had with his troupe of prima donnas. Hughey Jennings' record at Detroit qualifies him with the great. His successor, Ty Cobb, is not the manager that he was a player, but he may yet be if he conquers his temper and his impatience.

"The worst of all your woes," says Dave Bancroft, manager of the Boston Braves, another McGraw pupil, "is to stand out there at short and see your pitcher throw the wrong ball to the batter. You have schooled him for that batter over and over, but you can't throw the ball for him. He puts it outside when it should have been inside, or high when it should have been low, and away goes your old ball game."

I asked Bancroft how he sorted the sheep from the goats in his spring crop of rookies.

"It is all a question of whether a young player is smart or whether he is dumb," replied the young leader. "The difference between dull, dumb players on your team, and smart, quick-thinking players is the difference between failure and success. It is easy enough to teach a young fellow how

(Continued on Page 177)



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World-Wide Photo

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WHEN Commander Byrd and his forty-five courageous volunteers embarked on their expedition to the Pole, they went prepared as no Arctic explorers have ever gone before.

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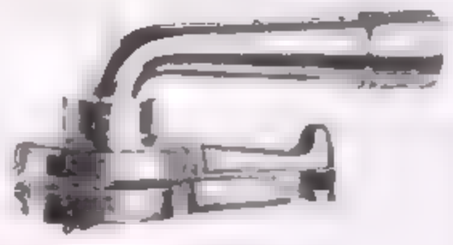

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THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
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The NEW EDISON

FULL VOLUME

Dance Attachment

(Continued from Page 174)

to play your system of inside ball, but the impossible part is to make him remember what to do when a pinch comes in some tight game. It is the smart infielder who will often win your game for you on an apparently simple and yet really difficult play.

"Did you see Gautreau, my kid second baseman, hold the ball in that exhibition game the other day and let the runner come in from third on him with what proved to be the deciding run? He was figuring the same play that came up the day before, only on this day there was a different runner on third. Gautreau let this runner outguess him. I would rather have seen him make three errors in the game than to have made the play he did.

"You ask why I think a boy is going to go good. Take the case of Wertz, my most promising young pitcher. I believe he will be an effective performer from the start, not so much because of his curves and speed and change of pace he shows in the practice games, but because he is smart and remembers what he is told about batting weaknesses. He has a cool head and that indescribable thing called pitching sense. He was a good pitcher when he came to me, just as Pete Donahue was when he came to the Cincinnati Reds from his Texas college and his year in the Texas League.

"Another thing I have found out in my three years as manager, and that is that the kid players from the sand lots are instinctive big-league players, while the college men are not. The college man has a lot of things to think about. He divides his baseball with too many other things. The boy from the lots eats, sleeps and thinks baseball all the time. There is little else to distract him. Baseball is his all-in-all. You have to think baseball all the time to become a great player."

I asked Banny about the building of a winning team.

"It depends upon where you start from," he said. "If you need only one or two players you can buy them, with luck. But if you have about six positions to fill, it takes time and luck and patience and a lot of money and many disappointments. Pitchers are the greatest gamble."

"What is the biggest kick you get out of a game?"

"Outguessing a batter," said the playing manager. "You know what I mean—moving out of position ahead of the ball to cut off one of Hornsby's rifle-shot drives, cutting off a sure hit and saving a run or more. It may be that Hornsby outguesses me and drives the ball through the hole I made by shifting to the right or left in my effort to play the ball. This outguessing the other fellow, whether he is batter, fielder, pitcher or base runner, is the inside, invisible margin between a first and a second division team."

A Kid Leading Veterans

Bancroft is a quiet young man with a ukulele and a thin, tenor voice. When the Braves have lost he may be heard at eventide in his hotel room melodiously melancholy. When the Braves have won he may be heard similarly, but joined by the husky barytone of Judge Emil Fuchs, owner of the Braves.

Not since Stallings led the last-place Braves to victory in 1914 has a manager startled the baseball world as Bucky Harris did in 1924, when he won the flag with a team consigned to the second division at the beginning of that season. Harris took three cast-off pitchers and repeated his exploit the next year. Here is an amazing young man, the youngest that ever won a championship. He was only twenty-eight when he fluttered his first flag. He is a dark-haired, good-looking, slender fellow of infinite modesty off the field.

There are great players on the Washington team, including Walter Johnson, one of the greatest pitchers of all time, who bore the brunt through both pennant campaigns. Nevertheless, every student of baseball knows that leadership carried to that point where it might be called genius was required to propel that team to the heights it achieved. How did Harris do it?

One night last spring in the Tampa Bay Hotel grounds I asked him about it. "It puzzles me," he admitted. "In fact, it puzzles me how I ever held the job at all with those veterans, and me just a kid. We win because we do our very best. And then we gamble a lot. That is, we take chances. We also make chances. We try to do the unexpected. We try to outguess the other fellow. We also gamble on veteran players.

"I was born in the little town of Port Jervis, N. Y., and moved to Pittston in the Scranton district of the Pennsylvania coal fields when I was thirteen, to work in the mines. My mother wanted me to stay in school, but I wanted to do my share in keeping up the household. My mother was a dressmaker. They had an industrial baseball league in the town, and I figured that I could make that league and have a better chance to play ball than if I went to school. So, to be perfectly honest about it, the lure of baseball as well as the desire to help my mother drew me from school."

Studying His Men

"With me it was always, as long as I can remember, anything to play ball. They had a Sunday-school league in my town, and so I went to Sunday school just to get to play in that league. Then they had a semipro team that played ball on Sundays, and I got on that team. This caused trouble at the Sunday school. The superintendent forbade me to leave the school to play ball. I insisted on going. He blocked the doorway. I ducked between his legs and got away.

"I was always afraid I would not make good in professional ball because I was so small. I was just a shred of a kid when I went with Buffalo in the International League. The day the big-league scouts came to look me over I made six hits. The Giants, the Athletics and Washington all were after me at the same time. I was hoping Washington would get me. Of course I wanted to go with McGraw. Every young player wants to go to New York. But I figured that with that infield Mac had then I would not get a chance for years to break in. The Athletics were then apparently a hopeless last-place team. Washington offered me my best chance to get right into the game and play.

"At the training camp that spring I broke my finger. That was in the spring of 1919. I was just twenty-three. And then Griffith traded for still another second baseman. That ruined me. But that year I won the regular berth from the new man and the old player.

"All through the winter of 1923–24 Griffith was looking for a manager. He tried to get Eddie Collins. But the only trade he could make there was to include me in the deal. We had reported in Tampa for spring training and still had no manager. One morning I opened a letter from Griff. Would I be the manager? he asked in that letter. I was alone in my room and Griff was a thousand miles away, but I shouted out loud enough, it seemed to me, for him to hear that I would. That's about all there is to tell."

"Why did you take Coveleskie?"

"I figured there was one more good year at least in him. Just had a hunch. It is all a gamble with a veteran player, but you have to gamble to win. With Ruether I figured that the change might help him. Besides, I figured he had a curious disposition and I might get on with him. And then I like to have old pitchers. They know so much. They take a lot of strain off a manager. I dread the coming of the day when Walter Johnson leaves the team.

"A manager must study human nature. With one player you must be rough. With another a pat on the back will help the most. With still another you have to sit and talk for hours. Sometimes you have to shut your eyes to things going on. Other

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times you have to be watchful as a wolf. Once they told me that one of my pitchers was drinking too much. I knew it. But he was winning games. I felt like Abe Lincoln did the time they fussed about General Grant drinking. You remember he told them he wished some of his other generals would use Grant's brand of whisky."

That brief story Harris told of his own life told also why he came up so quickly among the first flight in his profession. He loved the game better than all else. "Eddie Collins' style of play at second base was the book I studied most in life," he said. "I copied him as faithfully as I could."

And now we come to that gray-haired master of baseball, John J. McGraw. For a quarter of a century he has led the New York Giants, and during that period he has established some of the finest records that a major-league manager can make. He has served as manager for twenty-three years. He has won the most pennants—ten. He has won the most pennants consecutively—four. He has developed the most players into major-league managers—six.

Only Anson of the old days and Connie Mack of the new approach him in length of service and in success. A strong, stormy, many-sided personality, more has been written about him than any man ever in the game and yet only a few people know the real McGraw. My own experience with McGraw makes this point.

I first met him at a Southern training camp some six or seven years ago. He was standing before his dugout and I approached him dubiously to ask permission to sit on his bench during that exhibition game. I expected refusal, even to be ordered off the field. Had I not read all about this man for more than twenty years? But I met a soft-spoken, mild-mannered gentleman who with courtesy and few words bade me welcome to his bench.

I have never heard any man who can speak softer or more kindly than John McGraw. But on the other hand, in moments of anger, in times of stress and crisis, that voice shifts to a hard raspy note. Always a fierce, relentless, uncompromising fighter was McGraw, and always a kind and helpful friend of old players to whom Fate had been unkind.

What Troubled McGraw

I said a while ago that a few people knew him. I doubt if any man ever did or ever will really know McGraw. He is both the fighter and the strategist type—a man of contrasts. A close student of the game and yet a plunger. Shrewd, careful, thoughtful, and then he cuts loose and takes desperate chances. A modest, silent winner and a hard loser.

Some weeks ago I sat with McGraw alone in his room at the Sarasota Hotel and tried to get him to talk. He is a man of few words, but he can tell you a lot in his short, incisive sentences.

"Why did you let Eddie Rommel go without a trial?" I asked. That stirred him, as I had hoped it would.

"I did not let him go like that," he replied shortly and decisively. "Rommel was with me in the training camp in 1919. But he pulled up with a sore arm. On the way north we stopped to play in Baltimore, his home town. I sent him in to pitch. They batted him hard. Nine runs, I think. The boy still had a sore arm. I let him stop off there for two days at his request and we went on to New York. He never did report to me. I never even heard of him again until he began to pitch for Mack."

"Why did you keep Arthur Fletcher, the rookie?"

McGraw answered the question with another, speaking in his direct, impassive way: "Why do you ask that?"

"Fletcher was talking about it the other night and he said he had often wondered. He could never understand why. He said he was terrible for a while, at the bat and in the field."

"Fletcher had the spirit. If he had been timid I would never have worried along with him. With all his troubles he kept battling."

"What is your worst trouble as a manager?"

"Lack of appreciation from some of the successful players on my team. At first they are meek enough, glad to get a trial, proud to play on the Giants. Then success goes to their heads. They begin to kick for more money. Sometimes they dissipate. They become arrogant and begin to think they are bigger than the team and the manager. When players you have worked with for years act like this it hurts you."

When Matty Forgot

As McGraw spoke these words they meant a good deal. I asked him about his happiness as manager.

"I am happiest," he said, "when I am out on the field working with young players, teaching them something. Their hearty, honest appreciation brings me joy. Many of my players have been truly appreciative."

I wanted to know what he considered the most valuable quality in a young player.

"Speed," was the answer. "To me speed means most of all. It is a strange thing how your rookie crop turns out to be either a feast or a famine. One spring I had Tilly Shafer, Herzog, Fletcher, Milton Stock and Groh, all rookie third basemen and shortstops, on my bench. They still talk about my letting Groh get away then, but they seem to forget the four wonderful fellows I kept. You are prone to hasty action on any rookie third baseman when you have three other good ones under your hand.

"Matty came to the Giants in 1900. I was the first big-league batsman he pitched to. I was playing for St. Louis then. When I came to the Giants they were playing Matty on first base. I put him back in the box. So far as I know he never forgot what you told him but once. It was in the first game he pitched for me. We were leading Chicago 2 to 1. I had warned him not to feed a fast one to Slagle with a man on. Slagle came up. Matty tried to push the ball past him. Slagle hit a home run that cost us the game. Matty never forgot after that.

"A lot of confidence and a good memory are worth more to a pitcher than his arm, in a pinch. And a manager must have confidence most of all. He must think alone. He must make his own decisions. He must do it himself. It is bad to call either players or coaches or the press in council. You feel better about it afterward if you do it yourself, right or wrong.

"Do you know I used to have ambitions to be a manager when I was a kid on the old Oriole team. I used to suggest plays to Ned Hanlon even then. Somebody asked Hanlon one day who was captain of the team. 'They are all captains,' he replied, sadly shaking his head. Hanlon was not showy, but he was a student of the game and of human nature, and he was an organizer. By that I mean he could reorganize a team after it had been broken up by time, trades or misfortune. There are one-year managers, lots of them, but the men who can reorganize a team are rare. Comiskey, Mack, Hanlon—these are all I can think of now.

"The players on a team can help the manager a lot by keeping other players straight. Their advice and appeal would go a long way toward keeping a young player from going wrong or getting in bad in little things that lead to grave results.

"I never hesitate to tell a young player he will not do. It is the kindest thing I can do for him. I have advised many to quit baseball. The scouts send you players not fit to play on a high-school team. Not one scout in thirty is fit for his business."

I asked why he had kept Kelly. The development of Long George is considered by many good judges to be one of McGraw's greatest managerial achievements.

"Kelly was just an overgrown boy when he came to me. He had grown too fast. That caused his awkwardness. His body had not settled into its true stride or motion, or grace, or whatever you wish to call it. But Kelly had a wonderful arm, he had a wallop, and he had the spirit in the face of failure. You cannot afford to let a young fellow like that go, no matter how loud the crowds yell or how hard they ride you.

"I will tell you one of the governing reasons why I kept Greenfield, and all the other reasons have been stressed in the papers but this one. It was because of his easy and natural pitching motion, the best in the game today except that of Johnson.

"I had hopes of Lindstrom because he was so fast, and then he had good hands. His bad habit of tying himself up tight when batting and always hitting to right field was cured with a little coaching and practice. George Burns had that same bad habit when he came with me. A most important thing in developing a rookie is to learn his disposition. I had to be hard with Mike Donlin. But with Devlin I had to be soft."

"If you had it all to do over again would you be a ball player?"

On Your Toes!

The man whose baseball successes have brought to him the sobriquet of Little Napoleon moved uneasily in his chair. It was getting too dark to see his face.

"No," he replied, speaking slowly. "If I had it to do over again I would turn to the practice of law."

There was a great to-do at the Polo Grounds before the opening game of the 1925 season. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the National League, and the hoisting of the tenth pennant for the Giants. The parade to the flagstaff had begun when the little door at the back of the Giants dugout clicked, and a short, thick-set, gray-haired man climbed wearily up the four stone steps and sat down on the bench.

"You came just late enough to dodge the parade," I accused him.

"Yes, I've had the grippe and I don't feel like marching," McGraw admitted.

The east wind picked up the flag as it was hoisted aloft, and straightened it out. It was an enormous pennant; it had to be to carry the record of ten championships. McGraw seemed to take it very matter-of-fact.

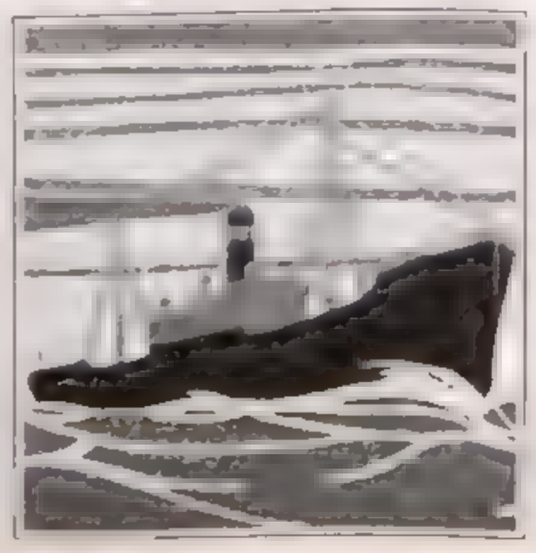
"Any thrill in it still for you?" someone asked.

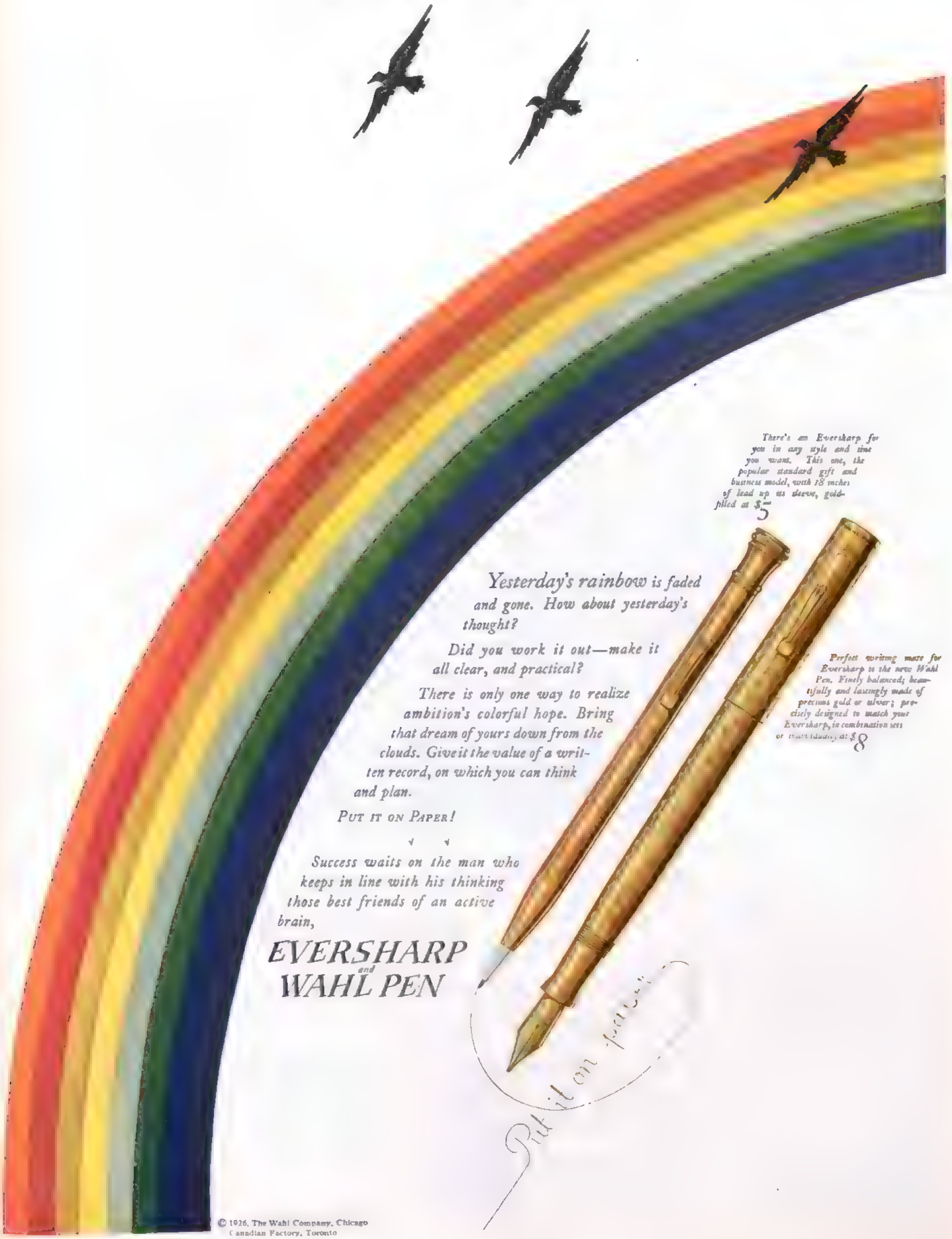
"Not much thrill left," McGraw answered.

The beautiful golden-jubilee pennant fluttered from another staff, its yellow edges flashing in the sun. "A nice flag," McGraw commented. It stood for fifty years of baseball history, in which McGraw has had a major part for thirty-five.

The flag raisers marched back to more martial music. McGraw sat impassive. His players streamed into the dugout, still glowing with the ceremony. McGraw sat silent, but of a sudden he barked to Frisch, his captain, "Get those boys out there at batting practice, quick, Frank!"

Last year was a dead dog to McGraw. This is another year. On your toes, there! Let's win today.





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NOTHING BUT BLUE CHIPS

(Continued from Page 11)

estate as a temporary thing; yet it was unlikely that he would ever be any better off. Look in on him a year from now, or twenty years from now, and there he would be, pretty much as he was tonight, sitting full of prospects, under that fan-shaped rack of starched and ironed linen, his chair hung back on its two legs, his gray-stockinged feet thrust into the oven. He was baking out his joints. He had worked in the shipyard the first part of the winter, and the sword play of the northwest wind driving through all those yellow frames had touched his gizzard once too often for his own good, he had proclaimed.

"An old flame of yours is back in town. Did you know that?" he cried at once, with a crafty look at Pearson. He didn't like that yellow-haired long drink of water. Pearson was a threat to the family stability. If he did succeed in marrying the girl it was morally certain that the rest of the Kents would suffer.

"An old flame?" the girl echoed coldly.

"Yes, ma'am. Capt. Michael Cobb. Wanted to know if you didn't still have him twined around the trembles of your heart."

She had heard those words then. Jim Kent was winking at Bert and shifting his feet over in the oven, putting the under one on top, and drawing at his pipe with a humorous pointing of his nose, which had an interesting flexibility at its tip.

Marjorie, reaching in among columns of empty strawberry boxes with stained sides, could feel Michael in the air. That terrible and desirable man blocked her way at every turn.

"Michael used to like those eggnogs of yours pretty well, as I remember," Jim commented tormentingly.

"Father, if you would go to bed in some season, you might have less trouble dragging out in the morning," the girl said angrily. Her coat was still on, and in the hot kitchen she still carried a cloud of cold atmosphere about with her when she moved. Mr. Pearson, not taking off his coat either, had subsided into a chair by the sink.

"No bed for me these days," Kent said. "I'm up to the neck now in this feldspar of Michael's. He's promised me a job."

"Who vouches for this mine—anyone but Cobb himself?" Pearson said, with a trace of acid in his tones.

"Plenty of others." As a matter of fact, Kent stated, there had been several bidders on the property—out-of-town bidders, that is, who were keen to get control; but a little group of business men had taken it on themselves to say that this was something the town itself should have the benefit of, and they were underwriting the amount that was to be paid to Mr. Cobb.

"Who did you say these out-of-town bidders were?" Pearson asked.

Kent was a trifle cloudy on this point. They had come from away. Some said they had come from over Haverford way.

"Anyway, the stuff is here," Kent concluded. "You take it with a mine in Arizona, like that one the fellow was in here selling last year—you have to take that a good deal on tick; but here's a mine right here in the town limits that anybody can put his hat on and go and see when it suits him to. And the stockholders will be all picked men and neighbors."

Leaning forward, he tapped Pearson on the knee. His hair, iron-gray and usually smooth-plastered, had a single long wisp over the ear which dried out in the heat of argument and separated from the skull, with the effect of making him look unduly disheveled.

"If you want to know what I think," Pearson said, with a deadly accent, "I think these other bidders are a figment of the man's fancy."

"That's your opinion; that's your opinion, remember," Jim Kent cried hoarsely and intolerantly.

"Father, we're none of us deaf," Marjorie said, spinning the egg beater for dear life.

"Cobb's succeeded in life," Kent went on. "He's naturally open to the attacks of people who haven't done so well as he has. Some might call it sour grapes."

He went out of the kitchen in a fury and slammed the door.

"Why did you say what you did?" Marjorie whispered, stopping the egg beater, which had been going a thousand turns a minute. "You must have known how he would take it."

"I forgot you would defend Cobb, too," Pearson said sulkily.

"I—defend him?"

"Yes; where you were—where it was you-tickle-me-and-I'll-kiss-you between you two once."

"We won't refer to that, please, Bert," Marjorie said.

"I suppose I'm to be dropped like a sucked orange, now he's appeared on the scene again."

Marjorie felt the potencies of Michael Cobb at work. The speck no bigger than a man's hand he had appeared on the horizon; and now here he was, the whole bigness of him, disrupting Michael, tumbling her reconstructed world in ruins. He had the shape of danger, he might have it in him to drag her pride in the dust. Bert was working himself up, possibly, to a complete break; she mustn't let him say anything else like this or she would force the break herself. But this would leave her without a man, without a buckler, wide open to Michael's deadly shafts. She would be carried off her feet; and then—who knew?—perhaps another seven years.

It was therefore a swift move against the menace that was Michael when she said, coming round the table, "Silly boy, have I rubbed him the wrong way? I'll rub him the right way."

She brought her unjeweled hand down slowly over his face, drawing down his lids, flattening his nose. Suddenly she kissed him on the mouth, held there, her eyes opened into his. She had not done such a thing before, ever. She was afraid that he would think her brazen, that he might discern her motive, and she hastened to say, "Does that answer you? I'll let you put twisters on me if you say, Mr. Deputy Sheriff, and lead me captive."

Mr. Pearson, grown thoughtful, took down his eggnog and departed.

Even so, there was no permanently dodging Michael. The very next night she saw him standing by chance lighting his pipe, in front of the Gracie Sisters' Millinery Store, where she was clerking; waiting, with his appalling patience, at the bottom of that flight of five blue-painted wooden steps which frost had pried several inches away from the body of the building. Her heart beat hard and high in her throat. What would be his first words alone with her?

But her courage wasn't great enough to let her know. She stole out the back way and along the wharves.

Since, however, he was so cleverly hand in glove with her own father, that could only postpone the inevitable hour. The next night she found him in the sitting room with her sister Floss' baby on his knee. He had changed, after all, she saw. He had grown older; he didn't have that round look to his face that had been there at nineteen. His eyes somehow seemed deeper in his head. They had a friendly glow for Marjorie, but he went on talking feldspar directly. He refused to say that he would stay to supper, although he accepted for another time.

"A bachelor like me can't afford to turn a cold shoulder to home cooking," he said, framed in the doorway.

"You'd better be looking round," Mrs. Kent said, with a mischievous pursing of her mouth. "There must be some young woman in a town of this size who could minister to your wants. The hunting's good anyway."

"I saw quite a few tracks in the snow this morning," he said solemnly, and nodded himself out.

All through supper Marjorie listened to talk of feldspar. Kent asked his wife what she thought of it. Mrs. Kent said she didn't know that there was any call for her to think anything of it, one way or the other, inasmuch as he usually did in the end pretty much as he saw fit.

Civic pride, Kent said, would be found to lie at the bottom of the matter, and those who were filled with civic pride naturally found themselves shareholders in an enterprise which was certain to make them rich in spite of themselves. Whereas those to whom civic pride was but a name were left out when the final reckoning came. Their names would not be inscribed in that roll of great men of whom it might be said, "They took a chance."

"That would be a good motto to chisel on a headstone, according to my way of looking at it," Mrs. Kent said.

She now wanted to know if there was a bottom to this vein of rock.

"You heard what Captain Cobb said," her husband answered. "He says the expert says it's a big property. He says he never saw any such Canadian pink developing before after just what few blasts there were shot off."

"Yes, I understand he's blasted out the top," Mrs. Kent said, "but what guaranty is that about the bottom?"

"He knows where the bottom is, all right, all right. That's where experience comes in."

"Well, how does he know?"

"Isn't that a lovely woman's question? How does he know anything? How does he know the stars won't fall out of the sky? Say, they put it to him at the meeting, one or two doubting Thomases, how he knew, and he wouldn't answer, any more than just to ask 'em how he knew he was alive. He was some sarcastic. It's a kind of sixth sense, with miners, like hearing or breathing, people tell me who have looked into the subject. He knows, and still he don't know how he knows. It simply comes of his familiarity with mining."

"Isn't that something?" Mrs. Kent appealed to the heavens.

"Well, mamma," Mr. Kent said, "we won't have any talk about it. I'm not going to invest without your full and free consent, and you can rest assured of that."

There was the further circumstance that if any money was invested it must be Marjorie's. He had none of his own. His daughter had a feeling of remorse, on his account, for having allowed herself to throw herself into Bert Pearson's arms in a panic. This would mean, shortly, that she must desert Jim Kent. Bert was going to have her announce the engagement as soon as he could get the ring which the jeweler had sent for; and then she would have to leave her father to his own devices.

"Would you really like to invest in this feldspar?" she asked him finally.

"I certainly would," he said. "A day is coming, Marjorie, when I'll need capital at a time maybe when capital isn't to be shaken out of every bush, and feldspar means capital."

"I can let you have money then, up to a limit of five hundred dollars," the girl said.

He took her hand. "Marj, I want you to weigh your words. I want you to look the alternatives square in the eye. Because if I do go in, I want to be able to go in in such shape that I can step up and put that money down on the table and step back and dust my hands of it, and then for all of us to forget we ever had it."

"That ought to be easy," Mrs. Kent simpered.

"Good! And then if anything comes of it, all right; and if nothing comes of it, all right. I don't want to go in with the idea that if I lose I'm never going to hear the last of it."

Mrs. Kent murmured, "If I did advise against, and then there was such a thing as that a pot of money was to be made out of that stuff, wouldn't you everlastingly hold it up against me till my dying day?"

The money went in, gape and swallow. Then eluding Michael became a study with the girl. She could not get over her resentment that he should have so totally enslaved her, abolishing everybody else for all time, it seemed, and then left his slave to perish in this desert. Was she now to have the whole burning madness to go through with again?

When he asked her to go to the movies with him, she answered stubbornly that the pictures tired her eyes. She had lost interest in dancing, too, she explained, the music was so bad. The Kents tried every way to get her to be halfway decent to the man, but she persisted in ignoring him.

This, although he was rich and getting richer. Every day they heard blasts and got bulletins from the mine.

"Some nice feldspar there, all right," the expert said personally to Jim Kent. "Of course we haven't dropped down yet onto the main body of the ore by any means."

A good many citizens had got involved by this time, and not always those who could afford a loss. These began to lose some sleep when the boomings at the mine all at once grew fewer, stopped for a day, then for several days. They were hung up for want of a certain kind of drill, word went round. Next there was a rumor that the men had struck for more pay. This was followed by news that the state had stepped in at the eleventh hour and demanded its fifth share of the ore under the terms of an ancient statute.

On a Friday morning, Kent, who was laid up with his rheumatism, asked Marjorie if she would mind taking round a note to Captain Cobb and delivering it personally, since she was going that way anyway.

"Kill two birds with one stone," he said from his pillow.

If they could, they would deliver her over bound hand and foot to Michael, she could see. She girded round her that shaky armor of an engaged woman—secretly engaged, at that—and made the journey to the feldspar mine. There it was, a great gash in the hill, an unsightly self-inflicted wound, which might be draining the life-blood of the community fatally away. And there the little house was, at the bottom of it, so very coy, with its lacy valentine eaves, and the stone doorstep at the front door heaved up, tiptilted by frost.

Stealing up to the open back door, she saw Michael himself, sitting staring at that row of Venetian goblets which he had got down out of the china closet for some reason best known to himself. He got up, sensing her shadow there; and she held out the note to him. "From my father."

She asked how the mine was coming on. He replied that now it was the opinion of the expert that the vein would have to be followed under the house itself.

"Maybe you know some young couple that would like to have this house," Michael said. "It wouldn't cost too much to move it off the stones, you know."

This was such a sudden thrust that she could think of nothing in reply. As if not expecting any, he picked up a knife and played six or seven dropping chiming notes on the goblets, striking their rims. It was wedding music. He had been sitting here practicing these satirical strokes perhaps for hours. Bert must have told him what the situation was.

"I was thinking that these things might make an acceptable wedding present," Michael said. "They go with the house."

His hold over her had never been so close as in this moment, when he pretended to

(Continued on Page 185)

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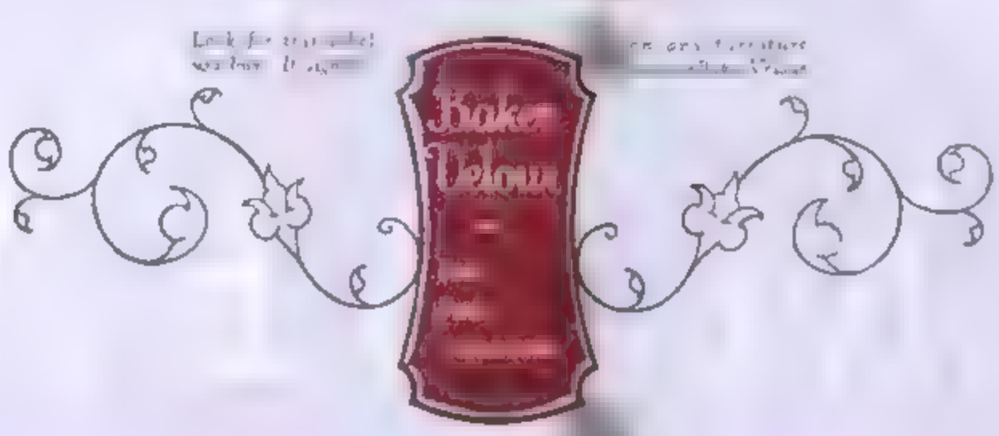

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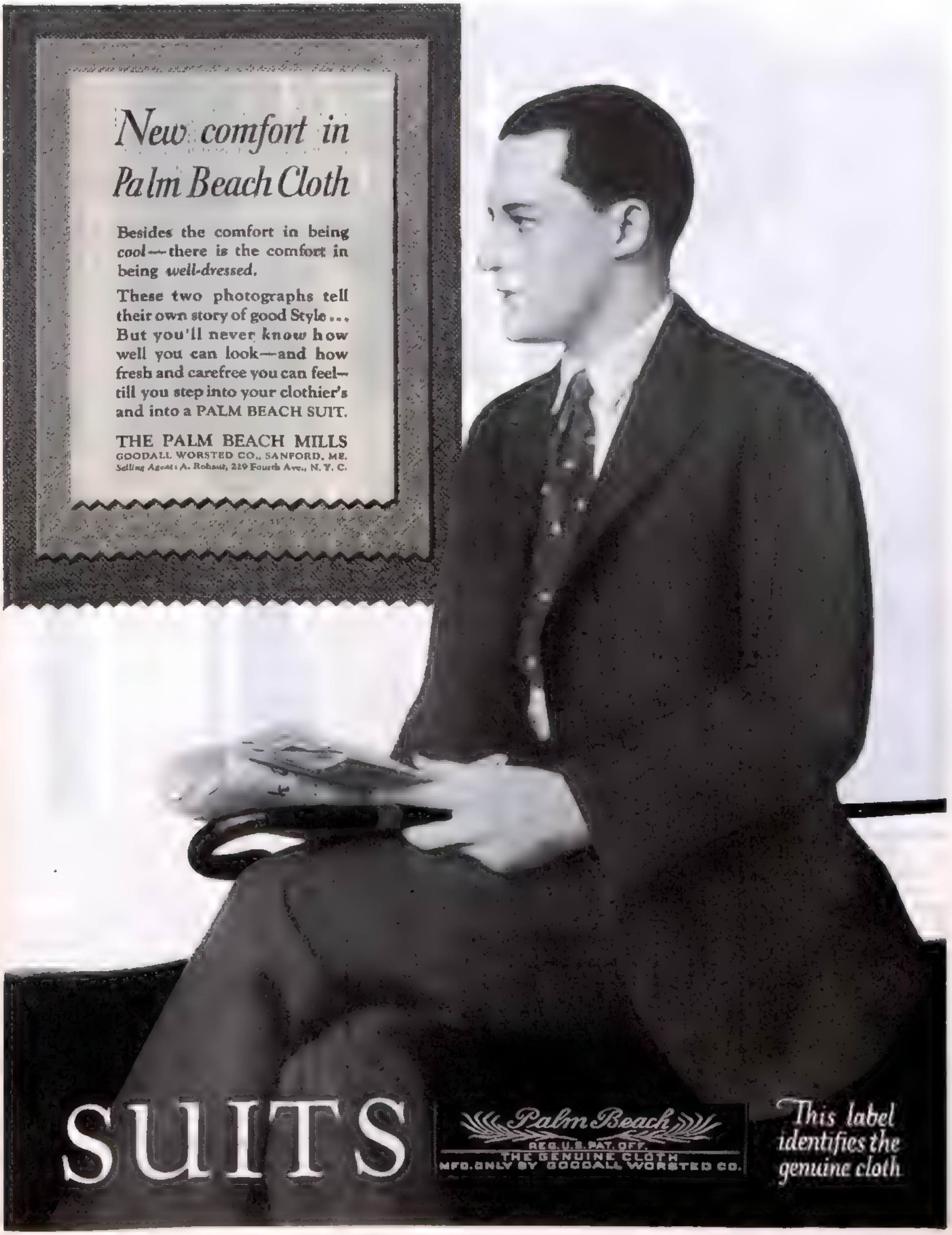

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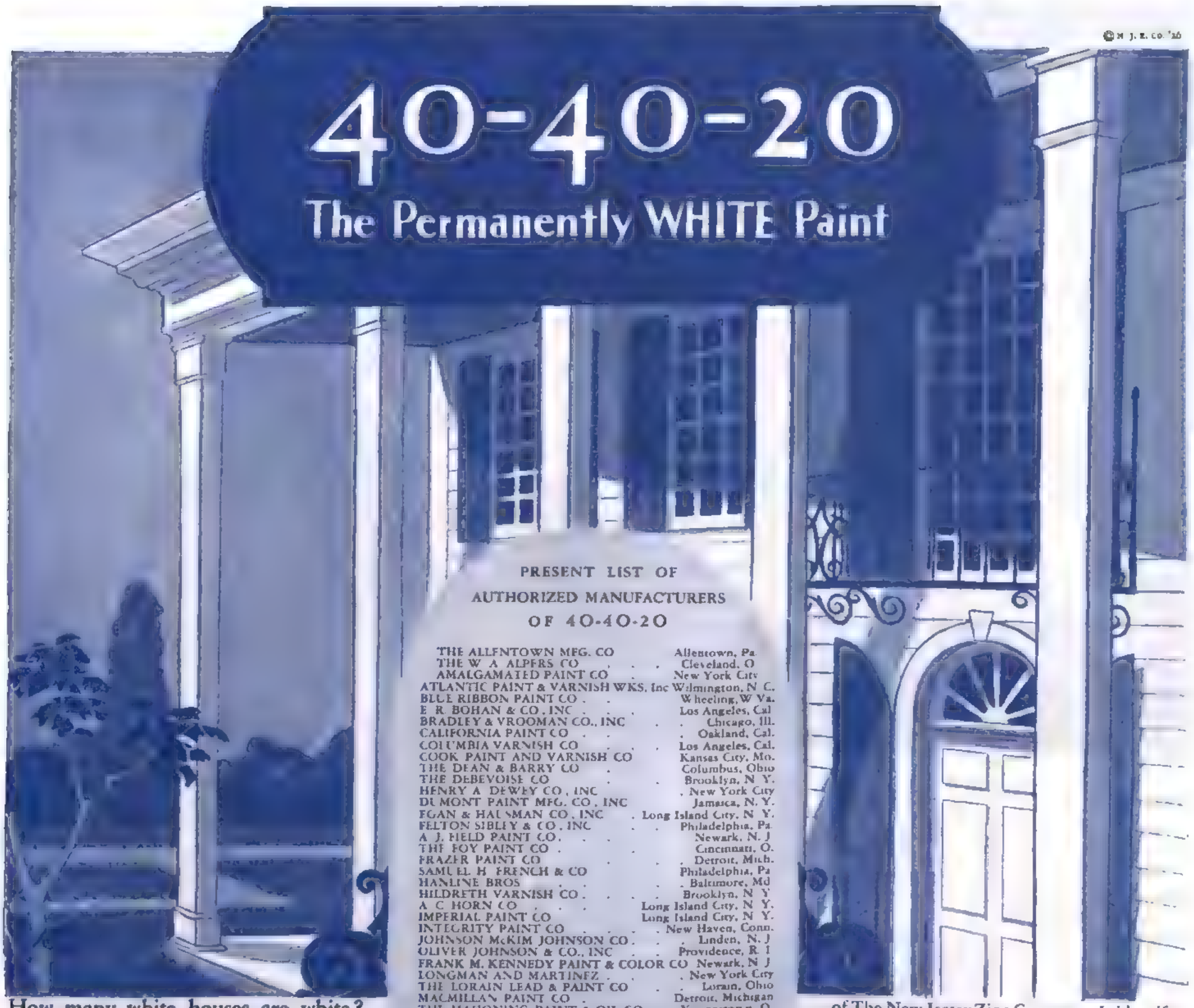

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(Continued from Page 180)

relax it. She felt a compression in the air about her; out of the corner of her eye she saw that blood spot on the zinc under the stove, still there after seven years; and she had an intimate conviction that if she didn't tear herself away from there she might be visiting in paradise again. Whatever Michael's dereliction, nothing could shake the hold of this little house on her affections.

Within two days she heard that he had torn it down and that not one stone remained upon another. Winter had renewed its hold; two more feet of snow, on the level, had fallen; and she went to work on snowshoes. Returning home after dark, she saw Michael waiting for her at the bottom of old Hodder's pasture, just at that point where the old fellow had allowed alders to grow up, choke the brook and overflow his neighbor's land.

"Marjorie," said Michael.

The stark oaks back of them creaked and whimpered in a kind of faint protest at their rigidity. She might as well have been a tree herself for all the good the use of her legs had done her. It was Michael who was foot-loose, eager as one of the little biting devils in the northwest wind. She had stopped in spite of herself, but she began to move forward again, not trusting herself to answer.

Then suddenly, with implike zest, as if he was a boy again, Michael made a plunge, and without touching her at all, stepped on her snowshoes, close to her trapped and bound heels, and stopped her in her tracks. A strange excitement filled her. She threshed, curved, bowed forward like a rooted sapling in the wind.

"I'll thank you to step off my snowshoes," she said, trembling from head to heel.

"You'd leave me too far behind," Michael said, laughing.

"I never want to see you again as long as I live!" she cried bitterly. And directly on the heels of that she added, "Why did you destroy your house?" She could have bitten off her tongue for that.

"Dog in the manger," Michael breathed close in her ear, without lifting his weight from the snowshoes. "I was thinking that if I couldn't sit there across the table from you, in that house, no other man should."

"You had your chance."

"I threw it away. God knows, I don't forget that. Marj, a man is a fool. He goes looking into odd corners, risking his neck for something that was always standing in the plain sunshine. He's looking for something new. Something old and something new, eh? You can't combine 'em. I let you slip, but you were partial to me once. Here, I'll stake something on the spin of a coin, since I have the reputation of a gambler here. I'll give you ten thousand dollars for a kiss. I guess that's in character. Ten thousand—one kiss, as long or as short as you say, you to give it—you."

"You'd give a lot for a little," she flung at him in a low fierce voice.

"A little? Who says it's little?"

"You thought so once," flashed from her embittered lips. Her breast rose and rose with the inflation of self-pity.

"I never did. No, I never did."

The tonic thought occurred to her that this likewise was a trap. He was assuming that if she took the fire from his lips, he would have her after all; he would get her, and so the money itself back, into the bargain. He would gamble even on the power of his love.

"If it was a cool million, it wouldn't interest me," she said coldly. "Now please ——"

She felt his weight leave the snowshoes. Her eyes blurred, she was away like a shot into the deep snow of the meadow.

The feldspar venture had come, practically, to nothing. It was time now for those whose courage had been bad to come forward and say that their judgment had been good. If the expert's credentials had been looked into a little at the start, possibly the enterprise would not have been begun, these people said. It never had been anything better than a hand-picked proposition.

One of its leading critics now reminded them that at their first meeting he had told them that if it was the finest proposition of its kind possible, and that if they had, so to speak, everything, still they had nothing, because the supply was already greater than the demand. And when the call for an assessment came, and the incorporators had for the first time laid before them in its starkness that double-visaged opportunity to throw good money after bad, then the storm broke on Michael's head.

Word went through all those little houses that the feldspar mine had been a hoax from start to finish. Everything, too, that had been said about Captain Cobb's wealth was wrong. He came here a bankrupt, practically, and they had proceeded to shovel gold into his hands. He had nothing in the world but what they had given him. They had built him up to giant proportions, but now they tore him limb from limb and left him in the shape of nothing.

"You saw further into that man than the rest of us," old Mrs. Spillet said shakily across the counter of the Gracie Sisters' store. "I heard about him trying to make up to you again, and you turning him the cold shoulder. I thought you were cutting off your own nose, but I guess you had found him out sooner than the rest of us."

"I'm sure I had found out nothing that wasn't to his credit," Marjorie said hotly.

"Lucky if he isn't ridden out of town on a rail, I say," the old woman grumbled.

"See to it that they send enough men then," Marjorie said in a pale fury.

"There'll be men enough sent to fetch him if all I hear is true," Mrs. Spillet retorted.

The town was busy, in all its length and breadth, constructing its case against that perilous man, who must be laughing up his sleeve at all of them.

In Waldron's grocery that night, Marjorie heard the argument, headless and tailless, going on through the glass partitions of the meat shop.

"What I can't understand," Mr. Tilman Potter was saying—he leaned on the meat block, the heel of his left foot superimposed on the toe of his right—"what I don't for the life of me see is how they come to make such a mistake as pay this lump sum down to Cobb sight unseen, as I understand it, before they so much as shot off one blast or did anything outside of pick up a crumb or two of handsome rock there."

A voice floated out of the refrigerator. "Why, these out-of-town parties, they tell me, had offered cash on the nail to hurry up the transaction in their favor, and so naturally the natives had to follow suit."

"Out-of-town bidders!" Mr. Potter said with biting sarcasm. "Will someone kindly name 'em over? Just who were these defenders of the faith, to begin with? Did anybody here ever lay eyes on 'em, or do more than listen to fancy accounts of their activities? I tell you I got pretty good authority for saying that those out-of-town bidders were manufactured for home consumption out of whole cloth—this expert is nothing but a tool of Cobb's. I guess," Mr. Potter wound up, "there'll be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for a spell now around more than one fireside."

This was Bert Pearson's work, Marjorie saw clear enough. The deputy sheriff was going here and there, dropping out his ugly hints like Cadmus' teeth, as if expecting them to spring up armed men, to hew down that colossus straddling his path. It was true, then, that Bert had partly read her heart; enough to find those deadly traces, images of Michael, mingled with the very elements of her blood. Could he be so weak as to resign himself to take the mere shape and shadow of her, since the spirit was still roving? A flash of contempt for this man whom she was to marry in the spring struck through her. No, she couldn't do it. All Michael's torments heaped together mountain-high couldn't do her so much harm as that.

When she opened the door into the Kent kitchen she was thinking how easiest to bring about a break with Pearson. At once she was conscious of the pall of a family conclave. Her mother and father were there, Floss' husband Sylvester was home, and her Uncle Ligan was sitting in a far corner of the dining room in a darkling mood.

"What's happened now?" Marjorie said, standing in the door.

"Ligan's in this thing, it happens," her father said.

"Uncle Ligan? Why, I thought he disapproved!"

"Well, so he did, but there was a kind of set towards it. I suppose it's my fault as much as anybody's. I put it in a pretty favorable light. Anyway, Ligan took the insurance money your aunt had stored away and bought his way in. Naturally now he takes it a good deal to heart."

In fact Ligan's iron profile, on exhibition there, plainly showed his misery and his predicament. He had had a lot of trouble, first and last. At the beginning of the winter, a state inspector had visited his livery stable and shot all the horses in their stalls for not being in condition—all but Cashier and one other. Ligan had bared his breast dramatically and asked the man to make a thorough job of it, and the man hadn't done it.

"Looks like Custer's last stand," Kent muttered, staring out of the window. Since nobody said anything, he went on: "Ligan ain't alone, if that's any consolation. The whole town's knocked down like a regiment of wooden soldiers. It's—it looks to some of us, Marj, as if it might be just as well if you were to make yourself agreeable next time Captain Cobb drops in. I happen to know from some things he let drop lately that your hold on him is just as great as ever it was."

"So," Marjorie cried, "I'm to get down on my knees to him, am I—and beg him to give me back my marbles?"

"Wouldn't it be just as easy, and a hanged sight more profitable, to bring the man to his knees?" Kent inquired of her. "What makes you so all-fired odd?"

"Suppose I said I was engaged to Bert Pearson?" Even Ligan swung his head at her.

"Pearson!" Kent cried. "Lot of good that'll do you. Why, Pearson's the deepest in of the lot of us!"

"The deepest in?"

"Ask him. He told me this noon he put in everything he had. He won't be able to marry you in a thousand years now. You know well enough a man of his stamp wouldn't marry you on nothing; and as far as that goes, you wouldn't want him to. . . . Well, here he is now," Kent whispered, hearing the man's step in the entry. "Take him into the parlor and cross-question him a little. There's a fire built in there."

One glance at Pearson in the privacy of the Kent parlor was enough to confirm the truth of what her father had been telling her.

"It's true then," she said. He nodded wretchedly. "How came you to?"

"I joined the procession, where you were so sure of that man's luck." It was the case of a man prudent on small occasions only to be gorgeously imprudent in the end. "I put in two thousand," he whispered, as if his tongue's hinges were only hanging by a hair.

"Two thousand!"

"Two thousand—yes. Everything I had. I'm ruined," he muttered. "That's ten years' savings. I think now the whole thing was a get-up to cripple me," he cried, seizing her arms and staring at her. This was going beyond anything he had said yet.

"To cripple you?"

"Where he must have known what our relations were, and he coming home and seeing what he had let slip out of his hands."

"Bert, you're talking wild."

"Am I? Maybe my guess is as good as yours. Another thing; it's said now he

(Continued on Page 187)

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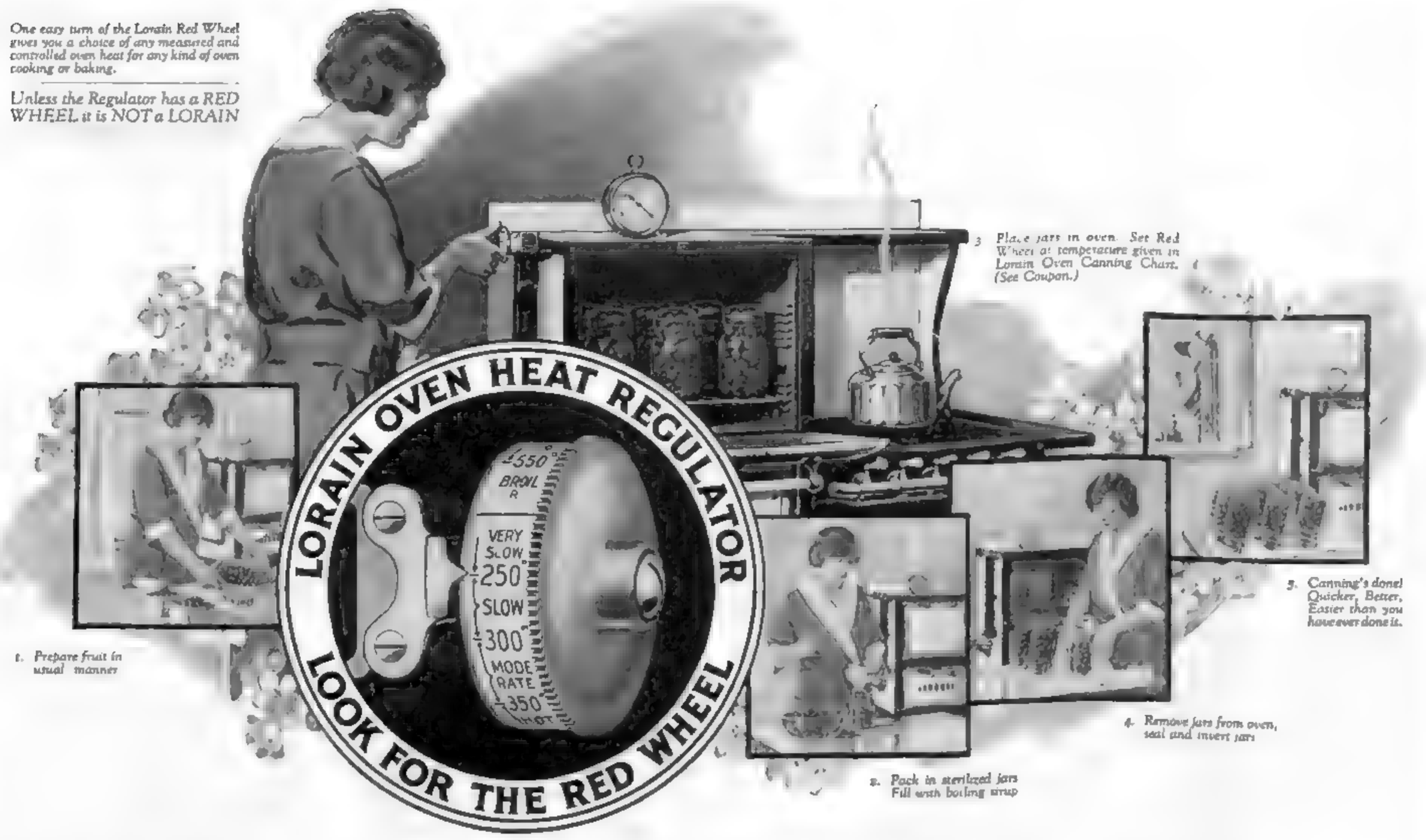
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(Continued from Page 185)

hasn't a cent in the world outside of this lump sum that's been paid him for his mine."

"He's independently rich," Marjorie stated.

"Is he? I understand he took the poor-debtor's oath the last place he was hung up. Money slips through his fingers like sand, where he's a gambler."

"A gambler? He has plenty of company then," the girl said.

"It ill behooves you to say it," Pearson cried, his lips quivering. "I believe on my soul, though," he dashed on, struck by her silence as by a blow in the face, "you—you're half in love with him still."

"Bert, how can you come here and say such things to me?" she cried. She was certainly possessed by devils to defend Michael against the accusations of others. Bert wiped sweat from his chin and upper lip and stared at her hard.

"I only meant—you have power enough over him still," he muttered. "You could wrap him round your little finger, whatever your private sentiments. Well, look here—a certain group of the incorporators have just learned that he's going out of town with the money on the boat tomorrow morning; and there's a warrant going to be sworn out for his arrest on the ground that he's got this money under false pretenses—if they can lay hold of just one more witness. The case is practically made up."

"Bert—no."

"I say yes. I'll have to be on hand there personally at the boat landing with the warrant."

"You mustn't do that," the girl said, on one quick breath.

"Do you think I want to do it? I tell you they force my hand. That's my office."

He drew twisters half out of his coat pocket with a hand that trembled.

"Suppose you," he whispered, "without telling him what was in the wind exactly, could sometime between now and boat time tomorrow morning get him to disgorge."

"Disgorge?"

"He's got the money. He hasn't spent it, or more than a fractional part of it. That's known for a fact. And you—you are the one person in the world who might. . . . I don't say go tonight. But he's stopping at Jake Fisher's since he tore the house down, and he'll come round the head of the cove about 5:30 in the morning."

There was good reason for Bert's deadly fear, she knew. Michael Cobb was not the man to endure tamely the serving of such a warrant, whether he was innocent or guilty of the charge. His father before him, it was common knowledge, had thrown such a process server bodily into the harbor and the warrant after him.

Bert, with mumbled apologies, was letting himself out at the front door. There were other matters that required his attention. Marjorie shut the door against him, and leaned there, her head fallen forward. She went listlessly into the dining room. Ligan had gone. Her father was shaking down the kitchen fire for the night; Floss and Sylvester were having high words in their bedroom, formerly the back parlor, where they had courted—so small was the the compass of their lives.

Mrs. Kent, lifting a letter out of her lap, said dismally, "It never rains but it pours. Your Aunt Mattie's coming to us for the winter at your father's invitation. The air in those hills is too harsh for her."

"Where'll she sleep?" Marjorie asked instantly.

"She'll have to sleep with you. Where else is there she could sleep?"

Where else, indeed, unless under the stars or underground? Marjorie stood in stony silence. Aunt Mattie was a blood relative, and as such, freely received within the barricade. Nevertheless, a wave of resistance, house-high, passed through the girl's body at the notion of sharing her room, her bed, even her clothes quite likely, with that rigid, disagreeable and ailing woman.

Upstairs, however, her mind reverted to Michael, and to Bert Pearson's possible fate. She remembered that night when six men, waylaying Michael, had come off second best in an encounter with him; and one of the six had limped from that day forth. That terrible Michael, his fingers dripping blood, his breath whistling out of his throat, kept wheeling across her eyeballs in the dark. If anybody laid a hand on him, to detain him even, let alone to shackle him, every fiber of his body would retort with violence.

Toward morning, but while the stars were still shining, she got up, dressed, slipped down the attic stairs. They snapped horribly with frost under her weight, but the house continued silent. Ghosts of horse and fish and doughnut fat lingered there in the back entry. She felt for and found her father's dogskin coat hanging from its peg, and slipped it on. How like flight from the familiar scene this was; such flight exactly as she had once dreamed of taking—in the dark Michael's arms.

The road at the cove's head was at this hour a blue canyon full of pinching frost. Shovel work by town shovelers had had to supplement the plow here because of the northwest wind's drifting snow. It was from that quarter that a dawn wind was now scurrying.

Hearing the faint noise of sleigh bells coming from the town side, she shrank into one of the recesses of the drift. In a minute more, she saw her Uncle Ligan shaking on the cast-iron jigger seat like a cast-iron man pegged into one of those perforations in the cold iron. He kept his jaw slanted for the horses' heads, which moved up and down as if equipped with leaden counterweights.

Neighbor Spillet huddled close against Ligan, standing back to back with him in the body of the jigger, sparks flying out of the bowl of his pipe and catching and dying in his ragged beard. Flounder and Founder, somebody had dubbed them. They were going pathetically to work in Fisher's woodlot, and Marjorie's heart bled for them.

Then, before the sound of their runners had died away, she saw the horse Cashier bobbing in the road, coming from the other direction, with Michael holding the reins. The blood in her veins was ice. Did he then have it in him to steal out of town with all that money in his pocket? She steeled herself against him. Cashier's shaggy legs were not going very fast; the bells were only faintly agitated on the under sides of the fills; and at a sound from Marjorie's throat that funny animal stopped abruptly in the road like a conspirator who had only been waiting for a signal.

There Cashier was, his haunch down on one side, his flank heaving, his enormous hoofs planted in the horse track, his knotted tail laid against the cracked swan's neck dashboard of the sleigh. His glistening whiskers had little globules threaded on them, and his noble head was long as a sugar barrel. The breath poured from his expanded nostrils and the shadow of his breath smoked on the white ground.

If she took such note of Cashier, it was because she could not bring herself to look at Michael. He had jumped out of the sleigh.

"What are you doing here?" he cried.

"Waiting."

Waiting! Waiting seven years; waiting for the shadow or substance of him to come round this very quirk in the road and take her in his arms again. Waiting for that, and now one of the women in her wouldn't have it.

"Waiting—for me?"

"For you. Who else? Who else could I sell my kisses to for ten thousand dollars each?" she flung at him. That was the last thing she had meant to say. Immediately she felt her blood burn with shame; she couldn't look at him.

"What if I couldn't any longer buy, where things have taken a turn for the worse?" she heard him saying, only two or three inches away from her ear. "Kisses come high."

(Continued on Page 189

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"Safe"—because unfading! What a grueling test for a blue serge suit—the pitiless sun blazing down day after day—month after month—during the long baseball season. That's putting a MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit through the "third degree"!

So there is profound importance in the news that the President of the National League has selected the makers of MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suits to clothe all the League umpires this season.

MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suits come in 31 models—wonderfully styled—for you—and every man—of every build.

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THE MIDDISHADE CO., *Inc.* · PHILADELPHIA
"Surgical Specialists · operating on Blue Serge Suits only"

Because "There is no Fade to MIDDISHADE", the President of the National League has selected the makers of MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suits to clothe the League umpires this season. This is "Bill" Klem in action.

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
Blue Serge Suits

THERE IS NO FADE TO MIDDISHADE

(Continued from Page 187)

Could he possibly think her serious? But she had got the bit in her teeth and she could not prevent herself from saying, "You ought to have the price of one in your pocket now."

"Ah, that—the feldspar money? Sure enough. It isn't in my pocket, but I can guarantee to get it for you." He chuckled. "Well, why not? That's the logical solution."

"Michael—please."

"Don't squirm. You've sold something, young woman. Never you fear about the wherewithal. Sold, to Michael Cobb, one kiss."

What could she have been thinking of? She had come to forewarn, to beg him on her knees if necessary —— Sold, to Michael Cobb, at the price of everything he had, and he accepted—that gambler. To her blurred eyes the rapid winking of the red light at the harbor's mouth was like her pulse laid bare. It flashed, flashed, flashed—stopped flashing. Her heart, too, seemed to stop with it. It was sunrise, and on the instant she had put her lips to Michael's. It was as much as anything like the small boy's impulse to stick his tongue out at frosty steel. The pleasurable danger was there; the taunt; and likewise, in the inevitable cling, the punishment.

Michael had let her slip a little in his arms, she saw.

"Here's the money coming down the road now," he muttered, staring. She lifted her shamed head in surprise. Everything was in sight now, the three dark headlands, the twisted salt river, the sea like a dark silver band rimmed with scarlet. In the middle of the road was Roddy Cane's drooping shape—the rural carrier.

"I gave him all those checks to mail, where I wouldn't be going past the post office this morning," Michael said.

"You—you gave him checks?"

"Why not? Did you think I would take that money out of town? Marj, it would be like taking candy from children."

He hadn't taken it. Instantly the man was built up for her again, the very man, the splendid shadow. Her faith came back to her and all her fierce arguments were on his side, swinging as ships' heads swing when the tide turns.

"Michael, if you let the money go back to them now, they'll say you've just disgorged it. Don't you understand? That's what I've been waiting here for, to tell you that Bert Pearson's waiting to arrest you now at the boat landing."

"Is he though? Well, Marj, don't that obligate you to take it? They can't say I've disgorged it, can they, if I give it to you? And still they couldn't say that I had benefited, either, where you and I only see each other every seven years."

There was everything on a hair trigger. The money was there. She could reach out her hand and take it—ten thousand dollars just for shaping her lips into one word. She could buy herself out of her cowardly contract with Bert Pearson; she could avert the threat of the terrible Aunt Mattie. It was another world, but in that world there would be no place for Michael. He certainly wouldn't follow the money into her possession. How could he? That would defeat his very object.

But if she refused it, wouldn't he just as inevitably be gone again, that foot-loose man, in a cloud of snow, in a gust of the northwest wind? What had he intimated, this time home, that he hadn't before? How was there any fathoming such a man, with his touch-and-go qualities?

She said coldly, "Don't stop the man on my account."

In an interval between two gusts of wind, Roddy went crouching past without looking at them. There was dead silence.

Then—"You might have had it," Michael said, "as well as not."

"The gulls are flying high," Marjorie said; "it looks like a storm."

There they stood, measured one against the other, and both looking at the water.

"You'd better get back into the sleigh. You've no more than time to catch the boat," the girl said.

The man seemed rooted to the spot. "I was thinking," he said, but no longer with his air of conquest—"it came over me that in case at any time Pearson shouldn't make as strong an appeal as formerly —— I was wondering if in that case you wouldn't—if it would be all right if we were to try to keep in touch a little."

The girl repeated those words "keep in touch" and laughed suddenly. Her laughter was a kind of fierce outbreak. She took a step or two in under the spruces, stooping between two branches in the hope of catching a glimpse of the boat landing.

"I think the boat has come across the harbor already," she said.

"The boat? The boat be hanged! Marj, I haven't a cent, and some people in my shoes would call themselves ruined men; but all I ever needed to make money was a scoop to scoop it in. What if I was to get down on my knees to ask forgiveness for my sins? What if I was to swear on a stack of Bibles that this time I'd stay put? I will stay put—I would. Marj, I owe no man anything. As a matter of fact—about Pearson—how are you fixed?"

"I owe no man anything but love," Marjorie whispered. "And no man love—but this man."

The snow dropped down her neck like fire.

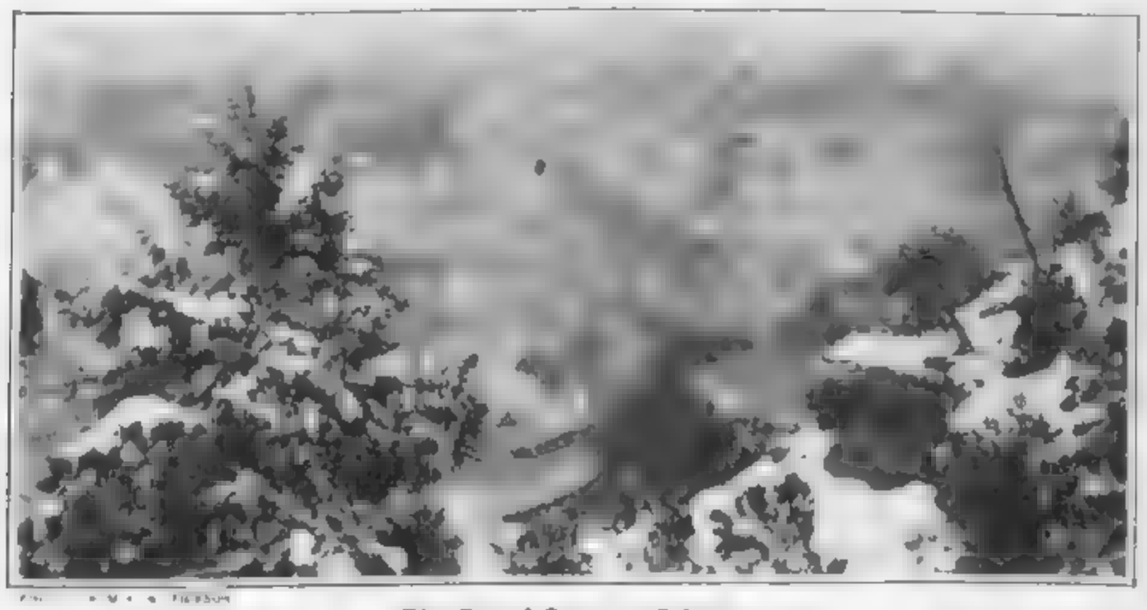
"Marj, maybe it's a bad exchange. It's everything or nothing with me. Nothing but blue chips has always been my principle. I might make a slip or two still."

"Just the same, Nothing but blue chips will go on being the family motto," she whispered. "It works."

With that funny impetuosity of his, he began to insist that the one and only thing to do was to get married before breakfast. They laughed aloud, Marjorie with that weak feeling of a woman visiting in paradise.

"Whatever our shortcomings," she reminded him, "we certainly are the only two people in the world with a sense of humor."

Melted snow had combined with a shaft of sunlight to make a rainbow on her lashes, and she felt the touch of his cold lips destroying it.



The Grand Canyon, Arizona

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Parents should promote safety by consulting school officials and urging that Cyclone Fence enclosures be provided to safeguard the children they *loan to the school.* Both parents and school authorities share the responsibility of making education SAFE.

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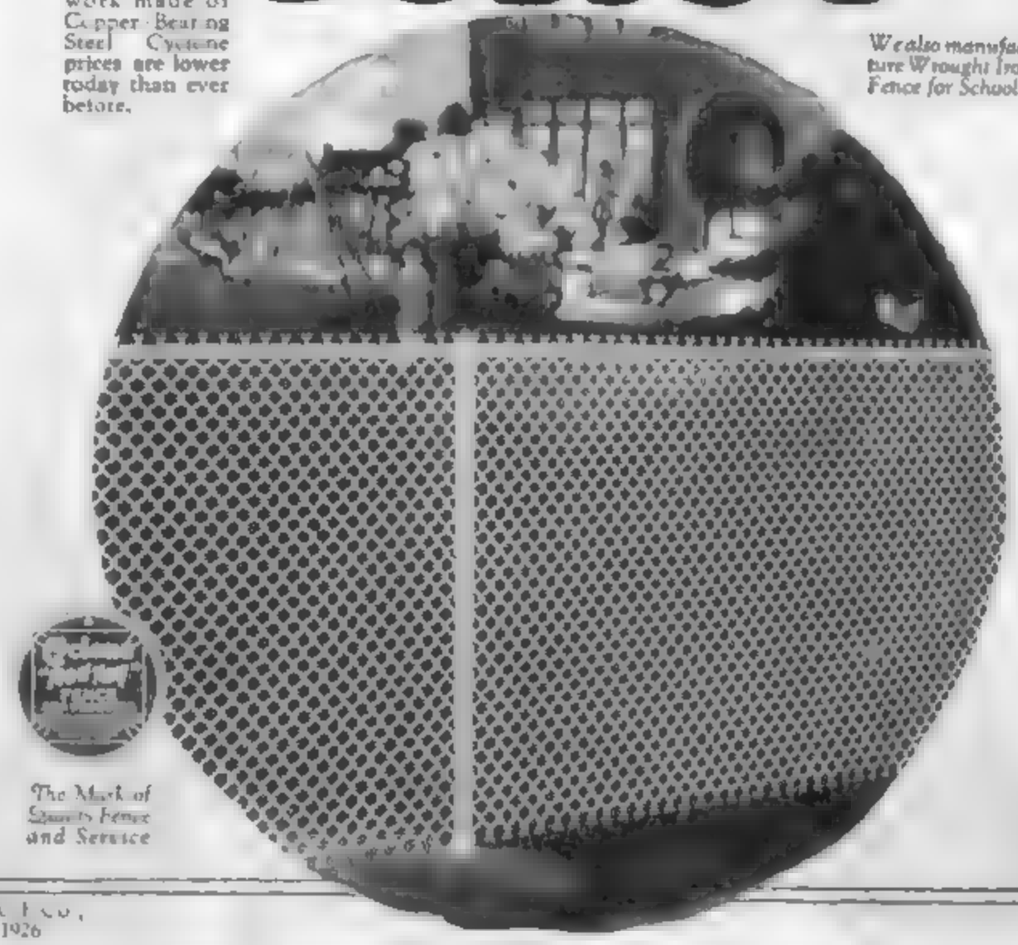

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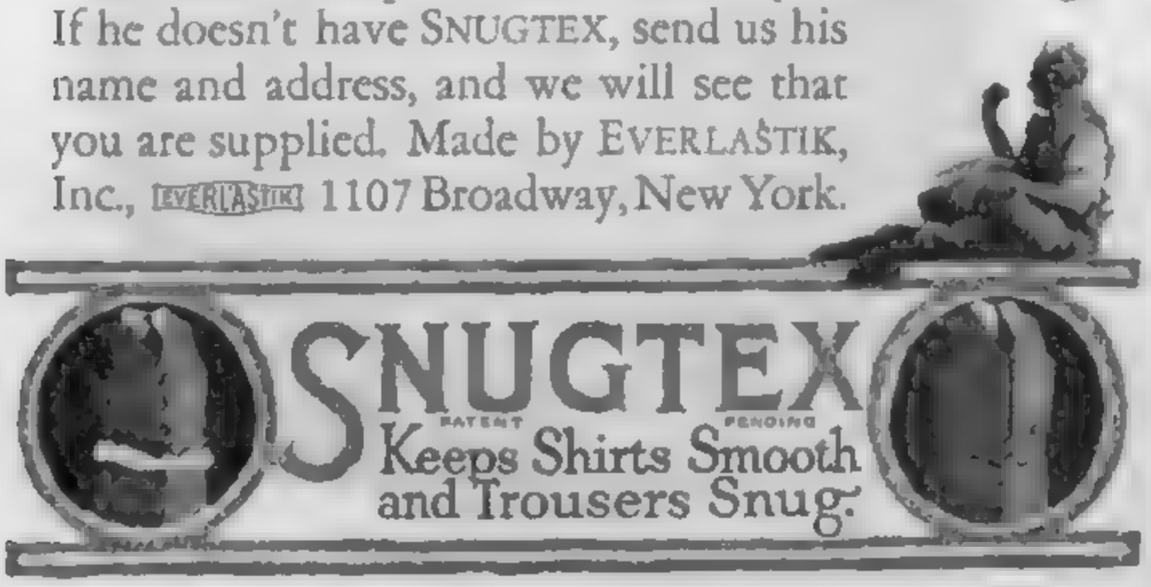
No, he hasn't pulled it out. It just crept out, little by little, as men's shirts do all the time, especially when they exercise.

You have been annoyed this way, although probably your shirt hasn't bulged so badly. Perhaps you have the habit of hitching up your trousers and tucking in your shirt. But that's only a makeshift. It never really overcomes the trouble.

SNUGTEX is the remedy. It is the new trousers curtain (the strip of fabric that goes around the top of the trousers, inside). It grips and clings, comfortably. It keeps shirts smooth and trousers snug—as they should be. It makes you feel better and look better.

SNUGTEX insures neatness and comfort for all men in all walks of life. Ask for it in your next suit, and have your tailor or clothier put it in the clothes you are wearing. If he doesn't have SNUGTEX, send us his name and address, and we will see that you are supplied. Made by EVERLASTIK, Inc., EVERLASTIK 1107 Broadway, New York.



BUZZARDS

Continued from Page 19

"General," said the old man, "this big villain here has taken my money and given nothing in return. He is nothing short a thief."

"Is that so? Tell me about it."

The old man started to do so, sir, but the other fellow wanted to tell his side of the story first, and they both began to jabber and yell and call names until nobody could hear a word.

"Silence, you!" roared the general. "One at a time. And listen to me, rascal—another sound out of you and I'll order a firing squad."

You can bet he shut up then, and Tio went ahead with his complaint. It appeared that he owned a farm at the upper end of the valley, but no rain had fallen for ten months. Pity that poor old man, sir, for his miserable cattle and sheep had nothing to eat and wandered around like ghosts, looking for a mouthful of grass. Yet nobody would let him have any. He tried to put his animals on the widow's land, but she had not enough grass for her own herds, so the superintendent drove him off with threats

In this emergency he employed a fellow in the town who represented himself as a rain maker. Yes, with the aid of a magic willow wand he claimed he could bring rainfall, so Tio paid him fifty pesos to fetch a shower on his acres. That scoundrel tied a bandage over his eyes and walked around the boundary of the farm, holding the wand out in front of him and muttering gibberish to himself.

"Everything is all right now," Tio assured his wife that night. "Within three days we will have plenty of rain and the stock will be saved."

But no rain fell. Tio waited a week. He waited a month, sir, and then he went to look for that loafer and demanded his money back. The rain maker, he seemed very surprised at this request and laughed a little. So they had a fight and Tio received a beating. He complained to the *jefe politico*, but the rain maker was a cousin of the *jefe politico*'s wife. Was it not sad, sir?

"And then I heard of Your Excellency's coming, and knowing how you protect the poor and downtrodden, I determined to bring my case to you," cried the old man.

"And you did quite right, too, Tio. Well, what have you got to say for yourself, you son of a gun?"

The rain maker was frightened, but he had plenty to say.

First, he denied he had ever promised to bring rain, which is an act of God, as the general well knew. Next, he denied Tio had ever paid him a centavo—he had only promised to pay him.

"Oh, what a big lie, general!" screamed the old man. "I've got witnesses. I can prove it. They saw me give him the money, Excellency."

And sure enough he had witnesses. Well, they started in to argue, and in the middle of it this Shearer sneaked up close to me and inquired, "What is it all about? Tell me, colonel"

I did so, sir, and his eyes began to sparkle.

"Tell the general," he requested, "that I am a lawyer, and I think I might be of service in this matter."

Pancho did not seem favorably impressed by this news, but his curiosity was roused.

"Well," he grunted, "let's see him make his medicine, Don Diario. It will make no difference, but I have a desire to learn which side he will be on. Would you like to bet on it?"

"On Tio's, of course, Excellency. Anybody can see he is telling the truth."

"I will bet you twenty pesos he supports the rain maker," exclaimed the general.

And by goodness, he did. Without so much as a single glance at Tio, this Shearer took the rain maker to one side and with the help of a soldier who could translate, he held a conference with that villain

"What did I tell you, Don Diario? You ought to use your head. The lawyer was sure to aid the rain maker because he's in a tight fix and will pay more."

What do you know about that!

Well, pretty soon they came to an understanding and this Shearer stepped forward and cleared his throat. He appeared very happy and confident

"I have been retained by the defendant to act for him, general," he announced, "and if the colonel will be good enough to interpret, I shall have the honor of submitting our side of the case."

There was a funny smile on Pancho's face, but he replied, "All right. Shoot. What lie have you made up?"

But it was not a lie which he had fixed up. No; it was more than half the truth and very ingenious indeed. This Shearer said his client wished to retract his previous statement, made in the heat of the moment—he had received fifty pesos from the plaintiff. But what was the nature of the service to be performed for this remuneration? That was the question. Well, he would inform the court and then they could hear what the plaintiff had to say about it. Was it not a fact—answer yes or no, he bellowed—was it not a fact that the defendant's exact words had been that plaintiff's fields would grow green again, with much grass?

"Why—yes, yes, of course," Tio admitted eagerly. "That's just what I've been telling the general."

You should have seen that lawyer's look of triumph, sir. He glanced all around him and remarked, "You have heard the plaintiff's admission. It bears out my client's story. He did not guarantee to bring rainfall on any given date, or within any given period—he promised only that plaintiff's fields would grow green again. Well, they will do so."

"Yes, but when?" inquired the general, who was listening very attentively.

"How do we know? We are not omniscient, general."

"But what about his sheep and cattle meanwhile? They may die."

That lawyer shrugged his shoulders, sir. "Nothing was promised concerning his cattle or sheep."

By goodness, that made our eyes stick out. The poor old man was too amazed to make a sound, sir. He gulped, and fumbled his hat.

"This is most interesting," purred Pancho. "Do you not think so, Don Diario? You say that is the law, *hombre?*"

"Those are the facts, admitted by both parties, general. And such is the way they would have to be interpreted by a court."

"Well, well! Is it not marvelous what an advantage education has over ignorance, Don Diario?"

"But surely, Excellency "

"Be silent. I will attend to this matter in my own way. There is no power on earth which can protect a fool against his folly."

"Tio," he added in a kind voice, turning to the poor old man, "you have lost your complaint. It was a bad bargain. Go home, and be wiser next time."

It took three strong soldiers to get that old fellow out of the room, sir. He screamed and denounced and burst into tears, but they shoved him through the door and gave him a swift kick to set him on his way.

"You are pleased, hey?" inquired the general of the rain maker, who was grinning from ear to ear.

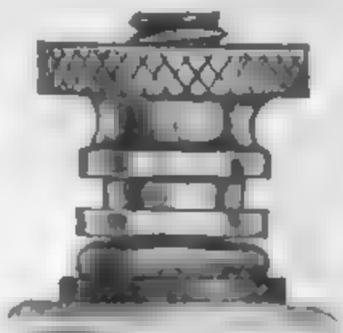
"Yes, Excellency."

"This decision is in line with the general's well-known reputation for justice," remarked Shearer, blowing out his cheeks

Pancho pretended not to hear this "But," he said softly, "I am not through with you yet, *amigo*. I have a request to make." (Continued on Page 193)

SPLITDORF

HALF DOLLAR



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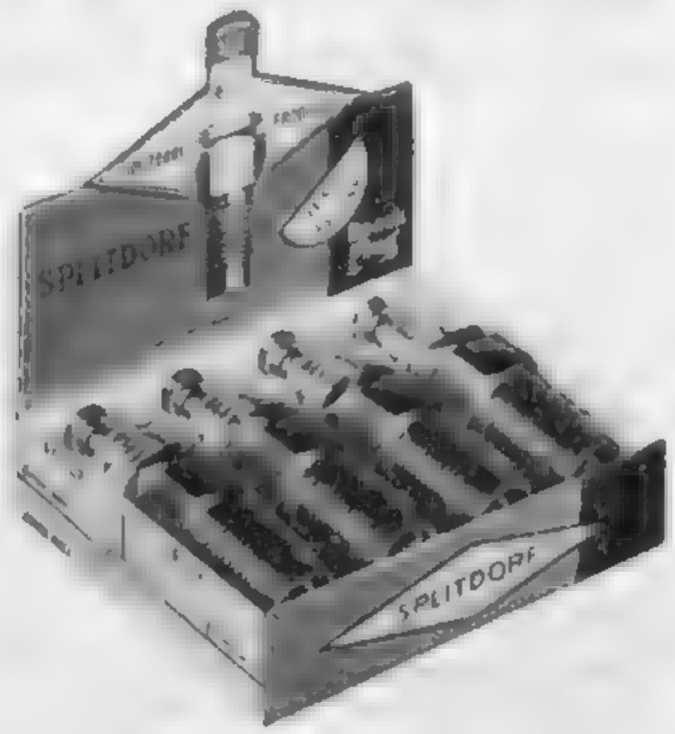

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You drive it wherever you wish, take it and return it when convenient. You can go five miles or five hundred—stay out an hour, a day or a week. But you pay only for the *actual service* that you get.

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(Continued from Page 190)

When he heard that, the rain maker turned green with fright.

"We need rain badly in this district. I want you to make it. Do you understand?"

"But, Excellency ——"

"If rain does not fall within a week, scoundrel, you will receive fifty blows from a saber," roared Pancho. "So get busy. Take him away, Don Diario."

The lawyer did not seem so pleased with himself now, sir; but the general smiled very friendly.

"I wish to congratulate you, *señor*. It was a clever trick."

"Oh, no—it was nothing at all, general. Such points come up every day in law. I have freed many men on less than that—some of them murderers too. Say, general, it has occurred to me I might be of use to you in some of your enterprises. Have you considered this?"

"If anybody ever got me into a court, *señor*, all the lawyers in the world could not save my hide. No—the rifle is my arbiter and protection. But—what did you say your name was?"

"Shearer. Ernest Shearer—of Chicago."

By goodness, he had hardly got the words out of his mouth when this Arturo Cadore, the tough guy, made a big jump before anybody could stop him and grabbed that lawyer by the throat. He threw him down and choked him and yelled for somebody to hand him a gun or a knife so he could kill the son of a gun. The place was in an uproar. Pancho got up out of his chair with an automatic in his hand and I thought he would certainly shoot that Cadore, but he just stood there, watching them.

"Well, what's all this about?" he inquired after we had dragged the tough guy away from Shearer.

"Hold him—hold him!" panted the lawyer.

"Is this fellow an enemy of yours?"

"I never saw him before in my life, general."

Then Cadore began to talk, and he talked so fast, sir, that it was all I could do to make head or tail of it.

"What is he saying, Don Diario?"

"He says, Excellency, that this big thief sent his brother to prison in Chicago and robbed him of all his money."

"How could he do that?"

"He says his brother got into some sort of trouble, and hired this Shearer to defend him."

"Aha, I see! The lawyer let him go to jail so he could make away with the loot."

"That is what he says. He demands permission to stick a knife into his ribs."

"It might not be a bad idea—but, no. Take him away, Don Diario. And lock him up separate from the others. We will see about him later. Meanwhile I think better of the scoundrel than I did."

I conducted the tough guy out of his presence and put him back in the storehouse under double guard. When I returned to headquarters the general was hearing another complaint and this Shearer seized the opportunity to whisper to me, "Who was that fellow?"

"His name is Cadore."

"Dago Mike's brother!" he exclaimed. "Colonel, you must protect me! I demand in the name of the United States that you protect me against this man! Why, he is a fugitive from justice—a dangerous criminal. He belongs to a gang ——"

"Silence, there," Pancho ordered. "We've heard enough out of you for one day, *hombre*."

A girl had come to the general for redress, sir, and Pancho was always interested in such complaints. It seems that the carpenter had agreed to marry her, but thought better of it when too late, and went on about his business. So poor Maria was very embarrassed and requested the general to make that loafer keep his promise.

Pancho looked at the carpenter, who was trembling in his boots, and then he looked at Maria. She was thin and ugly, sir, with a mole on her nose.

"He was your first lover, was he not, my poor Maria?"

"Certainly, general. Why do you ask?"

"Well, stop your crying. What I cannot understand—love is a curious thing, Don Diario."

"It is indeed, general."

"Do you think she is telling the truth, or trying to hook him? These women! You never can tell."

"I have investigated, general, and this girl bore a good reputation before this affair."

"That proves nothing—her face is her protection. But this fellow—pshaw, he doesn't deserve anything better. Look at his ears, Don Diario—and his legs. What can a woman see in a guy like that?"

"Possibly she was desperate, sir."

"That is my opinion. But we must protect the weak, Don Diario. . . . Pay attention to me, you cockeyed son of a gun—are you the father of Maria's child?"

"I do not know, Excellency. What is your opinion?"

By goodness, when she heard that, this Maria let out a shriek and fairly flew at that rascal. She clawed his face and beat him with her fists, and by the time we pulled her off, she held almost a handful of his hair. It was five minutes before we could make them shut up, and the general had to threaten to lock both of them up. You should have seen that carpenter turn pale, sir. He got down on his knees and begged the general not to leave him alone with her. He was guilty—yes, perhaps he was the father—but he would pay her anything she asked—that is, anything within reason. Say thirty pesos—yes, possibly he might even scrape together thirty-five, although it would be robbery.

"Well, would you rather have money, or this fellow for a husband?" inquired the general.

"I want him."

"Why?"

"I—I love him, Excellency."

"Now, this love business is past all understanding. Is it not so, Don Diario?"

"The money would soon be gone and I would have nothing," remarked Maria.

"And a husband can always make more, hey, Maria? Well, you seem to be a sensible woman after all, so we are going to have a wedding. Send for the priest, Don Diario, and make the arrangements. Ring the bells, too, and summon the people. I wish to show them that I will not permit any woman to be wronged. No; not any."

As soon as the general had finished with this business he ordered the prisoners to be brought into his presence again. They had grown very impatient, sir, and the fat fellow spoke up right away.

"What are you going to do with us?" he inquired boldly. "I've got to get back to New York immediately, and unless you turn me loose ——"

"The United States will declare war on Mexico, hey, *hombre?* Well, we will see. Hand me that paper, Don Diario."

I handed it to him and he proceeded to read out a list of the ransoms he required. By goodness, you ought to have heard that bunch roar.

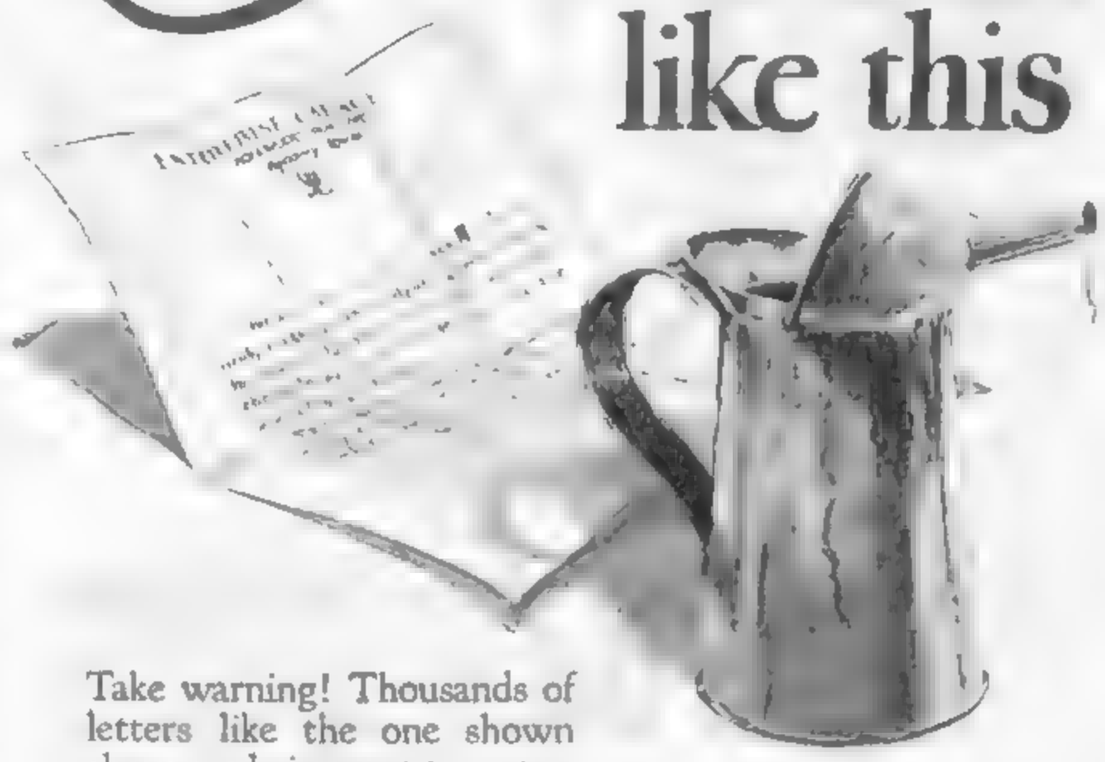
"It's an outrage," shouted this Pickens. "I won't pay it. No, sir. Not one red cent."

"You may change your mind, *amigo*," purred Pancho. "Take them away, colonel. And get from them the names and addresses of their friends to whom they wish to appeal."

This was not so easily done. At first every man of them swore he would not give up a single centavo, but after sleeping over it they had another thought. Yes; possibly they might pay something in the way of ransom if the amount was reasonable. I felt sorry for two of those prisoners, sir, because it was easy to see they would have trouble raising the price, yet they did not kick half as vigorously as Pickens, who was rich.

But the conduct of this Shearer was the queerest of all. He did not fly into a rage; no. He smiled and held his hands thus;

Beware of a letter like this



Take warning! Thousands of letters like the one shown above are being sent to motorists. The enclosure is a stiff bill for repairs. The repairs were caused by poor oil. More repair bills are sent out every year due to poor lubrication than for any other single reason. Make sure *you* don't get one. Don't trust to luck in buying motor oil!

Buy *safety* for your motor! In pure Pennsylvania oil you get at least 1000 miles of *safe* lubrication before you need change it. It's a *great* oil!

"the highest grade 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL *oil in the world"*

ALL OVER THIS OLD EARTH of ours, Nature has made thousands of deposits of oil. All kinds of oil.

But only in *one* oil field has she placed the *quality* of oil known as pure Pennsylvania.

She has made this one oil different from all other oils. Made it of different materials. Given it greater resistance to heat, wear and dilution. Made it so good that experts call it, "The highest grade oil in the world."

Under normal conditions, you don't have to change a filling of pure Pennsylvania oil for at least 1000 miles—that means without an oil rectifier on your car. Simply maintain the oil level.

Identify pure Pennsylvania oil by the emblem shown above. This emblem was created by the producers, refiners and marketers of this famous oil for your protection. Look for the men who display it—they're good men to deal with. And know that every drop of oil sold under it is 100% pure Pennsylvania.

Remember—"Pennsylvania" is not the name of a brand. It is a grade or *kind* of oil from which many brands are made. The wells producing pure Pennsylvania oil are located in Pennsylvania, Western New York, West Virginia, Southeastern Ohio—and nowhere else in all the world.

At the first opportunity, drain and fill your crank-case with pure Pennsylvania oil. Then every moving part in your motor will be *safe* for 1000 of the smoothest miles you ever drove. It's a *great* oil!

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—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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Please send me the booklet, "The Inside Story of Motor Oil," worth money to every oil user

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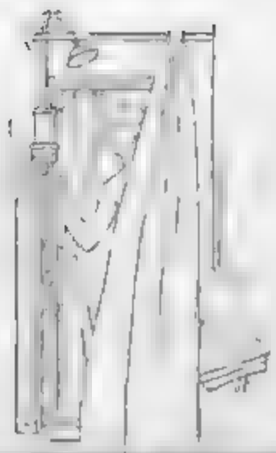

While this Railroad offers no land for sale and cannot undertake to secure employment, it will gladly put you in touch with responsible sources of information on any subject in which you are interested, affording you, without charge, every help and courtesy in determining how you can prosper and enjoy life in the South. Excellent train service from the Central West and North through Cincinnati, Evansville and St. Louis ··· from the East through Cincinnati and Montgomery ---several fast through trains daily, including two of the world's finest carriers.

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L&N

and when I inquired what he found so humorous in the situation he replied he was convinced the general would be persuaded to reconsider his case when he had talked to him.

Well, they finally gave me the names we wanted and Pancho dispatched trusted couriers the same day with messages demanding the ransoms. Then he turned to other affairs. Couriers were sent to General Lopez, ordering him to concentrate his forces at a point near the border and wait for Pancho there, and he opened negotiations for the purchase of more rifles and ammunition and machine guns from the United States. Yet he found time for pleasure, too, sir. We had horse races and cockfighting, and every evening at sundown the girls promenaded along the street. At night somebody got up a dance, and we made the dust fly. The general did not dance, because of a wound he had received some months before, but he liked to play cards, especially cooncan.

"The last time I entertained any Americans," he said, "one of those rascals won forty pesos off me in a game of poker, Don Diario. I must master that game."

"The prisoners play it every night, Excellency."

"Then have them brought here."

Those fellows looked at one another very uneasy when I informed them of the order. What could that big villain be up to now? But after pondering the matter this Pickens cheered up.

"Maybe all things work together for good, after all; hey, Shearer?" he asked with a wink.

What do you know about that! That pair already saw the ransom flowing back into their pockets.

However, it was slow work teaching Pancho the rules of the game.

"But, general," protested Amos T. Pickens, "that third ace in your hand—er—now—it seemed to me I saw that ace among the discards ——"

"What?" roared Pancho. "You would accuse me of cheating?"

"No, no! Not at all. Not at all. I was probably deceived, general. My mistake—my mistake."

The general appeared very curious about this Pickens' business, and asked him innumerable questions. Was it true that a man in New York could buy and sell what he did not own, or was that rascal, Diario, lying again? Pickens laughed very hard over this and proceeded to explain how he operated.

He loved to boast, and they forgot the game for a couple of hours while the stock speculator told of some of the successful deals he had made. Once he had cleaned up four million dollars by driving stocks away down, and then that fellow had turned right around and made another four million by helping to send them up. The general found this extremely puzzling.

"But you say you never actually owned a single bit of all this stuff you bought and sold?"

"No, of course not. I operate on margin."

"Why, it is like shaking dice. You're a gambler then."

Pickens did not appear to relish being called a gambler, sir. He looked very dignified and informed the general that he was a market operator and performed a very useful service to business and held a high position in the world.

"How can that be? Is it a service to drive men into panic and make them sell what they own for less than it's worth?"

"But it corrects an unhealthy condition."

"Then what do you correct when you send prices up to where they were before?"

"Well, it's hard for an outsider to understand these things, general—but—well, that is merely the reflection of a revival of prosperity."

"You get 'em coming and going, hey, *amigo?* Fine! But what I cannot comprehend is why so many men have so little sense as to permit this. Why do they allow themselves to be exploited? And how are you able to know when things are too high and when they are too low?"

"Why, that is easy, general. Men are like sheep and follow blindly. But I use my brains. Yes, I have judgment. Besides, I have exceptional sources of information."

"Indeed? And where do you get this information?"

"In various ways. Take the P. D. Q., for instance. I know what their earnings are a month ahead of anybody else, and so I can act accordingly. That is only one case. The same is true of scores. If you care to go in with me, general ——"

"Suppose I told you I was going to capture New York tomorrow, you would then dispose of your stocks in the hope of buying them back cheaper at a later date?"

"No, general."

"Why not?"

"Because you could not capture it."

Pancho laughed at this and slapped Pickens on the back.

"Good for you," he said. "You're a man of sense. Now, let's play some more. I believe I have mastered this game. Would you care to increase the stakes?"

"The sky's the limit."

"Fine! And cash—hey, boys?"

"Of course, general."

Those two rascals looked very pleased, sir—they had Pancho between them. But they did not know that fox.

The general had been tossing his money into every pot and making all kinds of foolish bets, but now he adopted different tactics. He studied his cards a long while and watched his opponents like a hawk over a field, and two or three times he tossed away a strong hand when somebody raised him. Then he turned right around and shoved a whole stack forward when he had nothing higher than a pair of tens. Yet he won.

It was very mysterious, sir.

"Hell's bells," remarked this Pickens, very displeasingly. "Your game certainly has improved, general. I congratulate you."

"It's all in knowing how," said Pancho.

Pretty soon he won another pot on three kings against three jacks which the lawyer held. Shearer did not say a word, but he was certainly thinking powerful. That man loved money, sir. When he saw some gold pieces the general took from a belt he carried, so as to encourage them to bet their heads off, he licked his lips and could hardly keep his paws off them. Yes, those coined tears of the poor made his fingers itch.

In fact, he was nothing short a miser. Guess what he did one day when we were having some cockfights? Well, Shearer was prowling around watching the mains when the general happened to stroll past.

"Hello, there, old sourface! And what do you think of our roosters? Hey? Are they not plucky? Ah, the little darlings! Just see how they fight!"

"Yes, general. But I admire their courage more than their brains."

"Why, *amigo?* You interest me."

"Well, where's the sense in fighting to the death for nothing? What do they gain?"

"But they have to. Don't you see? It is their nature. Is it not more nobler to fight for love of the combat, than for a bunch of miserable money? Answer me that."

The lawyer just shrugged, and eyed a couple of roosters which were getting ready to jump on each other.

"Now, that red cock, for instance," said Pancho. "He is a good rooster. The other is bigger and stronger, but do you imagine he gives a damn? No! He feels he can whip him, and he will too."

"I disagree with you, general," replied this Shearer as the roosters engaged and the big one gave the red one a terrible blow.

"You do, hey? Then I'll just lay you a nice bet. Quick, now—I'll bet you five to nothing, Shearer, that the little rooster whips the big one."

(Continued on Page 197)

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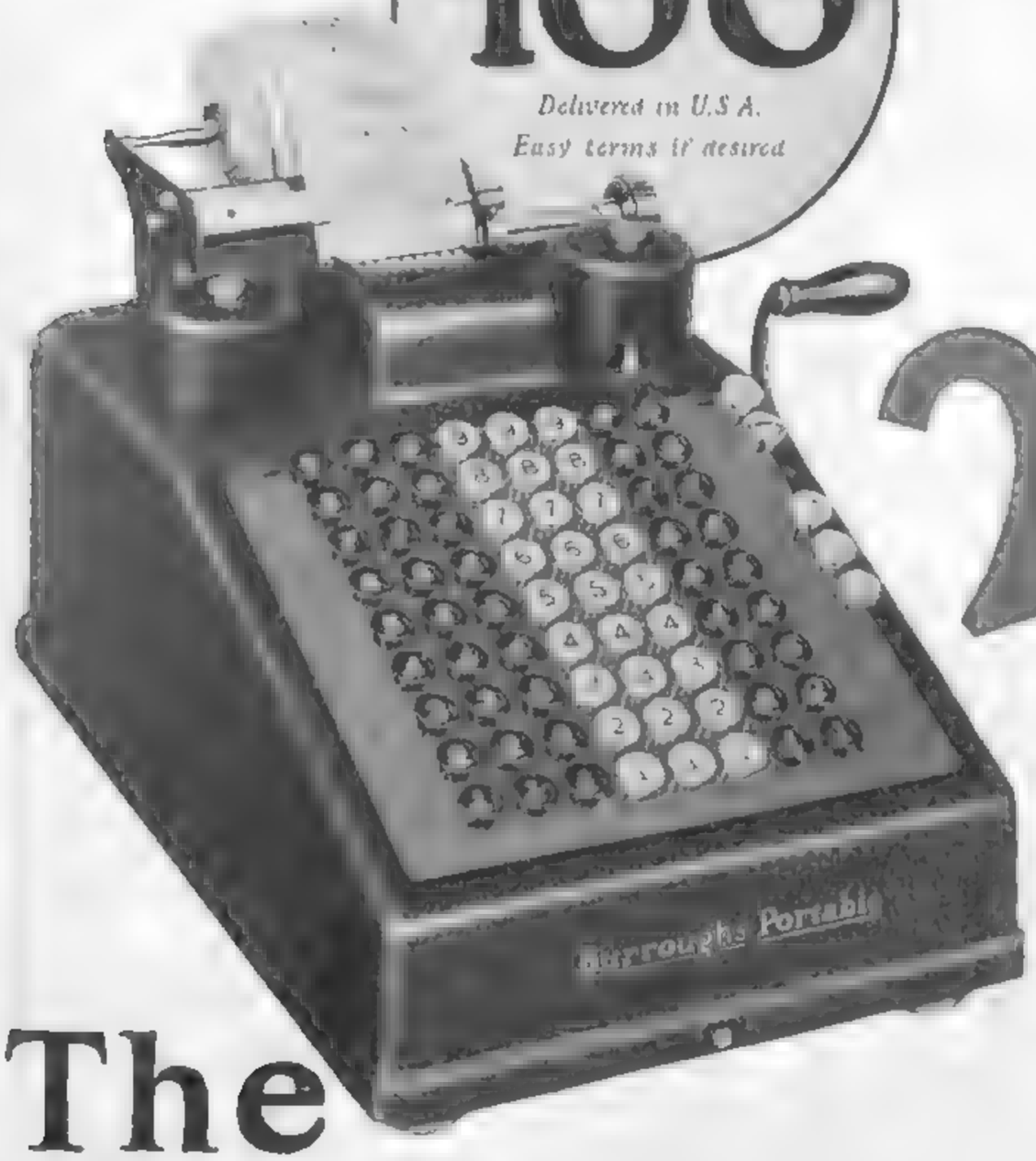

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These modern windows, with their narrow steel frames and generous glass area, give much more light than ordinary windows of the same size. They're hinged at the side to swing out, and no matter how slightly or widely you open them, they ventilate clear to the top. Screens may be placed inside to swing, roll up or slide.

Beautiful, weather-tight, durable, and convenient—Lupton standard casements are by far the most suitable windows for your home. Your building supply dealer stocks an assortment of sizes to fill your needs. Write us for his name.

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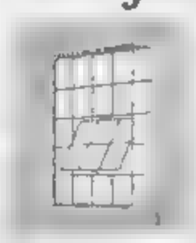
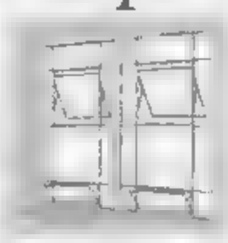
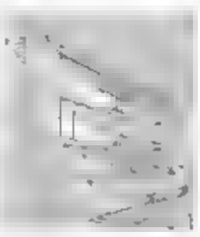


Lupton Pivoted Sash [illegible] steel windows [illegible] 25 stock sizes.



Lupton Projected Sash [illegible] modern [illegible] and office buildings.

Heavy Casements The highest grade steel windows for [illegible] and office buildings.



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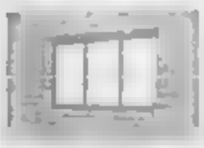

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(Continued from Page 194)

The lawyer licked his lips greedily, sir, but he was always cautious. "Make it ten to nothing and I'll take you, general."

What do you know about that! Well, that was the way he played poker, too, sir. He held his cards close to his vest, like this, and every time anybody flung in a chip, Shearer would take a squint at the corner of each one. And if his hand was strong he would look at Pickens with a significance, but the general pretended not to notice. He talked a lot and kept humming a tune of which he was very fond. It was called They Wouldn't Believe Me.

Suddenly this Pickens, who had been studying his cards carefully, turned around to me and exclaimed, very peevish, "You seem nervous tonight, colonel."

"What makes you think so, sir?"

"Well, the way you keep drumming on the arm of your chair with your fingers. Do you mind quitting it? It throws me off."

By goodness, if I stopped, it would throw the general off, too, sir. We were using the Morse code, which we had learned so that we might communicate with each other advantageously in the presence of others.

"Pay no attention to him, Don Diario. I like it. It shows you are at ease and enjoying yourself," said Pancho. "Deal the cards, somebody."

By this time Pickens and the lawyer were twisting in their chairs and beginning to move away from me, but they were afraid to make it too plain or utter what was in their minds.

But along about eleven o'clock Pickens yawned and stretched and exclaimed, "Well, I guess I've had enough for one night, general. Suppose we quit."

"Why, the evening's untouched yet, *hombre*. Ante up there."

They played a few more hands and then the speculator threw down his cards with a disgust.

"This is no game," he declared boldly. "Why, you can't lose, general!"

"And why not, friend?"

"Well, you appear able to read the cards. It is extraordinary."

When he heard these words Pancho assumed a countenance of a ferocity, sir, and I thought he was going to bust that fellow wide open, but at last he smiled and said, "Not at all. I am merely using superior sources of information. It is a game you are expert at, *hombre*, so you should not complain. Go ahead and play. You're not going to stop until I'm ready, understand? It is a nice evening and I am enjoying myself."

Well, they continued a while after that, but neither would risk anything and the general grew tired of just seeing the cards dealt.

"Take them away, Don Diario," he ordered at last. "It seems they don't relish their own medicine. They're only pikers. But I have learned something anyhow. Tell me, rascal, don't you think I would be a success in your business?"

He grinned at Pickens as they went out, sir, but Pickens did not smile back. No; he was very gloomy.

That lawyer possessed a very superior mind, sir.

When we were alone on the outside of the house where the prisoners stayed, he whispered to me, "What system of communication was that you used tonight, colonel?"

"I do not understand, *señor*."

"I merely inquired because it occurred to me we might employ it for our mutual benefit.

"For instance," he continued, "if the general happened to pick up a wrong signal now and again—well, whose fault would it be, colonel?"

What do you know about that! I told him I would think it over, and started back to headquarters. On the way I had to pass by the storekeeper's house and there was a loafer skulking behind a tree. This made me very thoughtful, because the storekeeper had an extremely pretty wife, much younger than himself. Aha, I said, what is that villain up to on the outside of the house?

Then it occurred to me not to meddle in the business, because an interloper in a love affair always gets the dirty end of the stick. So I walked on, leaving that bum on the outside of the house. He was watching it like a cat at a rat hole, sir.

A very curious thing happened that night. I sat up late going over a manifesto which the general planned to send out, and about two o'clock the door opened very quiet. And, by goodness, who should sneak in but Pancho himself! Yes, it was the general, and he looked as surprised at seeing me there as I did at seeing him.

"I thought you were in bed, Don Diario," he said sternly.

"And I thought you were, Excellency."

"Well, it seems we were both wrong."

"What has happened, general?"

"Nothing. I was only taking a little walk. Why?"

"But that coat you have on ——"

"Oh, that! I didn't want to be recognized, so I took it off the hook. Go to bed, *muchacho*. And listen to me—a close mouth catches no flies."

"Yes, Excellency."

Next afternoon Captain Cantu requested an interview with me. "We have just arrested a fellow promenading in a uniform, colonel."

"Indeed? What of it?"

"I would like to receive your instructions."

"Take it off him and give him a beating. Did he steal it?"

"That is for you to judge."

"How do you mean? I am very busy, captain, but you bring before me a trivial "

"It is not so simple as all that," replied this Cantu, "because wherever this scoundrel went, our soldiers saluted."

"You amaze me, captain."

"They mistook him for the general."

"The big villain. Who is he?"

"That is the surprising feature of the affair. It is the storekeeper."

"Well, what does he have to say for himself?"

"He declares he intends to find who owns that uniform, so he can kill him."

"Does he know whose it is?"

"Not yet."

"I think I can clear up this mystery, captain. Yes," I said. "It has come to my knowledge that Rafael Salazar, the courier we sent this morning, has been casting very sweet glances at the *señora*, the storekeeper's wife. And last night ——"

"But it is the general's blouse, colonel. There is no possible mistake about that."

"What of it? That villain stole it as a disguise while the general was asleep."

"Wow, he must be a brave guy!" said Cantu.

"Explain this to the storekeeper, and take the uniform away from him at once."

"Yes, colonel. But he will certainly kill poor Rafael when he returns."

"Rafael will not return, captain. Besides, we must all die some day."

"Very true. But most of us prefer to postpone it. Where is the general this morning?"

"He has not yet made his appearance."

"Hum—your orders will be executed, colonel."

"See that they are, captain. For if anything went wrong ——"

"Sure—a firing squad, hey?"

Well, we stayed in that place ten days longer and then the couriers came back with answers about the ransoms. When he received the messages the general ordered all the prisoners into his presence.

"Your ransom has been agreed upon," he informed the lawyer, "and as soon as it has been paid, you will be set at liberty."

"And mine? How about mine?" demanded this Pickens with an anxiety.

"The reply is unfavorable. I regret to inform you your partner has fled and you are under indictment for bribery."

"What? How—it's impossible!"

What 30 Years of Cooking Taught Mrs. Rorer About Stoves

By Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, Philadelphia Cooking Expert

"Clean kettle bottoms when you cook on the Perfection."
"Heat at the touch of a match to the
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"I prefer oil stoves to any other kind. I speak from the fullness of 30 years' experience with them. Oil is clean, economical, and dependable. It saves a world of work. No coal or wood to carry in; no ashes to carry out.

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Nice Clean Kettles

"Steak began to broil and my molasses cake began to rise almost as soon as I lighted the burners. There was no waiting for the heat to 'come up.' The bottom of every utensil used in the experiment was as clean as a china dish. Those long chimneys certainly are insurance against sooty kettles.

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	High	Low		High	Low
Akron	91	89	New York	92	90
Boise	88	85	New Rochelle	91	89
Boston	90	89	Oakland	87	85
Buffalo	89	87	Oklahoma	95	93
Canton	91	89	Omaha	98	97
Chicago	90	87	Philadelphia	90	89
Cleveland	92	90	Phoenix	100	95
Cincinnati	91	89	Peoria	92	90
Denver	87	85	Pittsburgh	93	91
Des Moines	90	87	Portland, Ore	89	87
Detroit	89	86	Portland, Me	85	83
Dodge City	88	87	Red Bluff	98	95
Duluth	0	85	Richmond	88	84
El Paso		95	St. Louis	95	92
Eureka		89	St. Paul	92	90
Flagstaff		85	Sacramento	100	98
Fresno		95	Salt Lake City	98	95
Galveston		91	San Francisco	89	87
Grand J		87	San J	90	85
Helena		95		100	93
Huron				90	88
Kalamazoo				91	88
Kansas City					89
Knoxvill					97
Los					87
Mem					98
Miam					87
Minn					86
Need					83
Newa					85
New					99

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All types and sizes of R & M Fans will be found at any good electric shop. They represent a big money's worth of summer comfort.

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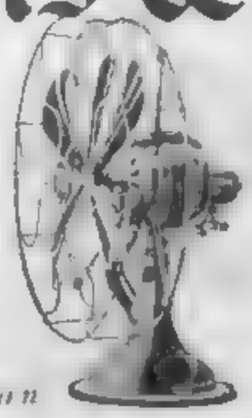


Costs Less to Operate than One Electric Light

"And your wife, she has gone to—now—what place is that, Don Diario?"

"Europe."

"Ah, yes, to Europe—with another man."

"It's a trick—a dirty lie."

I did not translate these words, sir, for fear the general might hand him one.

"What does he say, Don Diario?"

"He requests the favor of further details, Excellency."

"Then read him the message."

It was true, sir. Pickens' wife could not be located and she was reported to be in Monte Carlo with a young gentleman friend. Moreover, the grand jury had indicted him for bribery, and the police were hunting for his partner. But the money for the other prisoners was on the way, all except this Cadore. No reply of any sort had come about him. He sneered like he had expected as much.

"So they double-crossed me, hey? Well, I guess that's that," was all he said.

"Listen to me," ordered Pancho. "Pay close attention, everybody. As soon as the money is paid you will be at liberty to go. As for you, Cadore, better get ready to join my army. Nobody wants you, and we need men. I'll make you a sergeant. Maybe with a little *marihuana*, you'll be a plucky guy. But we'll see. Take them away, colonel."

Next day another courier arrived with news. This Shearer was in the room with the general when I read it, sir, and he requested me to translate it. He had come there for an interview because he had an idea he might be useful to Pancho when he returned to the United States.

"So they'll pay for Pickens—hey, Don Diario?" exclaimed the general. "That is good, for we need the money."

"But are you sure it is not a ruse, general?" asked the lawyer.

"How, a ruse? They pay me the money and I turn him loose. Surely it is very simple."

"Yes, but would it not be well to detain him a while in order to make sure of everything? Meanwhile I could go to New York and—could we talk in private a few minutes, general?"

"Sure. Beat it, Don Diario. I want to hear what this fellow has to say."

By goodness, guess what that scoundrel planned to do! He wanted the general to keep Pickens a prisoner long enough to enable him to journey to New York and investigate his affairs. Yes, even after the ransom was paid he wished to detain the poor fellow so that he could get his paws on his property, and then he and the general could divide. Was he not mean, sir?

I could not understand why Pancho did not shoot him where he sat, but instead of that, he fell in with the plan and told him to make his preparations and he would think it over.

"It is a strange world, Don Diario," he muttered to me. "Now, take this pair—Pickens and Shearer—they consider themselves better than you or me. Is it not so? Sure they do. I can tell. We're just bandits—nothing short a bunch of bums—while that Shearer is looked up to as a smart guy, and Pickens is a Napoleon of finance. Who is Napoleon, Don Diario? He has mentioned him several times."

"He was a great captain, Excellency."

"Hum—what did he do? Mighty funny I never heard of his battles."

"But he has been dead a long while."

"That explains it then. Yes, those fellows think they're fine birds, Don Diario—regular eagles. Why, they're not even hawks. They're buzzards, that's what they are—buzzards. But me, I am an eagle, *muchacho*. Yes, you see before you one whose spirit soars where the mountains touch the sky."

"What do you intend to do with them, Excellency?"

"Did you ever know me to break my word, Don Diario?"

"No, general."

"And I will keep it now, little boy. Wait and see."

Well, the money was paid to the general's agents a few days later and they turned it over to some Americans for ammunition. Then he got ready to beat it from there.

"We'd best pull out mighty quick," he said. "Those scoundrels will move heaven and earth to get even, so we will hide up in the mountains a while, boys, and get ready for another blow."

At daybreak we were ready. The citizens had gathered to see us depart and we were about to ride off, when a woman suddenly let out a terrible shriek and threw herself forward, crying out to the general not to go.

"Do not leave me, Pancho," she wailed. "Do not leave me."

By goodness, everybody stared, I can tell you.

It was the storekeeper's wife, sir, and she looked very beautiful as she tried to scratch her husband, who was holding her. But the general did not seem glad to see her. No; on the contrary.

"What is this?" he demanded with a fierceness.

And then the storekeeper stepped to the front and took off his hat.

"Excellency, I have a complaint to make," he announced.

"Indeed? Speak up, then. We're in a hurry. It's a long way and we've got to stir our stumps."

"Some fellow has been masquerading in your clothes, general," cried the storekeeper. "Yes. I surprised him in my house, but the coward fled too fast. Guess what he left behind him, sir!"

"How should I know?"

"Your uniform, Excellency."

"Now, by the Divine Ruler of the Universe—who was this rascal, *hombre*? Did you get a look at him?"

"I understand his name is Rafael Salazar."

"Hum—we'll attend to him, take it from me."

"But what should I do with my wife, general?"

"That is your affair."

"But she has deceived me."

"Take her home and keep a careful eye on her," said Pancho in a kind voice. "Maybe she will not misbehave again."

"Yes, but ——"

"Women are a great trial, *amigo*," continued the general. "Yes, they are the cause of most of our misfortunes. Yet a man should treat them nice. I will settle with this rascal Salazar. The man who deceives a woman is a big villain, and I will not permit it. Come on, boys."

We left that storekeeper holding tight to his wife and she was yelling at Pancho not to desert her, sir.

It seems she still mistook him for Rafael Salazar.

Well, pretty soon we reached the desert and rode two whole days. Then the general ordered a halt. It was about noon, and the sun was terrible. For a hundred miles there was nothing but sand and cactus.

"Don Diario," cried Pancho, "take the prisoner, Shearer, and set him at liberty."

"At liberty? But, general—" protested the lawyer.

"Here's where we leave you, *hombre*."

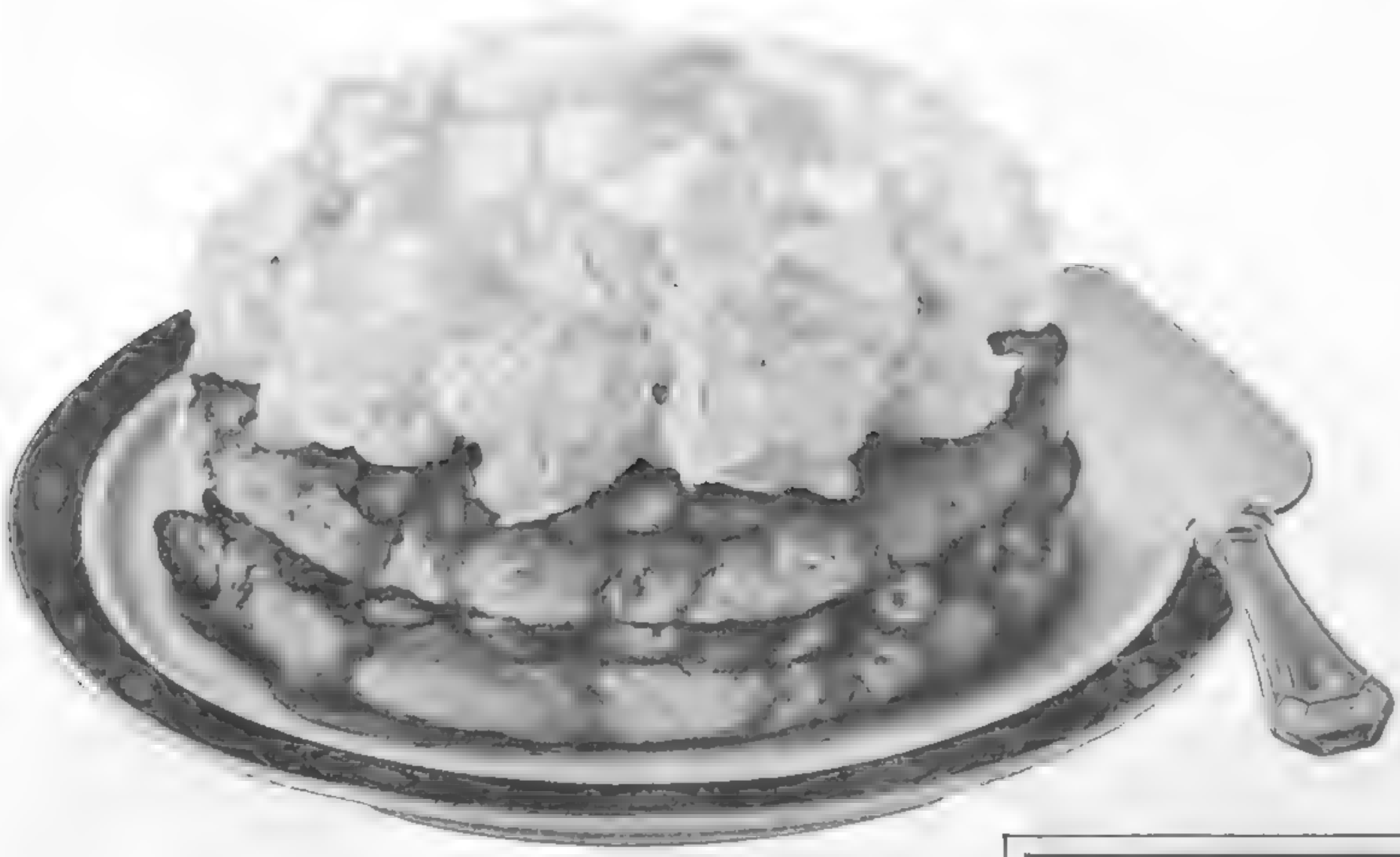
"But you promised ——"

"I promised you your liberty when the ransom was paid, did I not? I did not guarantee safe delivery of your person anywhere. That is a nice point in law you will have plenty of chance to think over, rascal. Come on, boys."

"What? You aren't even going to give me a horse? Why, this is monstrous! This means death. I don't know the way. Excellency, I beg of you—I implore you ——"

"Thank your stars I don't leave Sergeant Cadore as escort, fellow. There is no job he would relish so much. Be silent. . . . . Turn him loose, Don Diario, and let's go."

We left that place and made our horses gallop. After a while I looked back. There was Shearer, nothing more than a speck on the sand, and the buzzards were already beginning to gather from everywhere, sir.



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Ask for Campfire marshmallows at your dealer's. Use them in summer desserts. Campfires are especially delicious with the various fresh fruits and berries. Try them with strawberries, peaches, raspberries. Chop them into the fruit and serve with cream. Put them in fruit salads and puddings.

And don't forget they are the safest and most easily digested sweet the children can eat. In lieu of a prepared dessert, serve a few of these delicious marshmallows. And give them between meals instead of the rich, cloying candies which spoil the appetite for normal foods.

Campfire marshmallows may be purchased in small airtight cartons, or in five-pound tins. The Campfire Company, Milwaukee, Wis., and Cambridge, Mass.

Campfire Marshmallow Shortcake

1 quart strawberries
½ pound Campfire marshmallows
granulated sugar
2 egg whites
½ teaspoonful salt
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 tablespoonful sugar
3 tablespoonfuls lard (or other shortening)
1 tablespoonful butter
½ cupful milk
2 cupfuls flour

Sift flour, measure and sift again with baking powder, salt and one tablespoonful of sugar, then chop in the butter and lard, using two knives, and when the mixture resembles coarse oatmeal, moisten with the milk. Turn out on a floured board, roll out one-half inch thick, and bake in two pie tins, in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

Pick over the berries, cut into small pieces, cover with granulated sugar, and set in a warm place. Butter the cakes when baked and put together, spreading the berries between, and over the top.

Then whip the whites of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and beat until the mixture will hold its shape when the beater is lifted from it. Add two more tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat again for two or three minutes, finally beat in two additional tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when the meringue is light and very stiff, fold in the Campfire marshmallows cut in quarters. Pile lightly on the shortcake, and serve.

* * *

In the Campfire recipe booklet by Mrs. Gladys Williams you will find many suggestions and recipes just as delicious as the above. Send for it. Write your name and address on the coupon, enclosing four cents in stamps, or send ten cents in stamps for a regular 3½-oz. package of Campfires and a complete recipe booklet. Mail to our nearest office today.

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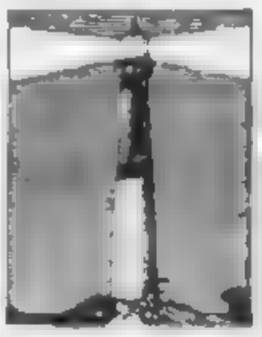

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DONNA ROMOLA

(Continued from Page 5)

thought of it as a quaint custom. But now that her own little Romola had become part of the local color which made the gardens of the Borghese resemble the setting for light opera, she had a sense of discomfort. This feeling arose from the fear that in time her daughter might become so completely a part of the Roman scene that she would be as alien to her as her husband and all his circle seemed at times to be. She expressed something of this in a letter to her sister in Chicago, which was to be read by Romola years later.

Before the little girl had learned to walk securely upon her plump legs the princess gave birth to a son. The excitement aroused by this event was tremendous. For not only the countless connections of the exultant father but indeed all Rome seemed to rejoice. This christening was the most splendid affair seen in Rome for many years; the peasants of the estates destined to belong sometime to this tiny boy celebrated his birth with a *festa* lasting for two days.

Of all the spectators of this great fanfare only two were unmoved. One was little Romola, who seemed bewildered by the fact that she was no longer the center of interest, even in her own nursery world. The other was the mother of the fêted son and heir. Her indifference was not due primarily to the fact that she failed to understand the reasons for such great celebration, but because she was so ill that her only thought was of the little girl she feared to leave.

"My baby! My baby!" she cried just before the end came.

And even the nurses and the doctor knew that it was not to her son whom she called.

When the news of her death was cabled to America her sister at once offered to adopt Romola.

"I have three girls of my own," she wrote to her brother-in-law, "and I should love having another. I should bring her up as if she were my own."

The prince consulted his mother about this letter, just as he consulted her about many of his affairs.

"Her offer is very well meant," he said in substance. "She is a kind-hearted woman. But from what I saw of her and her husband when I was in America, I should not want my daughter brought up as she will bring up her own daughters. I am sure they will be frightfully spoiled."

A Baby's Troth

His sister-in-law in Chicago would have been indignant if she could have heard the reasons he gave before writing his polite refusal. She would have retorted that her children were brought up on a strict regimen, eating only certain foods, which were prescribed by a baby specialist, taking exercise and sleeping at certain stated intervals, all of which contrasted with the much more irregular life of their little cousin Romola.

If they had been conducting this argument face to face the prince might have tried to explain that to him as a European the phrase "bringing up" did not connote primarily attention to details of diet and fresh air, nor, indeed, matters of academic education. He meant something so much more inclusive that he would have had difficulty in reducing it to words.

For instance, his sister-in-law would have been horrified if she had known that Romola's marriage had been arranged within the first week after her birth. Her fiancé, who was then two years old, was the son of a friend of the prince, and both men were delighted with the idea of uniting their families. Romola's aunt might have been even more surprised had she known that when the little girl's father and grandmother spoke of her bringing up they thought of this marriage and of the position which Romola would fill and were definitely preparing her for it.

The father of the girls in Chicago was saying at about this same time, "There aren't any men in the world good enough for my little girls."

These girls were entered for boarding school and college at almost the same age that Romola was affianced. The thought of preparing them for marriage would have been considered barbarous by their parents.

This, however, was only one of the many contrasts between the cousins when they met years later, as young girls, in Rome. They were to embody more clearly than any words could express the fundamental differences between the two points of view.

In the meantime Romola continued to go to the Borghese gardens with her English nurse; like many other Italian children, she began to speak English beautifully. She romped and quarreled with her playmates, who included the youngster who was her fiancé, and grew strong and extremely pretty.

An Obstreperous Princess

She had inherited from her father beautiful dark eyes and black hair which waved back from her finely modeled brows. Her little brother Leone had blue eyes and straight light hair, which made him appear even more delicate than he was. During the summers, which they spent partly at their estate in Tuscany and partly with cousins of theirs who had a villa on the Tyrrhenian Sea, Romola longed to enter into the games which the boys enjoyed. In this desire she was thwarted not only by her grandmother but by her English governess, Miss Brown-Smith. Miss Brown-Smith had been employed for years in the household of one of the royal families of Europe, and her idea of an exciting afternoon for Romola was to take the child, beautifully dressed, for a walk between the giant pine trees and talk to her about the exemplary conduct of the royal princesses.

Romola's expressive eyes would sometimes snap with impatience in the course of these often-repeated monologues, and this attitude of disrespect, coupled with her persistent attempts to swim farther than any of her boy cousins, and her impatience with the things which Miss Brown-Smith called ladylike, occasioned a good many family councils.

After her tenth summer, when she had been particularly obstreperous and difficult, it was decided to send her to the convent school in Rome conducted by the French nuns.

"Under the circumstances one can't take any chances," her grandmother had said.

Romola's father agreed; he knew that by "circumstances" she meant Romola's American blood.

After the first few weeks Romola began to enjoy the life of the convent, and by the time Christmas came and she was released for the holidays, she left it for her father's palace with reluctance.

Her aunt in Chicago was scandalized at the thought of a little girl of ten being put into boarding school.

"I understand there's not even any heat of any kind there!" she protested in a letter to her brother-in-law, in which she renewed her offer to take charge of Romola.

He laughed when he read this aloud to his mother. "She thinks of education in terms of furnaces!" he said.

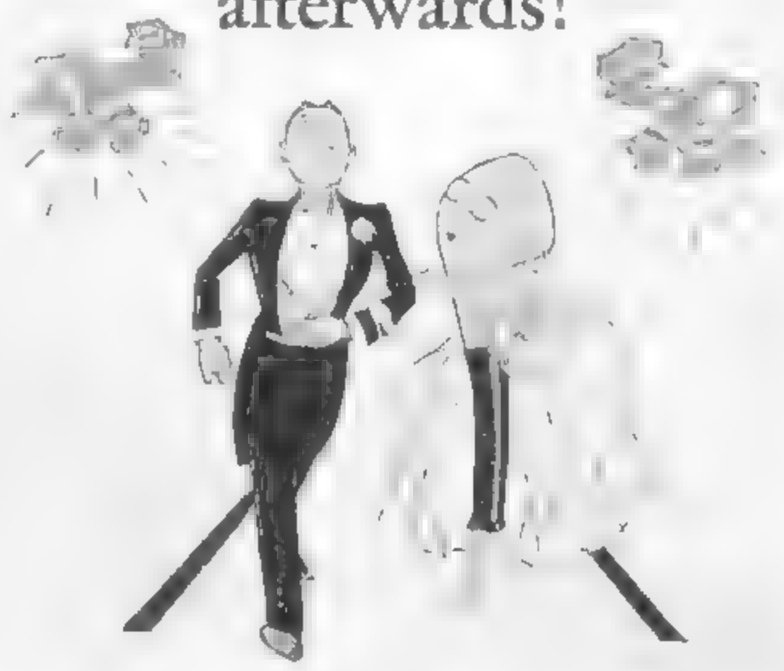
Someone had sent Romola's aunt a picture of the outside of the convent, showing the iron gratings which protected the windows.

"It looks like a prison!" she added.

The prince laughed again. "She objects because the child is protected!"

Romola would have been surprised to know that anyone commiserated her because the convent was unheated; she had never known anything else. In her own

And they lived happily ever afterwards!



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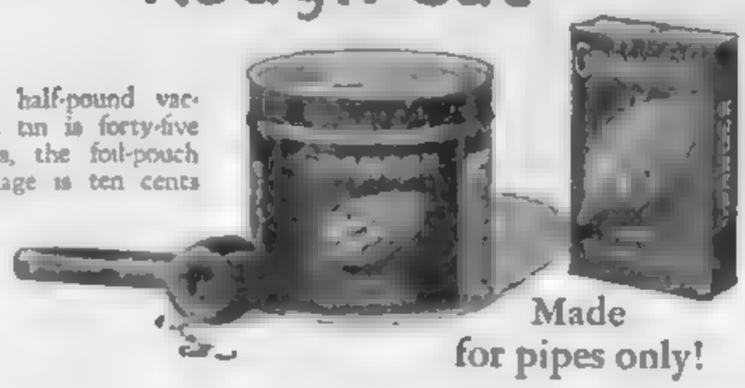

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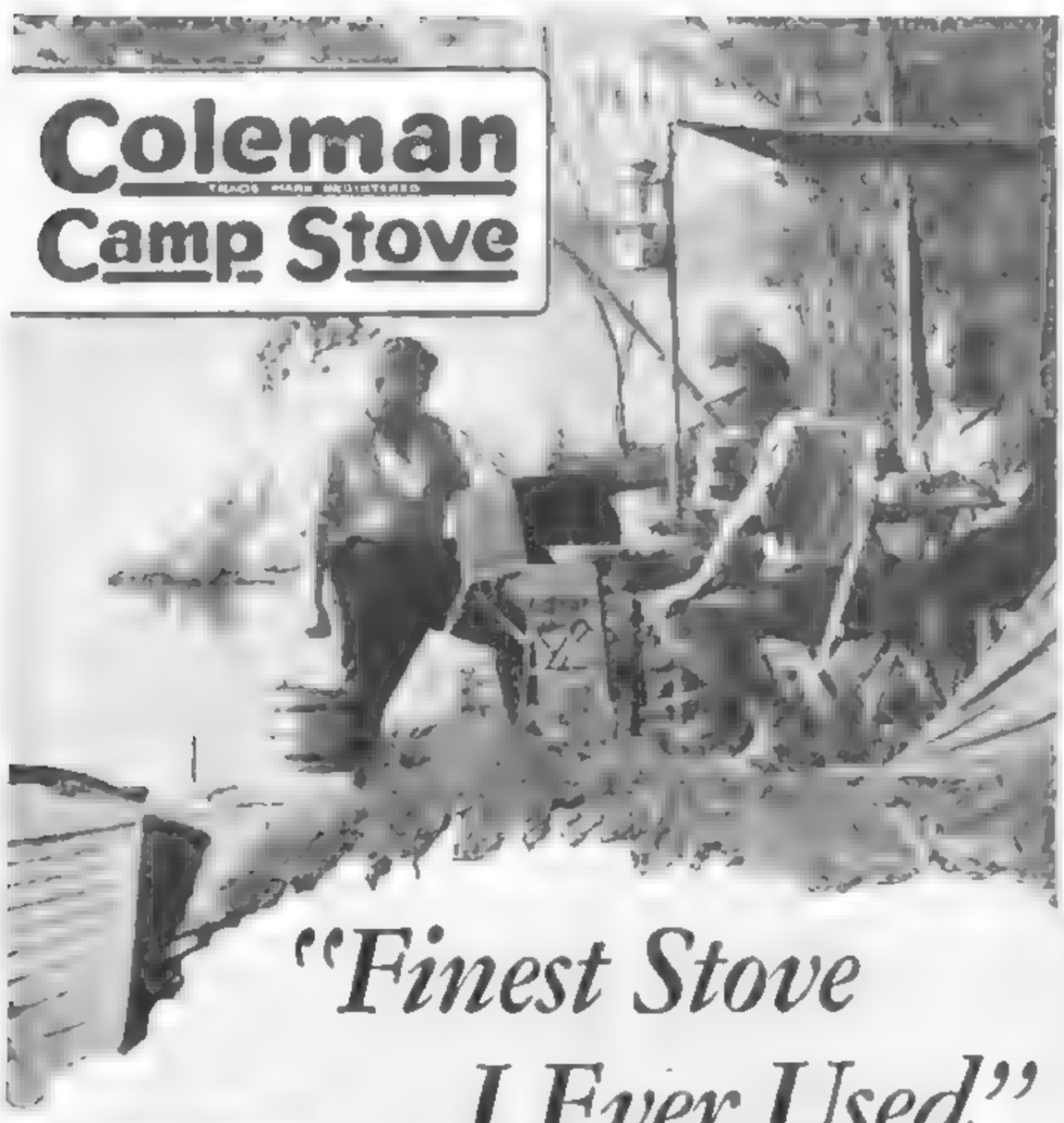

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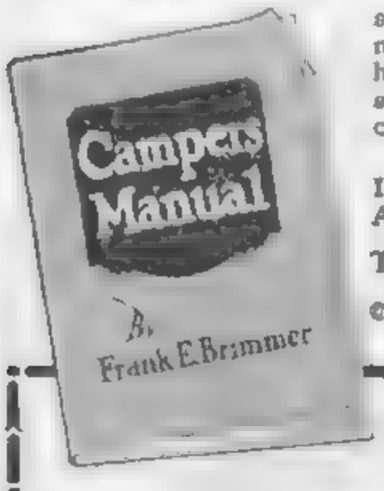

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home they burned charcoal braziers, to be sure; but these gave little heat in the great high-ceilinged rooms.

Moreover, she would not have objected if the dormitory, where she slept with ten other girls from various parts of Italy, had been twice as cold. For not only had she got rid of Miss Brown-Smith but also she had found congenial companionship and an atmosphere of understanding and sympathy.

All the classes were conducted in French, although during the recess, when the girls romped in the gardens beneath the giant green-gray trees, they spoke to one another in their native tongue.

Romola's two best friends were daughters of distinguished families, one from Sicily and the other from Turin. The handsome little Sicilian vibrated with energy, whereas the girl from the north moved and spoke even then with the slow grace which was to contribute in time to her reputation for great beauty.

The nuns were all well-born and splendidly educated women who had chosen teaching as their vocation. Romola's father maintained that they were the only women capable of educating the daughters of noble families, because of their personal knowledge of the world for which their charges were to be prepared. He was delighted to note the influence which they exerted upon his daughter, and wrote to his sister-in-law that his only regret was that he had not sent Romola there at the age of six!

The compliments which he paid Romola when she came home from time to time were not based so much upon her ability to speak and write French perfectly, or her skill in sewing, or her knowledge of church history, all of which she studied in the ordinary course of events, but rather upon her well-modulated voice and her self-possessed, easy manner.

Even her grandmother was delighted with her. "She will be a beautiful woman," she declared, "and an excellent wife."

If Romola had moments of feeling that there was little romance in a marriage which had been arranged for her at the time of her birth, she did not speak of it to her family. She and Alberto, her fiancé, continued to see each other during various holidays and appeared to be on terms of pleasant friendship.

A First Love Letter

The first occasion on which they moved out of this realm occurred during the summer that Romola was sixteen. She had spent some time with her friend Floria, near Turin, and after she had returned to her father's villa in Tuscany she had seemed unusually silent. Alberto, who, with several other friends, came for a week's shooting in September, teased her about her melancholy mood, and particularly about a little book of poems which she seemed to read with great frequency.

He happened to be standing near her one day when she received a letter postmarked Turin and addressed by Floria, but which, when opened, proved to be an ardent declaration of love from Floria's handsome elder brother.

The rage of jealousy which consumed Alberto was so intense that for the first time the relationship between the young affianced pair became personal. Alberto forced her to write an answer so cold as to be almost insulting to her northern suitor. She acquiesced because he threatened, if she did not, to tell her father and her grandmother, to fight a duel with the other man and, in short, to make life unbearable for her.

Even at this age Romola had acquired an almost uncanny ability to conceal her emotions. It is doubtful whether anyone except perhaps Floria ever knew what she really felt.

The next winter always stood out as the most dramatic of her school years, because, just before Christmas, her little friend Giulia ran away from the convent.

"Forgive and forget me," was written in a sprawling hand in the note Romola found beneath her own pillow one morning. "I could do nothing else. Love was stronger than me."

No one ever knew just how she had escaped; the nuns would allow no one to speak her name, and even when Romola had gone back to her father's palace for the holidays, she could extract little information about it.

When all the girls were again at the convent, however, each one contributed her fragment of information and gradually the story was pieced together.

"He is an English lord!" the first girl declared.

"Not at all, my dear. His name is English, but he is Russian."

"He was attached to the embassy here and saw Giulia passing in a carriage."

"Nonsense! He met her in Palermo."

It was finally disclosed that the man was, indeed, an Englishman—a fair-haired youngster just out of a university—who had come to Rome to learn Italian in the course of his study for the diplomatic service. No one ever knew exactly how he had met Giulia, but it was certain that they had spoken to each other only two or three times before the elopement.

Youth's Romancing

In spite of the fact that they were not supposed to discuss her, the girls at the convent talked incessantly of Giulia; she became their ideal heroine of romance and her phrase, "Love was stronger than me," their motto.

At the Easter holidays Romola begged her father to let her visit Floria, but he made various excuses for refusing this request. She became convinced that, in spite of their agreement, Alberto had told him of the letter she had received the summer before.

When she accused her fiancé of having broken his promise he admitted it.

"But, of course, I had to tell your father," he said. "He and I together must protect you from such things ever happening again."

Instead of the storm of anger for which he had been prepared, Romola became more and more quiet. Alberto, in spite of his sophistication, was not experienced enough to recognize the inherent danger of this mood. Romola herself could not have foreseen the devastating results this incident was bound to have.

The next summer Romola's grandmother became so ill that they dared not leave Rome. It was not only that she could not travel but her affection for the place itself was so deep that she refused to leave it.

As August approached, the heat became more intense, but inside the great medieval walls of the palace it was always cool. Sometimes after dinner Romola and her father would drive out in an open carriage to get the air. Almost none of their friends were in Rome at this season, so they were thrown upon each other's society more than ever before. Romola had always thought of her father as spending all his time either hunting on the Campagna or playing bridge at his club. Now she began to realize that he devoted much of his attention to more serious things.

They did not send for her brother Leone until just before his grandmother died. He had been in Switzerland with his English tutor, and as he had never been robust, his father disliked the idea of keeping him in Rome in the summer longer than necessary.

After the funeral they all went together to their country place, and Romola discovered that her brother and father shared an enthusiasm for their land which she had never felt.

"That is quite natural," Leone declared. "You will love your husband's land."

He was enthusiastic about various agricultural projects of which his tutor had told him, and he planned a tour of Europe so

(Continued on Page 205)

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Real foot health and foot comfort is a blessing. It makes you more active, buoyant, ambitious and cheerful, and improves your general health and efficiency in every way. You can walk, dance and exercise with delightful freedom from aches and pains and wear stylish shoes with perfect comfort.

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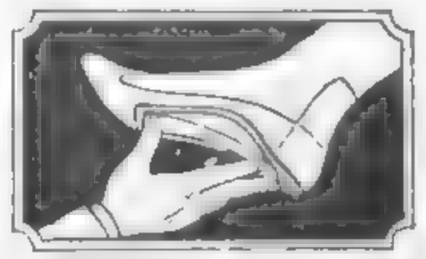

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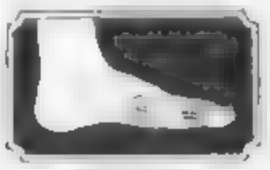
Dr Scholl's ZINO-PADS *relieve the pain in one minute. Thin, healing, antiseptic. At shoe and drug stores.*



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Dr. Scholl's BUNION REDUCER *instantly relieves bunion pain. Reduces enlargement and preserves shape of shoe. 75c. each.*

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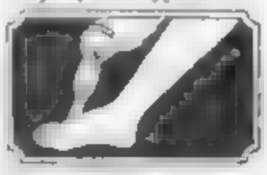

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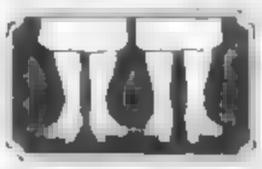
Dr. Scholl's BROMIDROSIS POWDER *Relieves excessive perspiration, foul foot and body odors. Price 50c per can.*



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To all who sell cones: McLaren Real Cake Cones increase your cone sales by their superior goodness. Stock up now for July 4th. Ask your ice cream manufacturer or jobber, or write for samples to McLaren-Consolidated Cone Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

McLAREN

REAL CAKE CONES

Look for the name McLAREN on every cone

Bakeries or warehouses in 65 principal cities insure prompt service everywhere

(Continued from Page 202)

that he might see for himself what was being done in other countries. His sister listened to the discussions which he and his father carried on about irrigation and rotation of crops and the redemption of waste land, but it all seemed to her far removed from anything of real interest.

She was astonished when her father told her that he had decided not to have her return to the convent for her last year.

"After all, you are almost eighteen," he said. "And I shall be quite alone. You will not be able to go out in society, of course, because of mourning for your grandmother; but we shall see our friends quietly from time to time, and next year, when you are launched, you will know something of the world. Also, you must learn something about housekeeping before your marriage, so that Alberto's mother will not have to teach you everything."

He added that his widowed cousin, the Countess Bianca Rossini, would spend the winter with them and act as her chaperon.

Before Romola had opportunity to adjust herself to this new order, a cablegram arrived from her aunt in Chicago, which changed their plans. It announced that her youngest daughter Louise was on her way to Rome to attend an American finishing school. In the letter, which came a day or two before the girl herself, her mother explained:

"Louise decided quite suddenly that instead of entering college this fall she would rather go abroad. As two of her friends were going to Miss Harpson's in Rome, she thought she would like to try it. I am a little disappointed that she is not going to college, as her two older sisters did; but on the other hand, I am very glad that she and Romola will get to know each other."

As the prince read this letter aloud Romola observed on his face the expression which always appeared when her American relatives were mentioned. This expression seemed to be compounded of superiority, annoyance and bewilderment. Now, however, annoyance was uppermost.

"Thank heaven, we are in mourning, so we won't have to entertain for her!"

Somewhat to her own surprise, Romola found herself protesting, "But she may be charming!"

Family Ties

Her father shrugged his shoulders. "You don't know these flappers, as they are called. Miss Harpson's school is filled with these spoiled daughters of the rich. But judge for yourself from your aunt's letter. It is Louise who decides to come over here—it is Louise who refuses to carry out her mother's plan to send her to college. Always in that country it is the child who decides these things. They have no regard for their parents' wishes, no proper veneration of any sort."

Romola's chief emotion about the arrival of Louise was curiosity. She had never known any American girls and the thought of their freedom astonished her. She wanted to ask Louise to visit them before entering school; but, to her father's evident relief, Miss Harpson said that her schedule made this impossible.

Two days after their boat had arrived in Naples, the prince was called to the telephone before breakfast.

"Have you heard anything from your niece?" said the assistant principal of the school.

"She is not my niece!" he corrected promptly. "But we have heard nothing from her. My sister-in-law wrote that she and two other girls were traveling with a chaperon."

"Yes, in a sense they are—that is, a friend of one of their mothers was on the same boat, and we understood that she would put them on the train for Rome. But they haven't arrived. What do you think we ought to do?"

"Wait for a day or two," said the prince. "There's nothing else you could do that would not reflect upon the school."

That very afternoon Louise arrived at the palace. Romola and her father and Cousin Bianca and Alberto were having tea in the red salon, as they called their most frequently used upstairs sitting room, when the butler announced that a foreign signorina who did not speak Italian wanted to see them.

Before they had a chance to instruct him they heard a young voice saying from the passageway, "I followed him up because I knew he didn't understand me."

They all rose as Louise stepped through the ancient marble doorway. She was as pretty as a magazine cover, and as brilliantly tinted. Her small felt hat and the dress and coat, which reached just below her knees, were jade green. Her short light hair and blue eyes, together with the vividness of her coloring, produced the agreeable impression of a bright new coin fresh from the mint.

Our American Cousin

As Romola rose to greet her the contrast between the two cousins was startling. They seemed to belong not only to different races but, indeed, to different centuries.

Romola's plain black mourning dress reached almost to her ankles; she wore black stockings and shoes. Her dark hair was brushed back from her forehead and gathered into a large knot at the back of her neck. On her face there was no sign of cosmetics. But the sharpest distinction between them, as they stood talking together, lay in the modeling and the expression of their faces. For in spite of the sophistication of Louise's clothes and an innate poise of manner, there was something essentially young and unformed about her. Romola, on the other hand, gave one the feeling of a completed whole.

The two sat next each other on a small sofa while Cousin Bianca made fresh tea.

"I can't stay long," said Louise. She smiled as mischievously as a child as she added, looking up at the prince, "They already regard me as a suspicious character because we stayed over in Naples for a day."

Romola was not only surprised by this remark but she was particularly impressed by the fact that her cousin talked to her father and Cousin Bianca with the same measure of equality that she addressed Alberto or herself.

Louise gave them a brief summary of the family news. "My oldest sister's really domestic," she said. "She thinks of nothing but her husband and her two babies. It's amazing!"

The prince raised his eyebrows at Romola. "But over here one takes that sort of thing for granted; that's the ordinary life for a woman."

"Oh, not in the sense I mean it," Louise contradicted. "She literally takes care of her own children, without any nurse; and when they were first married she did her own cooking, because neither she nor her husband would accept money from their families. I'm sure you don't find that kind of thing being done in the ordinary course of life, do you?" She appealed to Countess Rossini.

"N-no, I cannot truthfully say that we do," the Italian answered. "But we feel differently about family property, you see."

"And, of course, one pays servants so little here," said Romola. "Altogether, it is another matter. But I admire very much your sister for doing it if it seems best to her. And the other one—is she domestic too?"

"Far from it. She is a highbrow—serious, you know, and intellectual. She is studying law now and will be admitted to the bar next spring." She smiled. "It was left for me to be the family butterfly."

Romola had observed that Alberto's eyes had scarcely left her cousin's face since she had entered the room. Now Louise turned toward him. "Are there lots of dancing places in Rome?"

Alberto glanced self-consciously at his fiancée. Before he could answer, the prince

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spoke: "I don't believe Miss Harpson allows that sort of thing."

Louise looked puzzled. "Don't people dance here? Don't you dance, Romola?"

"I've never gone to a real dance. I shall next year, when our mourning for grandmother is finished. But papa means that the *jeune fille* doesn't go to hotels or dancing clubs except sometimes after a dinner party, and then always with older people." Romola had a feeling that she alone understood her cousin. She was indignant at the others for misinterpreting her.

After a short time Louise said that she must go. "A chaperon from the school is waiting downstairs," she said. Her cheeks grew pinker as she explained: "I never had one before and I don't know what to do with her."

"Is it true that in the States girls have their own latchkeys?" said Alberto.

"Yes, we often have them," Louise replied. "Because if we come in late we don't dare wake up the servants."

Alberto laughed aloud, but Romola knew that her cousin had not intended to be humorous. As she watched her put on her gloves and say good-by she felt that in all her life she had never seen anyone so simple, so like a pool of crystal-clear water.

"I shall see you soon," said Romola. She kissed her cousin on both cheeks.

The prince escorted Louise downstairs; when he returned he said to his daughter, "Do you really like her?"

"But very much. Don't you?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I think you're dreadful, papa! You made up your mind in advance that you wouldn't find her *simpatica*, and now you're not willing to admit that you were wrong."

Her father looked at her in surprise. "So—already the contagion is spreading. You begin to talk to me as disrespectfully as an American child. I wonder what else you will learn from your new cousin?"

"I hope Romola will not begin to dress like her," said the countess.

"I could never hope to be as chic as she is."

"But chic is nothing compared to elegance," said the other. "I can never understand why American women have the reputation for being so well dressed, when they wear such bright colors—even on the street. It makes them conspicuous, which is something a lady should never be."

Loose Purse Strings

Romola was reminded of this comment a few weeks later, when Louise and she, accompanied by her middle-aged maid Olga, went on a shopping expedition. On this occasion the American girl wore a costume of rose color with a collar and cuffs of light-gray fur.

"The men here stare so dreadfully," she said as they stood for a moment outside a hat shop, waiting for their motor to drive up to the curb.

"It's quite all right as long as Olga's with us," Romola reassured her.

"Oh, I wasn't worried. Even if Olga weren't with us, I could always take care of myself. I was just interested, that's all. In America men pay so much less attention to women than they do here."

"But, you see, here men assume that if a woman dresses noticeably it's because she wants to be noticed."

Louise laughed. "You're just delicious, Romola."

They had another discussion that morning regarding money. The Italian girl was horrified at the reckless way in which her cousin bought whatever took her fancy, without regard to its price or durability. The taste of the American girl was excellent; she was able to discard swiftly one dress or hat after another until she found exactly the thing that suited her. But Romola, who had been brought up to consider the enduring quality of materials as of primary importance, remonstrated with her when she selected things made of flimsy stuff.

"But you couldn't possibly wear that dress more than one season," she protested. "It's not pure wool, anyway, and the nap will wear off."

"I'll be so tired of it by next year that I wouldn't wear it anyway," said Louise. "Tell her I'll take it, will you?"

Before Romola turned to the saleswoman, she said, "What shall I offer her for it?"

"Oh, there's no use bargaining over a hundred lire or so—they mean so little in dollars anyway."

"That isn't the point. But they expect you to bargain, and, in fact, they think better of you if you do."

But Louise had already opened her pale-gray leather bag and was counting out the amount of the original price.

Yet later this same day, when they were lunching alone together at Romola's, Louise declared that it was her intention to be economically independent.

"That's one reason I decided to come over here instead of going to college," she went on. "You see, the things I care most about are color and design. I intend to go in for doing ceilings and frescoes, and I thought a year over here would give me a lot of ideas."

The Joy of Life

It took a few minutes for Romola to ponder over this new phase of her cousin's nature. Then she said, "Have you worked at it yet?"

"I spent all last summer in one of the big studios in Chicago. Oh, but it was hot, too! The family went away in June and I stayed on for three months. They didn't believe I'd stick it out."

Her blue eyes sparkled as she went on to describe the joy she had felt when one of her designs had been accepted by a prominent firm of architects, who were going to use it in a children's library.

Romola listened with amazement. She had never before heard anyone talk with such enthusiasm about their ambitions. Her brother Leone seemed to feel this way when he spoke about his land; but, after all, he was a man. She said something of this to Louise.

"I don't see what being a man or a woman has to do with ambition," she answered.

"But you said the first day you came that your sisters were serious, but you were a butterfly."

"Well, I do care more than they do about clothes and having a good time, and so on. But it seems normal to me to want to work at something else too. Almost all the girls I know at home do something. I just had a letter yesterday from one of my best friends, saying that she had finally persuaded her family not to make her come out. She figured out that a really good debut would have cost them about ten thousand dollars, so she's got them to give her the money instead, and she's bought a farm, where she's going to breed horses and dogs."

Romola felt like a child listening to a fairy tale as her cousin went on:

"Another of my friends has gone on the stage and one of them has got a job doing feature stuff for a newspaper; but, of course, others are just going to college now and haven't decided yet what they'll do."

"Are the two girls you came over with so ambitious?"

The color rose in Louise's round cheeks. "N-no, I don't think they really are. You see, I'd hardly known them at all until last summer, when they were in the same drawing class with me. They said then that they wanted to come over here for the reasons that I did—to study a little and see a lot—but I'm not so sure now."

Suddenly Louise became very serious. "What about you, Romola? What do you want most in the world?"

"I don't know."

Romola was so perturbed by this question that she turned away from her cousin and instructed the butler to serve their coffee in the red salon.

(Continued on Page 209)

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LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF OAK FLOORING IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 206)

it was in this very place, however, that the answer came to her. She was alone: Alberto had dropped in for tea and had begged Louise to teach him the Charleston. She had assented enthusiastically, but had said that they must go back to Miss Harpson's to get her traveling phonograph. Cousin Bianca had come in just after they had left and had expressed sharp disapproval. Romola sat in a comfortable big chair in front of the coal fire, wondering why she did not experience the jealousy which Cousin Bianca had assumed she must be feeling.

She thought then of Louise and of the other American girls whom she had described—girls who threw themselves into work without being driven by economic necessity, nor always, so far as she could see, by particular talent. Apparently they looked upon work as one phase of a well-rounded life which also included interest in clothes, in dancing and in having a good time generally. They seemed far removed from the earnest generations who had stormed colleges, demanded equal political rights and been caricatured in high collars and mannish clothes. Certainly there was nothing of the bluestocking about Louise. In clothes and in manner she was feminine enough to satisfy anyone's taste, yet Romola knew that she was not feminine at all according to Latin standards.

No one of Romola's friends, for instance, would have dreamed of going out with another girl's fiancé in the casual way in which Louise had done. Louise had been brought up with boys; she had played tennis and golf with them, had skated and sailed with them, and, in short, she had many bases for companionship besides dancing and flirting.

Romola was still sitting in front of the fire when the servant came in to draw the curtains and turn on the lights. Suddenly she realized that Louise and Alberto had been gone for two hours. If Louise had been an Italian girl Romola would have been enraged; but as it was, she was convinced that some accident had occurred. She was trying to decide whether to telephone Miss Harpson when the door opened and her cousin came in. Her cheeks were flaming; she carried a dressing case in one hand.

"I've been having a terrible row!" she exclaimed. She sank down in a chair opposite Romola. "I've quit Miss Harpson's for good!"

The American Revolution

As the story unfolded, Romola had a further chance to learn about her cousin's character. For the row had not primarily concerned her, but had centered around the two girls with whom she had come over. Miss Harpson had been somewhat suspicious of them from the beginning, but when Louise and Alberto arrived at the school that afternoon the storm had burst. Miss Harpson had demanded to know where Louise's friends were. It was disclosed that they had told her they, too, were going to spend the day with Romola, whom, as a matter of fact, they had never seen.

"I was furious with them for using you as an alibi," said Louise. "But on the other hand, I couldn't give them away and she oughtn't to have asked me to. Finally she said it was very strange that I should say I was going to your house and then turn up with a young man. Of course, I couldn't stand for that, so the upshot of it was that I quit. My trunks will be sent on to a hotel."

"No, they won't," said Romola, pressing the bell for the servant. "They will be sent here."

This decision on her part precipitated her first serious quarrel with her father. He was in Florence at the moment, but he hurried back after receiving a telegram from Cousin Bianca.

"You have no right to ask her to stay here without my permission," he said to Romola.

"Have I then no rights?"

The two pairs of dark eyes flashed indignation at each other.

"I think it might be just as well if your marriage took place this year instead of waiting until next," said the prince.

Romola smiled defiantly.

That night, however, after everybody had gone to bed, she went quietly into her cousin's room and talked until the sky began to be gray with the first light of dawn. She had never before in all her eighteen years of life disclosed her thoughts with such completeness.

"It is as if I had turned my heart inside out," she said at last. "But before I knew you I didn't think there was any use in trying to do anything about it."

"And now we're going to do everything!" Louise assured her. "Mother cabled that she'd arrive week after next, but we'll find some way out before then."

In pursuance of their plan Romola announced casually a day or two later that she wanted to show Louise the convent where she had attended school. When they returned from their expedition they chatted about the picturesqueness of the gardens and the splendid view of St. Peter's, but said nothing about their long conversation with Floria.

Woman's Prerogative

Romola told her cousin the story of her Sicilian friend Giulia, who had thrilled them by her elopement. Louise countered with the story of one of the girls with whom she had come to Miss Harpson's and who had fallen madly in love with a young Italian she had met on the boat.

"But Giulia wanted romance," said Romola. "And your girl wanted adventure."

"I guess they're just different forms of the same thing. But you couldn't expect a girl like the one I told you of to express it the same way. She's had her own car and her own latchkey and an allowance of her own for several years. Of course, she acts differently from a girl who's never gone anywhere without a chaperon."

"Anyway the Italian won't marry that girl," said Romola. "Particularly now that she's left school and gone to a hotel."

"But the reason she left school was because of him."

"That won't matter. A girl must be *comme il faut*. You'll see."

Two days later the girl telephoned Louise and said she was leaving that day, and that she despised Italian men.

"How did you know so much," said Louise, "when you're so inexperienced?"

"We know things by intuition," Romola answered. Her face was radiant as she held out for her cousin's inspection an envelope which bore Floria's handwriting.

"She bribed a servant at the convent to bring it to my maid," she said. "Today I shall speak to papa."

She told him that she would never, never, so long as she lived, marry Alberto. "And if you don't break this engagement, which you yourself have made, I shall go back to America with Louise," she ended.

To her astonishment, her father showed little surprise.

"I cannot blame you for being indignant," he said. "I myself consider the way he has acted with Louise to be outrageous. Of course, you are jealous. But in time he will get over it. He will make all the better husband."

"Not for me," she replied.

"Do you mean that you are going to follow the example of your American cousin and try to have a career?" he demanded. She nodded her head in assent. "But you're not fitted for it! You have no training for it!"

"All my training has been for it." She slipped her hand into the pocket of her black dress so that she could feel the folds of the letter which Floria's brother had sent her. She thought of the old stone castle near Turin and the double row of cypress trees leading up the winding road. He had written, "We shall live there; and our sons and our sons' sons."

Romola smiled up at her father. "It's the best career in the world!"

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Style S-150

Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

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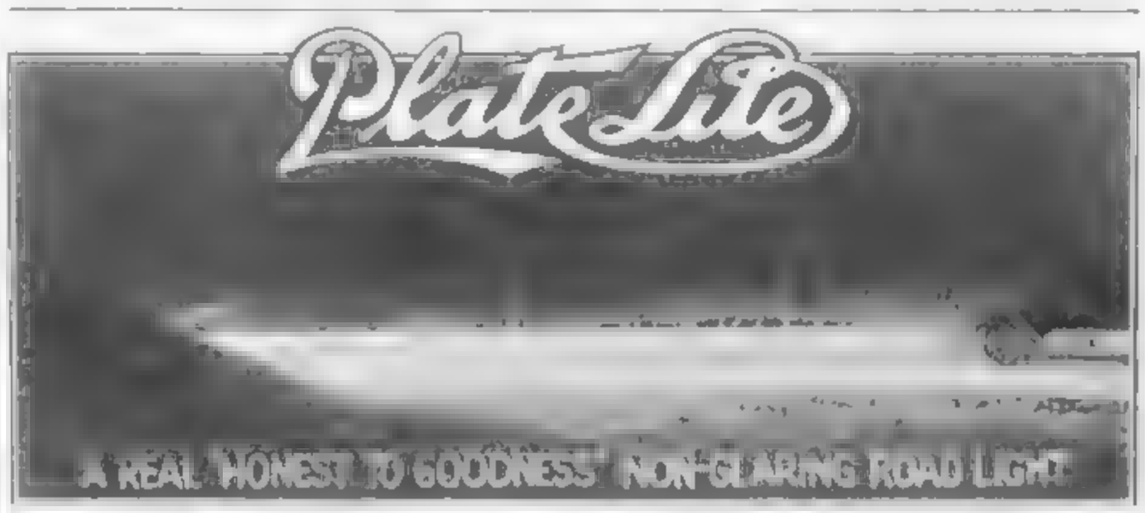
FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



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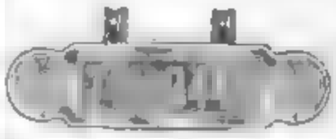
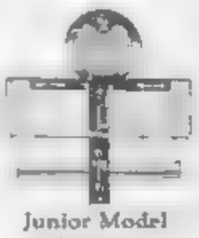
Completely revolutionizes night driving



De Luxe Model
$10.00

Standard Model
$7.50



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It's the non-glaring *Platelite* with improved construction of reflector and lens, for harnessing the rays in one clean, clear light.

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These rays commence about a foot from the car covering the entire road and ditches on both sides for a safe distance and show every hole and obstruction nearby as well as far away. The Standard and De Luxe *Platelites* combine this non-glaring lighting unit with a highly polished all-aluminum license plate holder, which makes the *Platelite* a most ornamental as well as useful accessory. Attaches to bar between headlights or bar between front springs.

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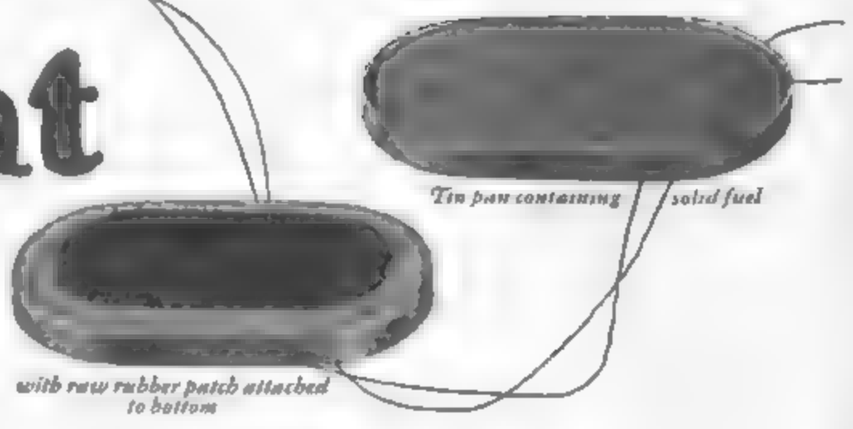
Heat



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Simply clamp one of the little tin pans, known as the Shaler Patch-&-Heat Unit, over the puncture. Light the fuel. In five minutes take off the pan and throw it away. That's all. The repair is part of the tube because it is heat-welded (VULCANIZED).

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393 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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LEARNING TO DRIVE

(Continued from Page 27)

our goal and turned off the motor, my wife and I just looked at each other. We had been driving for more than three years and had just found out how little we knew about roads and grades.

Even motorists who have become proficient drivers on level ground are turned into freshmen once more when it comes to taking an automobile up a mountain for the first time. You have to learn to save your motor all unnecessary work by using momentum, whenever you can, to help you up short steep pitches; opening up the throttle if a bit of level road, or perhaps a dip, gives a chance to get up speed before the harder grade. You have to learn to avoid overheating your motor by running it too long with the throttle wide open. You have to learn to take it easy, letting the motor cool whenever necessary, avoiding unnecessary strain by remaining too long in high gear or second. You have to avoid changing gears unnecessarily and racing your motor to make the shift. You have to avoid overheating your motor by running it with the spark retarded. You learn to take along an extra can of water and refill your radiator with cool water every time there's a good chance—but with caution, letting the motor cool off a bit slowly at first, because cold water dumped in to refill a radiator that has just been boiling might crack the overheated cylinders.

Coming back gave us more knowledge. We returned to the plain by a narrow snake-like wagon road that followed the contours of the hills at an almost even height above the Kern River, foaming over its rocks 500 feet beneath. At times, where some narrow side canyon met the main valley, we'd be a mile or more away from the river; then we'd come back and crawl around another hairpin turn at the edge of a rocky crag, with two wheels on nothing, poised over the river waiting impatiently to receive us down below. We made sixty miles before we saw a single team. Then we met a mule-drawn freight wagon. The road wasn't wide enough to pass. The freight wagon couldn't back up. I had to—nearly a quarter of a mile.

My mother was returning from the mountains with us, and my sister, with her baby. They got out and turned their faces away, listening for the crash that would come when we backed over the edge of the cliff. My wife stuck. She was quite impatient, I remember, at my sister for wanting to save the baby's life. We didn't back off the cliff, at that. But we certainly realized that driving down to the grocer's and parking alongside the curb isn't all there is to motoring. I was glad that I had already learned more than the average fair-weather motorist knows about backing—that you have to keep looking toward the rear and steer as you would steer a boat.

The Other Fellow's Carelessness

You never can tell when the ability to back an automobile surely and easily for a good distance or around a corner will be useful, or even necessary, knowledge.

The next year I had my one real road wreck. I was driving into the city. It was a beautiful spring morning and a forty-mile drive. The air was fine; the car was still fairly new; the motor was running perfectly. Drifting smoothly along, thirty miles an hour, I saw smoke in the road ahead. It came from one of those little traveling asphalt kettles on wheels, where a repair crew was patching the road. Half the road was blocked off, leaving a passageway, only wide enough for one car, at the extreme right. The smoke from the little oil burner and from the hot asphalt obscured the view of everything beyond the repair crew.

I allowed the car to drop to a fifteen-mile-an-hour pace. Then I went into the smoke. That was as far as I got. A large but impetuous truck was coming through the same piece of smoke, but from the opposite direction. They told me afterward you could hear the crash a mile away.

Surprisingly enough, I wasn't hurt—except where my face had been cut a bit by jamming forward over the steering wheel. The truck wasn't hurt either. But about all that was left of my car was the hind end and a repair bill.

The accident had occurred purely and simply because of the other fellow's careless driving. That's something you can't get away from. You never take your car out of your own garage without running the chance of a smash-up on the other fellow's mistake. You are never the only chap using the public highway. There's always the other fellow. Remember, he may not know how to drive. Every year sees thousands of new drivers using the highways for the first time; in their first few months of driving, when backing is still a great adventure. At any time the best chauffeur in the world may meet a greenhorn. His car may be just around the next corner, at right angles across the road.

Motors That Freeze From Heat

After the argument with the truck my car had to be entirely rebuilt. Then came a brand-new experience. Driving the car home from the shop, the motor suddenly began to labor. A moment later it stopped with a jerk that nearly threw me off the seat. I got out and looked the car over. It appeared to have gone solid, like that first roadster. There seemed to be nothing to do except sit and wait for help. Twenty minutes or so later, to my absolute amazement, it was suddenly all right again. I got back in and drove on. Trying to make up the lost time, I hurried a little and—the thing happened again.

What had happened? The motor had frozen. The new pistons, tightly fitted into the walls of the rebored cylinders, had expanded with the heat of the rapid explosions until they stuck. As the motor cooled they contracted again. Perhaps you have wondered why owners of new cars are warned not to drive too rapidly at first. This is the reason—the danger of freezing.

Only a man who has had that strange sensation of having a motor freeze on him, and then come back to normal in the course of a few minutes, can fully realize the character of the motor materials that carry him so smoothly along the road. Metals that expand when they are hot and contract as they cool have to be well treated. Parts whirling at almost incredible speed have to be supplied continuously with lubricating oil that alone keeps them from overheating and utter destruction.

The marvel is that car builders have been able to make motors so nearly foolproof that they will stand the abuse the average car has to put up with. Our friends often wonder why the old cars my wife and I drive seem to give us such wonderful service. The answer is simple: We abuse them less than most cars are abused. We are almost childishly careful to see that the oil doesn't get low, that a partly filled radiator doesn't lead to overheating, that the motor and driving machinery are not put to undue strain. We have learned to make it easy for the engine whenever we can. In starting the car we let the clutch in slowly and smoothly. We handle the gas the same way, coming to a wide-open throttle gradually. It's no more necessary to throw unusual strain on the motor by yanking the throttle open suddenly than it is to strain both motor and driving gears by jumping the clutch.

On hills we avoid strain by shifting gears before, rather than after, it's absolutely necessary, keeping the motor running smoothly, without laboring. Only a greenhorn will keep a motor slowly slogging along in high, with the throttle wide open on a

(Continued on Page 213)

Power harnessed for COMFORT

ANYBODY knows that when a motor car strikes a bump and the springs are compressed violently, tremendous power is stored in them—engineers call it "thousands of foot-pounds."

It takes *power* to control spring action—and here it is, in glycerine-filled hydraulic cushions, more perfectly built than any motor, harnessed for your comfort.

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While they absolutely wipe the rebound out of existence, they ease the down-smash as well, holding the body of your car in almost unbelievable steadiness, over every road inequality, from a railroad crossing to the roughest mountain roads. They prevent side-sway, give even traction, and lengthen car and tire life. They not only control balloon tires absolutely, but make them last longer.

Such perfectly machined cylinders and parts cannot be produced to sell on a price basis, but if you want the supreme riding comfort obtainable only on the finest cars in the world—the kind that automotive engineers use on their own cars—you must have HOO-DYE. Yet, it is surprising how inexpensive HOO-DYES actually are, when you count the long life and endless miles of repairless comfort they give.

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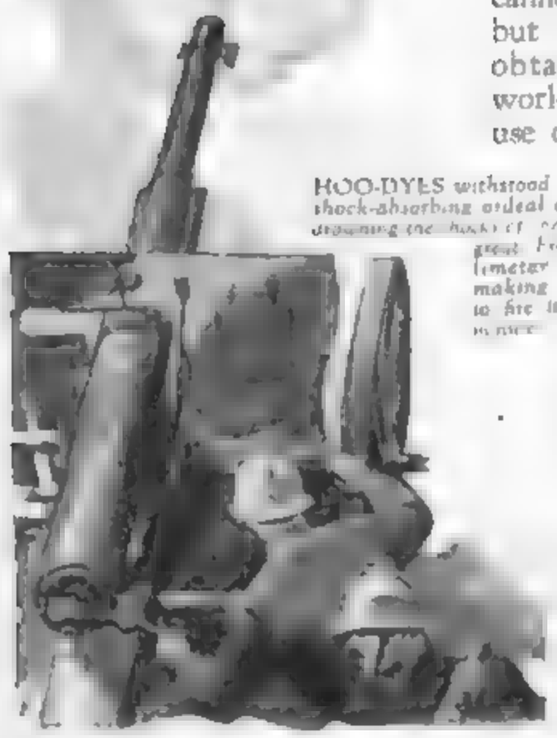
Any one of our Service Stations will install a set on your car for 30 days' trial. If you are not satisfied with HOO-DYE comfort after this trial, your money will be cheerfully refunded.



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¶ Fearlessness, however, won't deflect a lethal bullet. The skull that houses the keenest brain will crack like an eggshell under the impact of a blackjack. There's plenty of space between an athlete's ribs for a keen-edged blade to enter. So, wherever duty calls the trooper of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, up in the mountains, down in the mines, or on the broad highway, there also goes his revolver, a two-pound fistful of extra protection—an eloquent argument against criminal violence—endowing RIGHT with enough MIGHT to sustain its dominion.

¶ Here then is a powerful combination in restraint of crime. Brain, brawn, authority and a six-gun, linked as a bulwark for those who dwell beyond the aegis of the urban police. If always such protection were instantly available, you need never fear stealthy, prowling violence. But in an emergency, with your loved ones in peril and no such help at hand, what wouldn't you give for the same equipment?

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The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security

Continued from Page 210

stiff upgrade, when he should be running up easily in second. At the top of hills that we can just carry in high we have learned to use less gas, instead of more, closing the throttle down instead of opening it, as we top the grade, easing the motor. On uphill corners we remember that the strain of propelling the car is thrown by the differential on a single wheel, instead of being equally divided between the two driving wheels, as on a straight road.

My rule for low automobile upkeep is simple. Find a good mechanic and stick to him. Take his advice. Avoid unnecessary repairs -it never pays to keep puttering with a car when it doesn't really need it—but let him drive the car around the block a time or two every little while, checking up on it. Make sure there is never a lack of oil or water. If you drive a good deal that oil is a tremendous barrier for your undertaker to cross. In this day of crowded highways, few things, I suppose, cut down cemetery profits more.

Another thing: Don't let your oil get too thin. From time to time gasoline works down into it where it lies at the bottom of the crank case, and thins it. On cold mornings it runs down the cylinder walls when you are choking the motor to make it start. Loose piston rings, a cylinder that is missing on account of a dirty spark plug or for any other reason, mean a certain amount of gasoline getting into the oil and thinning it. That is one of the reasons it pays to have your crank case drained now and again—say, every 500 or 1000 miles—and new fresh oil put in.

Knowledge of how to use and care for batteries came to us gradually as cars improved and the modern electrical systems came in. We learned to carry an extra headlight bulb, after being caught in the dark one evening by a burned-out globe and breaking a spring by driving into the ditch. We also learned the trick of wrapping tin foil around a burned-out fuse as a temporary repair when we had no spare fuses with us. After buying a couple of new storage batteries we learned that it is much cheaper in the long run to take time to have the battery tested every two or three weeks and fresh water put in. We learned that in cold weather a battery will sometimes be frozen and ruined if the juice is low.

We learned to turn on our headlights in the daytime, on long drives with fully charged batteries, to avoid overcharging. In night drives we learned to use our dimmers consistently, remembering that the other fellow is twice as dangerous if his eyes are dazzled. We learned that a car unequipped with a windshield wiper is a risky thing to drive in during a storm, particularly at night when the water particles on the glass catch and refract approaching lights. And we learned that if the wiper goes out of commission a kerosene-soaked rag, squeezed out and rubbed across the outside of the windshield, helps materially in keeping the glass clear.

A New-Model Traffic Cop

During all these years of driving we were learning, bit by bit, a still more difficult lesson that most motorists master only after years of use—the proper handling of brakes. There is real art in knowing how to brake properly. Few people do. Yet there's nothing that brings the wife of a motorist closer to realizing on her husband's insurance policies than the way he uses his brakes.

From California we moved to New York and bought a heavy closed car. In the fall we decided to drive back to Los Angeles. Mind you, by this time we had been driving for years and supposed we knew about all there was to know about motoring, including the use of brakes. And then ——

Dropping down from the Alleghanies into West Virginia, there is a six-mile grade on the transcontinental highway. I took it, as I thought, in quite approved fashion, mostly in intermediate, and with what seemed to me a very sparing use of brakes. We made the descent safely enough. But at Uniontown, a bit farther on, suddenly there were no brakes. The car rolled into a street intersection with a suicidal mania it had never shown before. We finally stopped, with the aid of a weakened emergency, right in the middle of the cross traffic. A big traffic officer came toward us and I leaned back, bracing myself for the bawling out. But this was different.

"Just come down off the mountain?"

I nodded.

He nodded. "Turn to your right at the second street. Nearest garage half a block down. Lucky not to have 'em go bad at the wrong time."

And that was all. He seemed a little bored as he moved away. It was such an old story he had even given up calling 'em down. At the garage they told me nearly half the tourists who came through had to have new brake linings after the six-mile descent.

Here, as well as I can give them, are the seldom-heard rules for correct use of the brakes:

Don't brake too hard. Except where an absolute emergency demands it, don't ever jam on your brakes. Touch them gently, lightly, getting the feel of your car and slackening speed as you do so.

How to Use Your Brakes

Don't brake unnecessarily. Learn not to put your brakes on too soon, or keep them on after you've reached the safe speed you want.

Don't drag your brakes. That means don't keep them on steadily on a long grade. It overheats the bands and you run the danger of burning them out and suddenly finding your car without brakes at the bottom of the hill, when you may need them most. Instead, wait until you have definite reason to slacken speed, then use your brake lightly, checking your car until you have reached the safe speed you want. Then release your brake again. If the hill is a long one, take it in the gear that will hold your car to the proper speed. If for any reason you have to brake hard for a good while, release your brake repeatedly, each time coming down on it again with a fresh grip.

These rules apply, of course, chiefly to the service brake—the foot brake. Don't use your emergency except in an emergency, or to hold the car when it is standing, or occasionally to ease the foot brake in slowing to a safe speed on long hills.

Winter driving? That, as they say in New York, is something else again. We learned about it during our first winter in the East. Our first frozen radiator, with its clouds of steam on a sharp November morning, filled us with alarm and amazement. A friendly taxi driver showed us how to throw a blanket over it with the motor running until the pipes were thawed out. Luckily it wasn't a bad freeze, or we might have found ourselves with split cylinders, instead of merely a clogged radiator, when we set out.

From that time on, we took care to have plenty of motor alcohol in the radiator. We learned never to wait until the last possible moment before using alcohol, but to play safe and put in a preliminary half gallon or gallon when the very first cold snaps came on. A few extra quarters or dollars for alcohol is a lot less expensive than a repair bill running into the hundreds for a broken cylinder block. And we learned, because of the rapid evaporation rate of alcohol, to make sure every little while that the proportion in the radiator was ample to prevent freezing in any weather we could expect.

In February of 1920 my wife and I were driving in a heavy sedan on the Boston Post Road in a rather deep rut worn in solid ice. Driving cautiously, we met a truck. Driving cautiously—as some truck drivers do when the need is great—he stopped. Then, each machine shimmying backward and forward, we both managed to

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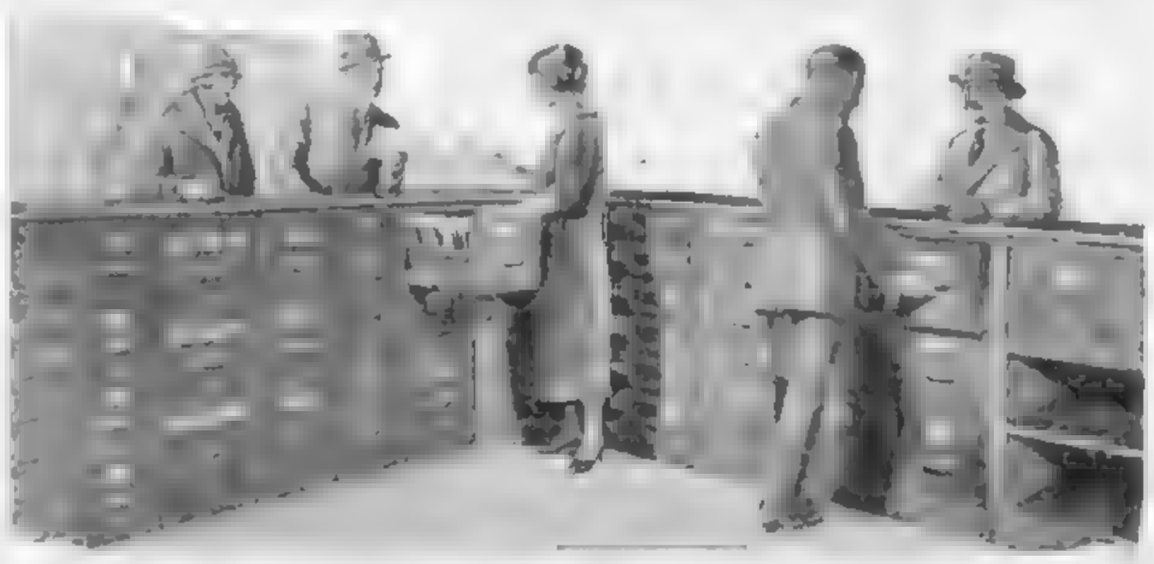

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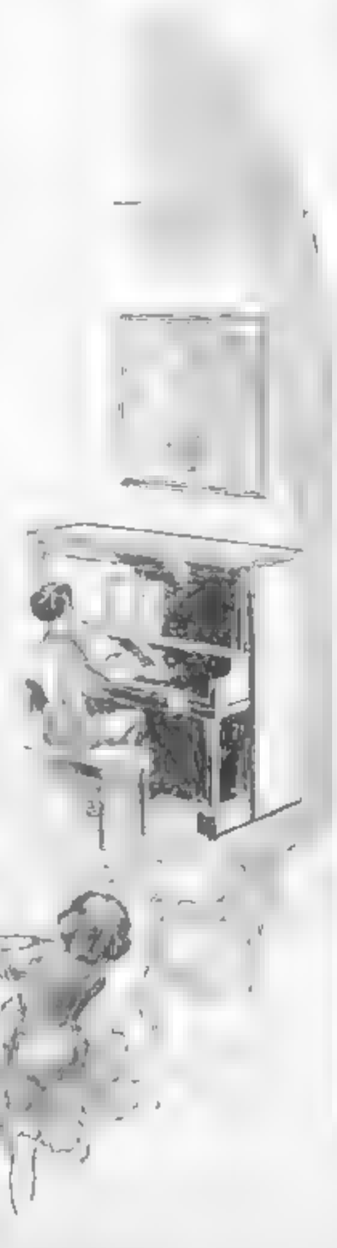

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get out of the ruts. Then, slowly, to make sure that there could be no accident, we drew past each other.

That is, we began to draw past each other. But at the halfway point, with the two machines abreast, I felt our sedan slide sidewise on the ice. As if in response to this coy maidenly inclination, that great gorilla truck chose the same minute to slide sidewise toward our sedan. Well, the moral of that story is: Don't ever go where your car can slip sidewise. The top of our sedan—the two machines were tipped toward each other with the outer wheels on the piled ice and snow beside the main track—was torn open as though it were paper—curved glass too. That four-mile trip we were making cost us more than many taxi fares.

Driving through Missouri the next summer, I saw a good instance, on a muddy road, of what just such side-slipping as we experienced on ice can do for you in summer.

We were traveling in a heavy rain on a road with a high crown. A Missouri dirt road, half an hour after rain has begun to fall, is as slippery as ice. Holding evenly on the crown of the straight road, we were able to make fairly good time. The mud had not struck in yet. A hundred yards or so ahead of us was a long roadster, pacing us. Then from the crown the track turned a bit toward the right edge of the road; to the left were old ruts and bumps. The driver of the roadster swung to the right. But I remembered the miserable sensation aroused by the feel of a car slipping sidewise, and stuck to the crown, bumps and all.

Reward came when the roadster ahead slid into the ditch. We had a perfect view of it. It was a lovely sight. By what seemed a miracle the driver kept it from overturning or there would have been an ugly wreck, for the ditch was a mean one.

Knowledge of wet roads and skidding is a science in itself. On a clear straight road, even in rainy weather, you can make pretty good speed safely. On corners, or when stopping or slowing down, knowledge of momentum, of what your car will do, comes largely through experience. You have to learn the feel of your car on wet pavements, just as you learn to know instinctively about how fast you can take a corner safely on dry roads.

When the Car Skids

The big secret to prevent skidding is to leave your car in gear. Brake with your motor. That keeps your hind wheels turning and tends to bring your car out of the skid. The instinctive mistake of the inexperienced driver is to push both foot pedals, releasing the clutch and putting on the brakes at the same time. That is usually the worst possible thing you can do to a skidding car. To put on your brakes when you begin to skid simply makes things worse in nine cases out of ten. To release the clutch is worse still. Almost the only exception comes when, skidding at slow speed or on a hill, you may release the clutch for a single instant, merely to go into a lower gear. But that last, like the double shift in changing gears, is, for the most part, for expert drivers only.

The double shift is to avoid clashing your transmission gears. When changing from high speed to second, for instance, on a hill, the inexperienced driver often clashes his gears unmercifully. To avoid that an expert will release his clutch, go into neutral, buzz his motor for an instant, at the same time letting his clutch back in to start the other transmission gears whirling at the right speed, then release the clutch again and go into second. It takes a bit of practice, and is usually the work of an expert driver.

On our long jaunts we have learned that the secret of making speed is to keep a steady gait. Spurts of speed are merely dangerous, and rarely get you anywhere. Watch a transcontinental motorist and you will see that instead of stepping on her at any particular time he merely comes back to his road gait as quickly as possible at every safe opportunity. He is never in a hurry to pass another machine at any dangerous point. He takes traffic cautiously. He slows down for intersections and bumps and bad corners and railroad crossings. But every time he has a safe clear road ahead of him, back he comes immediately to his determined road gait of thirty miles, or twenty-eight, or whatever it may be. And by nightfall you'll usually find him miles and miles farther on than the fool who crashes through town with one hand on the horn and steps on it every time he happens to remember that he's trying to make speed.

But even with sufficient skill to warrant classifying ourselves as good drivers, my wife and I found that we had a final important lesson still in store for us. It was not on a bad road either. It was close to our own home in the New York suburbs.

Napping at the Wheel

We were returning home after a dinner with friends. My wife was driving. Passing through a small suburban town, we came to a brightly lighted intersection where two boulevards crossed. Talking, interested in the discussion—whatever it was I can't for the life of me remember now—we were about two-thirds of the way across the intersection when a large touring car drove directly in front of us. There wasn't any time to avoid a collision. We didn't.

In all that brightly lighted intersection we hadn't even been conscious of its approach. Absent-mindedness, pure and simple. We were intent on something else. We were going only about fifteen miles an hour and had the right of way.

The car in front of us was a heavy touring car. The driver was a young woman, with another girl of her own age beside her. Neither of them, obviously, knew how to handle a car. Any experienced driver, even if he had had the right of way, which they did not, would have been able to stop his car and avoid a collision. But they got rattled and ran right on in front of us, trusting, I suppose, that we would look out for them, just as most expert drivers do look out for the fools and beginners that are always among those present.

But this time we were napping. Our heavy old closed car drove into the side of their machine, cut through the running board and crumpled one fender, smashed one of their headlights and inflicted various minor injuries on the car body. We were not hurt appreciably.

Railroad people tell me absent-mindedness is responsible for more grade-crossing accidents than any other single thing.

Mr. Average Motorist gradually becomes expert. He gets the feeling he can meet almost any emergency, and rightly. Then, as he is driving confidently along some fine day, he suddenly remembers he left his pocketbook on the table, or what not. His mind is taken off his driving. For a moment he is no driver at all; his mind is somewhere else. The moment is ripe for an accident.

Only eternal vigilance, only a continuing sense of caution, will prevent absent-mindedness. Even that is not infallible. It is the most important lesson any motorist can learn. We were lucky to learn it so cheaply. Altogether too many automobile drivers—experts and amateurs alike—learn it too late. No one ever knows what caused the accident in which he died.

Four requirements, my experience has taught me, are necessary for safe driving. They are:

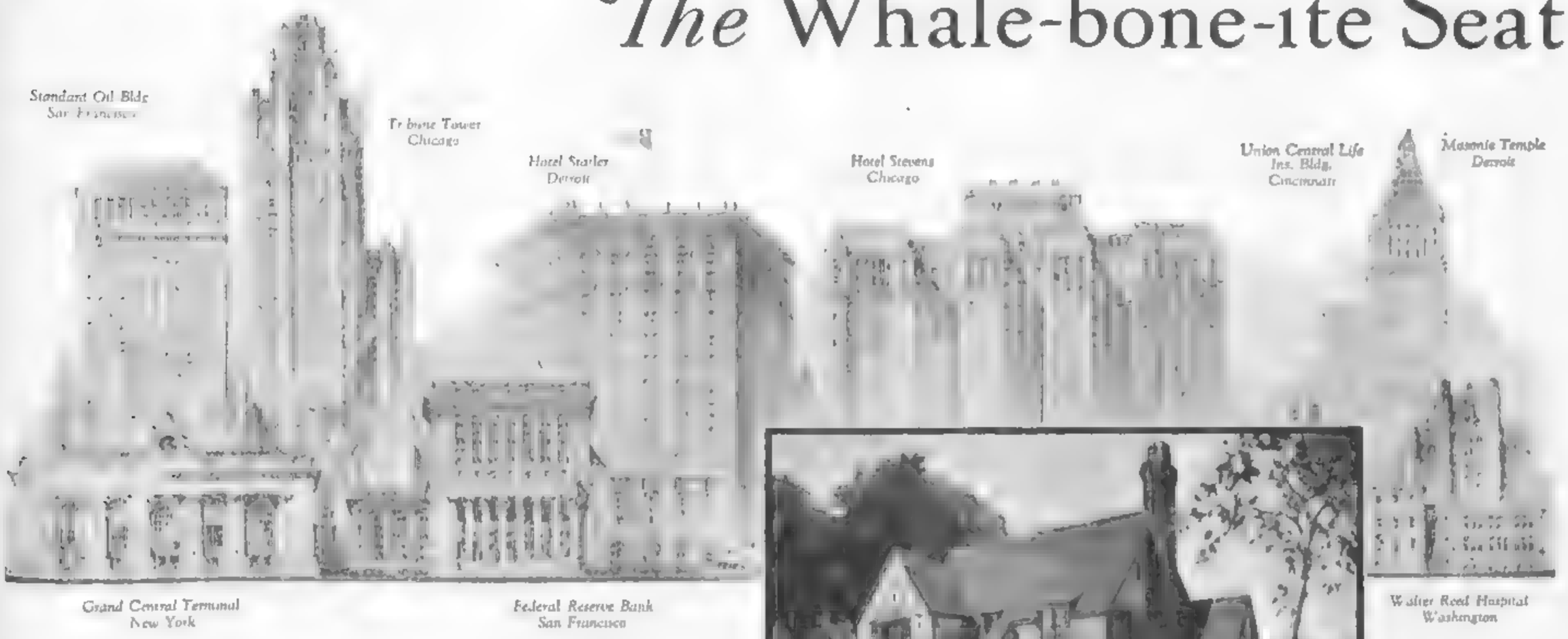
The need for becoming an expert.

The need for keeping a machine always in roadworthy condition, with particular attention to front wheels and axles, steering gear, oil supply and brakes.

The need for always looking out for the other fellow.

Above all, the need for developing a sense of caution, a sense of danger, for realizing the ever-present likelihood of accident that confronts every motorist practically every driving minute, that alone will prevent absent-mindedness.

In the world's finest buildings— *The* Whale-bone-ite Seat



Grand Central Terminal
New York

Federal Reserve Bank
San Francisco

Walter Reed Hospital
Washington

Your home should have it too

Whale-bone-ite's glasslike surface, without joints or seams to harbor germs, permits a new standard of cleanliness. Will not dent or scratch. Non-inflammable. Lasts a lifetime.

PICTURE a towering city containing the finest hotels, schools, hospitals and public buildings erected in this country in the past ten years. Such a city indicates the extent to which the Whale-bone-ite Seat has been accepted in modern building. For almost without exception, the finest structures the country over are equipped with this up-to-date sanitary convenience.

Whale-bone-ite is an amazing substance, so brilliantly smooth that it makes possible a new standard in sanitation. Nothing in ordinary use can ever destroy the polished, gleaming surface of a Whale-bone-ite Seat. For this seat is *one piece*, moulded under tremendous pressure. It has no joints or seams to harbor germs. No thin surface to wear through. It can never split, discolor or disfigure.

The building world has been won to this modern seat for definite reasons:—It is kept clean so much more easily. It is non-inflammable. It literally never wears out; so, never has to be replaced. The Whale-bone-ite Seat is jet black, gleamingly beautiful. There is no other seat like it in the world. It adds new attractiveness to the bathroom. Brings new ease in cleaning, a new standard of sanitation. Architects strongly urge the Whale-bone-ite Seat for residences.

Have your plumber equip your home with the Whale-bone-ite Seat. It can be installed in a few minutes without inconvenience. It will remain smooth, flawless, easy to keep clean, as long as your house lasts.

Cross-section of Whale-bone-ite Seat, Free!

To let you examine this interesting substance, Whale-bone-ite, we'll send an actual cross-section of a Whale-bone-ite Seat. Also a booklet showing the new colorful bathrooms. Both free. Write today.

Whale-bone-ite is brilliantly smooth—cleans like glass—lasts a lifetime.

To Plumbing Contractors: *Identify yourself with this high-class product. Consult your local jobber for further details regarding the Whale-bone-ite Seat.*

FILL IN, CLIP AND MAIL

Whale-bone-ite Division
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,
Dept. 1, 623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send cross-section of a Whale-bone-ite Seat and booklet showing new bathrooms.

S. E. P. 8-12-'16

WHALE-BONE-ITE TOILET SEAT

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY · CHICAGO

"The Best Results That We Have Had From Any Farm Publication"

The F. B. Chamberlain Company, of St. Louis, Missouri, are manufacturers of a prepared poultry feed. Experienced advertisers, using a number of farm publications, their testimony as to the effectiveness of *The Country Gentleman* for the advertising of a product whose only market is the working farm, is significant. Read their letter:

April 27, 1926.

Mr. J. M. Irvine,
The Curtis Publishing Company,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:
In view of our conversation on your recent visit to Saint Louis, we thought it might interest you to know that our January, February, March and April advertisements in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN produced a total of 1030 inquiries of which 106 were dealer inquiries. This is not only the best results that we have had from any farm publication in point of the total number of inquiries, but it is by far the largest percentage of dealer inquiries in proportion to the whole that we have ever secured. In fact we think that, in consideration of the fact that we offered no booklet or invitation of any description to induce replies, it is a most unusual showing.

Yours very truly,
F. B. CHAMBERLAIN COMPANY
(sd) B. P. Silver

Concrete, tangible figures like these show clearly the influence of *The Country Gentleman*—the modern farm paper—with modern farm families and with merchants who serve the farm trade.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

More than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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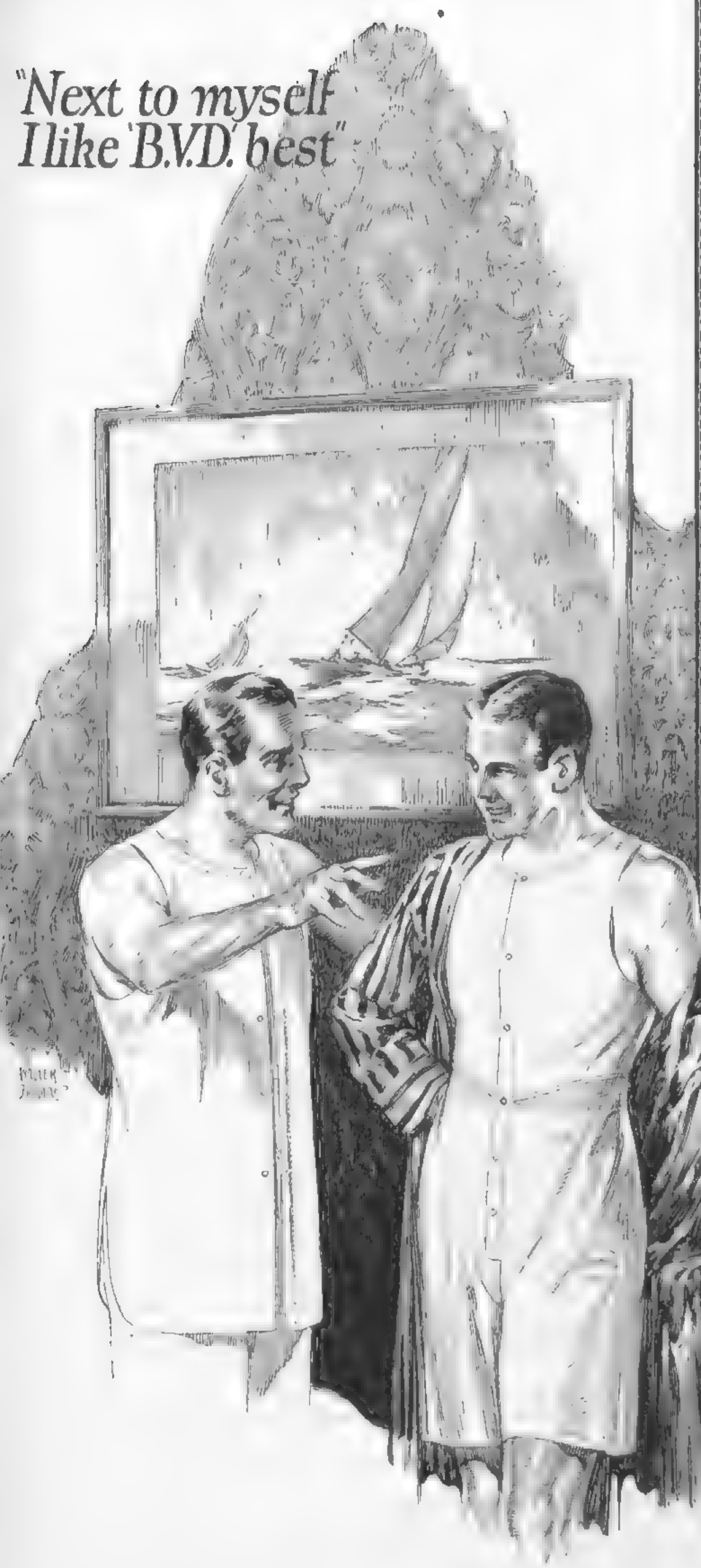

Every Time You Dress

give yourself the delight of slipping into cool, fresh "B. V. D."!

There are two prime secrets of summer comfort. One is to have the *right* underwear; the other is to have *enough of it!*

Get *plenty* "B. V. D." Always *look* for the *label.* Nothing without it can bring you the Matchless Comfort, Fit and Wear which have given "B. V. D." world-leading popularity.

What's Back of that "B.V.D." Label?

A *quality* as unique as the fame of the trade-mark! from its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to its last lock-stitched seam, "B. V. D." is an underwear with *differences that count.* To understand the dozens of details vital to underwear value, write for our interesting free booklet, *"Why the Knowing Millions Say: 'Next to Myself I Like B. V. D. Best!'"* It tells just how "B. V. D." is made and is a revelation in the fine points of fine underwear.

We Want You Properly Fitted!

The height of union suit comfort comes only in "B. V. D." with its patented construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch. But be *correctly measured.* From over sixty sizes, for widely varying "builds," *yours* can always be determined by 3 simple encircling measurements: 1-*Chest* — 2-*Waist* — 3-*Trunk* (under crotch and over shoulder). If your dealer is in doubt as to your size, write the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York City, giving above measurements.

Be sure to SEE it's "B. V. D."

It ALWAYS Bears this Red-Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

"B. V. D."
Union Suit
Patented Features
Men's $1.50
the suit
Youths' 85c

"B. V. D."
Shirts and
Drawers 85c
the garment

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A LITTLE WILLIAMS *plus lots of water makes mountains of rich heavy lather that cannot dry on the face.*

Why Williams saturated lather *must give you better shaves*

YOU will hear men say that Williams Shaving Cream makes their razor blades last longer and that it leaves the skin glove-smooth and in perfect condition.

What are the facts back of all this?

1. *Williams lather is saturated with moisture*

After this mild, pure lather has lifted the oil film from your beard, the tremendous amount of moisture held in the millions of tiny lather bubbles soaks right through each bristle—leaving it soft for the razor.

2. *It lubricates and conditions the skin*

Williams lather softens the invisible roughness of the skin, so that the razor glides along more smoothly. No other lather in the world can equal Williams for producing a quick, easy-gliding shave. Gentle to your skin, Williams lather leaves it as smooth and flexible as after an expert barber's massage.

Williams softens the beard so completely that blades do *not* dull as quickly and, therefore, *do* last longer.

Prove for yourself that Williams does what we claim. Make one week's test—FREE. We will gladly send you a week's trial tube on receipt of the coupon below or a postcard.

THE TUBE WITH THE HINGE-CAP THAT CAN'T GET LOST

THE regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube, holding twice as much, is 50c, and is the most economical tube of shaving cream you can buy.

FREE OFFER

Send coupon for free trial tube

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 46-B, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial size has no Hinge-Cap.)

S. E. P. 6-19-26

AQUA VELVA IS OUR NEWEST TRIUMPH—A *SCIENTIFIC* AFTER-SHAVING PREPARATION. WE'LL SEND A LIBERAL TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 46-B.

The Poets' Corner

A Man and a Horse

A MAN and a horse alone,
Riding out into the sun —
There's nothing this side God's throne
Since created space was begun
To equal the joy of the two
That the passing ages have known—
A man and a horse alone.

Where the waves of the ocean slip
Into roadways of trodden snow,
Going down to sea in a ship
Is a lift to the heart, I know;
Where the canvas rides, tier over tier,
And the sea birds follow and dip—
Going down to sea in a ship.

Oh, climbing a mountain's height
Is like gift of sight to the blind,
Where, in amplitudes of light,
The foothills lessen behind;
The valleys widen and shine,
And the world grows a map to the sight—
Climbing a mountain's height.

Where the forests point their way
Into aisle upon aisle of green,
And the tree trunks thicken the day,
With the sifted sun between,
Men recover what Eden taught
And the Primal Voice obey -
Where forests open their way.

But a man and a horse alone,
Riding out into the sun —
There's nothing this side God's throne
Since created space was begun
To equal the joy of the two
That the passing ages have known—
A man and a horse alone.

—*Harry Kemp.*

Little Yards

THE loveliness of little yards
With gardens blowing fair,
With sundials, and a bird's voice
Somewhere in the air;

The loveliness of little yards
With breezes strolling through!
And there beside the sundial
The loveliness of you.

For some the sight of town or sea,
For some the shine of words—
But, oh, for me a little yard
And you and birds!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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The Answer
LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC
Four BRAKES Wheel

Safety signs **prevent hundreds of disasters to motorists, daily—but their value as a safeguard is certainly no greater than the powerful braking force of Lockheed Hydraulics when possible entanglement looms up.**

On Every Hand, You Hear Lockheeds Preferred

The widespread preference for Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes is strong and unescapable. On all sides, you hear Lockheed Hydraulics spoken of as the brakes that are safest and best.

Half a million owners of Lockheed equipped cars—cars which are priced from well under $1000 to the most expensive—will tell you that Lockheeds assure maximum safety and minimum service attention.

Car manufacturers and their dealers, too, are of a like conviction, for fully one-half of all chassis models produced in America today, are Lockheed equipped.

Lockheed dominates its field today, and it will continue to dominate, because it is recognized as the four-wheel braking system which is wholly efficient; which retains adjustment, equalization and effectiveness permanently.

It is quite literally true—and both industry and public realize it is true—that Lockheed Hydraulics are "the answer" to the greater motoring safety demanded by the American motorist.

LOCKHEED-WAGNER SERVICE

Nation-wide special service on Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes is at your command in strategically located cities through the Wagner Electric Corporation. Each of these service centers carries a complete stock of Lockheed parts, and is equipped with men and machinery that assure expert service.

HYDRAULIC BRAKE COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

There's just a little catch in your throat and even as you smile there's a tear in your eye—you hear him say "I do"—she timorously nods her head. She is the happiest girl in the world—and he the happiest boy.
So let's have laughter and song—a sincere wish for the future—This is their day—Theirs the adventure of life together.

With LOVE and BEST WISHES

NOT only does it make a proud showing on the gift table, but after the honeymoon, then does the gift of Stainless Cutlery take on new importance. Then, she thanks her lucky stars that the giver chose Stainless, rather than ordinary cutlery, for these fine knives keep their shining brightness *always*,—undimmed by use, unstained by acids, untouched by rust or tarnish. What gift could be so joyously reminiscent of the donor for years to come?

Truly a gift of Stainless Cutlery,—whether table knives, carving set, or even the ever useful grapefruit and paring knives—is certain of keen appreciation and an enduring pride in their possession.

And why not a thought for your own home—wouldn't you love to have a set of Stainless Cutlery for *your* table?

Nearly all the stores feature Stainless, for nowadays one hardly thinks of buying cutlery unless it is Stainless. A free Booklet "Stainless In The Home" will be gladly mailed on request.

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

STAINLESS

Always Easy to Clean

Cutlery

His Bottle
Holds Nothing but Health

WITH Pet Milk you can *know* that your baby's bottle holds nothing but health, for Pet Milk comes to the nursery free from any germ that can impair health, or cause digestive disturbance.

Pet Milk is more easily digested than ordinary milk. The fat is more easily assimilated than in ordinary cow's milk because the fat globules are broken into very small particles by our homogenization process. Pet Milk is more nearly like mother's milk than is ordinary cow's milk.

Every drop of Pet Milk is uniformly rich in all the food elements of milk. It needs only accurate dilution to assure for your baby the uniform, wholesome nourishment that is the guarantee of healthy growth and normal development.

Because Pet Milk is always fresh and sweet and clean, the whole day's feedings can be prepared at once. They will keep fresh and sweet through the day even without the use of ice.

For infants deprived of mother's milk, Pet Milk is always safe, wholesome food. We will send free upon request our booklet "Baby's Milk."

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

One *new* holiday each week

. . . and the same wholesome bread each day

How the goodness of baker's bread today has freed 10 million women from baking at home

Ten million women in this country now buy baker's bread daily.

Because this new-day loaf of bread is the purest and most wholesome bread ever known. Because it has the same fresh goodness each day. And because this modern baker's bread brings to 10 million women a glorious new freedom and leisure. Baking day is now a holiday.

As you would make it

Your baker uses the same ingredients you would choose. Nationally advertised brands—of known quality. He makes his bread *your* way. His bakery is as spotless as your kitchen.

And behind him are dieticians, chemists of great universities, the laboratories of the millers—all working in his behalf.

This is why the bakers of today have made such marvelous progress in perfecting your daily loaf of bread. This is the secret of its ever-growing popularity.

Why Not Now?

More than 15,000 bakers use Gold Medal Flour. Because it *acts uniformly.* In all their baking.

At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour *acts* in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the same. Because—although the same chemically—it may often differ in baking results.

The one way a miller can tell how his flour will act, *is to bake with it himself.* That is why we bake loaves from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in one of our Test Bakeshops. And each must produce the same delicious and nourishing bread.

Thus bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same high quality loaf each day.

A Special Word to Bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Baker's Service write for details. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. They are delighted with it. It is worth looking into. Write now.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR- *Oven-tested*

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, ALSO CREATORS OF WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR, GOLD MEDAL CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN

Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also cooking talks for women every Mon., Wed. and Fri., at 10:45 a. m., by Betty Crocker, Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.

"Service to the Northwest"

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